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GIBBON

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BY THE
REV. PETER ANTON,
DYSART.

"Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant, of all things, especially Biography of distinguished individuals."—CARLYLE.

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PREFACE.

NEITHER this book nor the series of which it forms a part pretends to any higher claim than to be a concise epitome of the lives which it recounts, designed for those whom youth, business, disinclination, or lack of opportunity prevents perusing long biographies, but who nevertheless desire, as shortly as may be, to know what those great men were, what they did, and how they did it. The design being purely personal, criticism is introduced only to give a more complete presentation of the subjects and the lessons they teach, and to illustrate, embellish, or vary the narrative. We are sanguine that such an effort will be found to be of use by those among whom it is believed to be most desiderated—from schoolboys who have little more than read their first novel to business-men whose exacting occupations leave scanty leisure for the pursuit of knowledge.

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EDWARD GIBBON.

Of Michael Angelo it has been said, in the realm of art, *stat magni nominis umbra.* No higher tribute than this could possibly be paid to human attainment in any department of intellectual life. The claim made by the admirers of the painter and sculptor is the very greatest, but nevertheless it is one which in the sphere of modern historical literature could also be made for Edward Gibbon. Indeed, not reckoning some of the great historical masters of antiquity—leaving specially out of account Tacitus and Herodotus,—there are no names in his own special department his does not fairly throw into shade. In speaking of the ancient historians, we cannot forget they worked under conditions essentially their own, and it is only with those of his own time and writers similarly situated to the events they seek to record, and the records of these events, a man like Gibbon can with due fairness be brought into comparison. To contrast, however, the work of Gibbon with the work of his Scottish contemporaries, Robertson and Hume, or with the work of those who since his time have made for themselves great names as historical writers, however interesting or profitable it might be, consists not with our present purpose. The aim of these sketches is not to enter into any special discourse either critical, political, or philosophical, regarding the *history*, but to pass in brief and rapid review *the life of the historian*, with the influences

that moulded, the sorrows that chastened, the activities that filled, and the aspirations that quickened it. As with every artist and his work, so with the historian and his: you cannot fully comprehend the two apart because each interprets the other; and so the key to the inner meaning of any great history—the tone that pervades it, the undercurrent that runs through it, the bias that turns it—is to be found for the most part buried in the life of the historian.

It is possibly not unworthy of remark that whilst the capitals of England and Scotland have ever been the centres of the intellectual activity of the two countries, the points to which their intellectual forces have gravitated and the rallying places of their respective men of genius and culture, London and Edinburgh, are not distinguished above many humbler towns in both countries as having been the birthplaces of their greatest men. If the former can boast she was the mother of Dryden and Milton, still the provinces can speak of Shakspeare in the drama, Fielding in romance, Johnson in polite letters, and Wordsworth in poetry. Again, if the Modern Athens is proud of Scott, still Ayrshire has Robert Burns, Dumfriesshire Thomas Carlyle, and Paisley Christopher North.

It would have been something if London could have marked as her own the author of "The Decline and Fall." It was not, however, in that city but near it, at Putney, on the 8th May 1737, that Edward Gibbon was born. Of a family of seven he was the eldest, but his one sister and five brothers survived not the period of their infancy. From the time of his birth the life of Edward also was regarded as precarious, and the child was of so sickly a constitution that the minds of his parents were not seldom filled with the very gravest fears.

The historian plumed himself on his ancestry, and

delighted to trace back his pedigree to the times of the Edwards. What truth there is in his claims we cannot tell, but considering the importance which the researches of Bastian and others have given to such investigations, he would be a bold man indeed who, in these days, would venture to assume the spirit of the Old Gardener and "smile at the claims of long descent." On the whole, on the ground of ancestry Gibbon had not much room to boast himself; but still his grandfather was a man of more than ordinary talents and common force of character. Although when the South Sea Bubble burst, his fortunes were scattered to the winds—the fortunes he had hardly gathered by his business tact and care; still he did not mope and repine, and eventually die of starvation and a broken heart in a poor-house: he turned a stern face to the black outlook, and when he died he was wealthier than ever. He attained in his lifetime to some eminence, for he was a commissioner of customs, and strange to say must have discussed the state of the taxes with Mat Prior, who was one of his colleagues in office. All things considered it may be quite true what Bolingbroke said, "No man knew better than Mr Edward Gibbon the commerce and finances of England." The son of this gentleman and the father of the historian was a man of a different stamp altogether. Although he had the best education the times could bestow, the experiences of continental travel, and a seat in the House of Commons, still he was a weak, vacillating, impulsive man, but withal it is to be remembered to his credit he had a gentle disposition and a kind and loving heart, and these things more than all intellectual acuteness are deserving of the higher commendation. One already named said truthfully, "The heart's aye the part aye that makes us right or wrong," and it is gratifying to think if the life of the elder Gibbon

were measured by this standard alone there would not be found much occasion for fault-finding.

To little purpose as it was, the parent was anxious the son should run the race his father ran. All attempts, however, to give the young Edward a systematic education were completely frustrated by the miserable state of his bodily health. Those years that should have been filled with the exuberance and frolic of school life had in them too much of pain, languor, and sickness to be recollected with pleasure. They brought no fresh reminiscences to the mind of the great historian when he sat down to write his autobiography: if they had done so, one may easily conjecture how delicately and with what ease and grace the pen that could trace with such graphic power the progress and achievements of the Roman legion would have stooped to recount the incidents of a snowball fight at Westminster School or a football match in its playground. The remark that Wellington made about the making of the warriors of England as he looked on the Eton boys at their sports he might also have made about her senators. The friends of Gibbon confessed themselves astonished and taken aback that during the years he sat in the House he never ventured to open his lips; but when we look on the pale, delicate boy thus early turning away from the rude noise and wrangle of his companions, we must cease to wonder at the conduct of the grown man.

Two years spent at a school in Westminster was the only approach Edward Gibbon ever had to any kind of systematic education during his earlier years, and when the bent of the boy's mind is considered, the nature of the teaching of the time, and the insufferable cruelty he would have been compelled to endure from his stronger companions, there is, on this score, very little cause for

lamentation indeed. In the academies of the time party spirit and flogging had full play. Edward was buffeted and reviled because his father was a Tory. It was at the expense of both tears and blood he purchased his knowledge of the Latin syntax.

There can be little doubt if Gibbon had remained much longer at school, and under continued subjection to this petty tyranny both without and within the walls, all love of letters in him would have been finally quenched. Considering then, what he had to do in the world, and the untiring zeal required for the work, possibly the best thing that could have happened him was the complete breakdown of his health, which at this time took place. An occult nervous affection utterly prostrated him, and, "contracting his legs, produced, without any visible symptom, the most excruciating pain." During the progress of this illness he was watched over night and day by his aunt, Catherine Porten, with a care more than maternal. The disinterested and tender affection then shewn him he never forgot, and when long years afterwards he came to detail the circumstances which called forth such loving efforts, the great historian had to confess when he wrote the letters of Catherine Porten's name, "he felt a tear of gratitude trickling down his cheek."

Possessed of an inquisitive mind and a keen thirst for knowledge, there was very little fear, although removed from school, Gibbon would grow up either ignorant or unscholarly. Left to the bent of his own mind, and to follow the leading of his own inclination, the future historian of the "Decline and Fall" laid up a greater store of knowledge against the coming time than he ever would have done under the strictest master. Before he had reached his sixteenth year his reading had become both extensive

and cultured. Every book in English on Arabia, Persia, Tartary, and Turkey, this weak, lame lad had already at his fingers' ends. As he read, his historical instincts developed themselves, and the old masters in history—Herodotus, Xenophon, Tacitus, and Procopius—he tells us, at this period of his life, were by him "greedily devoured." Lives of illustrious individuals, too, and grave historical events, usually studied only by men after their powers are matured, had already for the boy a peculiar fascination and a living interest. Mahomet and the successors of Constantine had even thus early, to his mind, ceased to be but indistinct figures moving on the dark background of the past. These then were the seeds of learning cast into this young intellect, that were to spring up, and bear their hundredfold after many days.

After Gibbon's fourteenth year, and particularly on to the end of his sixteenth, a wonderful change passed over his whole constitution. Before this time there was apparently before the boy only a brief life of lameness and disease. Now, however, an unexpected tide of health poured rapidly in on him. His nervous affections ceased, and his lameness disappeared—improvements at which his father was in ecstasies; but he took the very worst of all means to testify to his delight: he hurried him off to Oxford, and entered him as a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College. This was in the April of 1752, and before Edward had completed his fifteenth year.

Not often does Oxford find such a freshman as it found in this Putney convalescent. He was possessed of a "stock of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school boy might have been ashamed." Such was the quantity of his scholarship, and such the nature of his ignorance, he

tells us, when he found the sacred precincts of Magdalen; and—all honour to the good old times, and all praise to the English Universities of that time, their learned tutors and their grave professors—such also was the quantity of the scholarship, and such also the degree of ignorance of Edward Gibbon when he left these precincts for ever! He wrote afterwards—"To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation, and she will as readily renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life. The reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar."

And there is no considerate reader will give his verdict wholly in favour of either the one party or the other. The sight is too common, even at the present day, of young men coming out from our universities little better than they went in, for us to be caught by Gibbon's pleading, and throw the whole blame of his idleness and folly at college, on the back of his university. It is true there was little interest in scholarship, and no discipline, but it just says the less for Gibbon that he showed no power to rise superior to the temptations about him, and gave way to a culpable idleness. On these fourteen months he ever professed to look back with the utmost regret; but after all things are taken into consideration, and all allowances made, this regret seems to have been wholly out of proportion to the extent of his dissipations. His life was anything but gross, it was simply free and easy, and very much suited to the nature of a young person who felt for the first time in his life the glee and spirit which are but the legitimate offspring of a sound constitution. Possibly these boyish freaks of his short university life, and the truant excursions he took to Bath, Buckingham, and

London, brought him more than he ever knew. When men have come to love only their work and their books, their morning constitutionals, and their regular and solid dinners, they are hardly capable of looking with an impartial eye on the exploits of their early days, when yet their blood was warm, and not "a muscle had stopped in its playing."

With all his idleness, so far as college work was concerned, it is not to be supposed that the mind of the student was, therefore, wholly inactive. So far from that, it had returned with increased zeal to an old and favourite subject of thought. There was inbred in him a taste for theological discussion, and whilst at Oxford, Gibbon gave it the fullest indulgence. He read Middleton's "Free Enquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church;" Bossuet on "The Exposition of Catholic Doctrine" and "The History of the Protestant Variations." These and other works made their impression, and, as usual in such cases, a catholic preceptor appeared in one of his companions to fan the rising flame, and direct and stimulate the growing impulse. We have here to note surely one of the strangest episodes that ever occurred in the history of a mind so young. From first to last, religion with Gibbon was never a matter of the heart, it never was anything else than an intellectual appeal—a thing of syllogisms, to be overthrown or established by an application of correct logical principles,—or a matter of fact to be attested and certified by documentary evidence of sufficient authority. To him, at no time, was Christianity a principle entering into life to subdue, mould, and chasten it; an impulse in human existence flowing from the agency of an active spirit. If any man ever had Christianity in his head but wanted it in his heart, it was Gibbon. So peculiarly con-

stituted, there is little wonder that, so soon as the mind of Gibbon was set Romewards, it advanced with vast rapidity. Gauging afterwards the powers that swayed him at this crisis, he says—"I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence that, within the same period (the first four centuries of Christianity), most of the leading doctrines of Popery were already introduced in theory and practice. Nor was my conclusion absurd, that miracles are the test of truth, and that the Church must be orthodox and pure which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the Deity. The marvellous tales which are boldly attested by the Basils and Chrysostoms, the Austins and Jeromes, compelled me to embrace the superior merits of celibacy, the institution of the monastic life, the use of the sign of the cross, of holy oil, and even of images; the invocation of saints, the worship of relics, the rudiments of purgatory in prayers for the dead, and the tremendous mystery of the sacrifice of the body and the blood of Christ, which insensibly swelled into the prodigy of transubstantiation." The phase of life Gibbon was now passing through seemed, in after years, incredible to him; the fact was he grew to be ashamed of these early beliefs, feeling that, by having momentarily succumbed to them, he had degraded his intellect. But, apart from all after opinion, the fact remains—"He read, he applauded, he believed, and he fell."

After Gibbon's conversion to Romanism, or rather after he had grasped it as a historical and intellectual system, he immediately took steps to have himself enrolled as a member of the religious community to whose principles he had become attached. Youth is always impulsive and impetuous, and more particularly so when it conceives itself to be following the dictates of conscience.

"A momentary glow of enthusiasm had raised him above all temporal considerations," and with all the pomp, dignity, and self-satisfaction of a martyr, he penned a letter announcing his conversion to his father, while at the same time he sought the feet of one Baker, a Jesuit, and chaplain of the Sardinian Ambassador, and there "solemnly, though privately, abjured the errors of heresy." The date of the meeting with the priest was the 8th of June 1753, and Gibbon was at that time just one month over fifteen years of age. In after years Gibbon seems to have regarded his conversion with very varied feelings. At times he would lead us to suppose he was proud of his honest and straightforward course of conduct; at other times, again, he seems to look back on his conversion with regret. In one place he writes, —"For my own part, I am proud of an honest sacrifice of interest to conscience. I can never blush, if my tender mind was entangled in the sophistry that seduced the acute and manly understandings of Chillingworth and Bayle, who afterwards emerged from their superstition." In another place and in another tone he says, —"To my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever believe that I believed in transubstantiation." And once again, in sad commiseration of the fact that he had never received any religious teaching before partaking of episcopal ordinances,—"Without a single lecture, either public or private, either Christian or Protestant, without any academical subscription, without any episcopal ordination, I was left by light of my catechism to grope my way to the chapel and communion table, where I was admitted without question how far or by what means I might be qualified to receive the Sacrament. Such almost incredible neglect was productive of the worst mischiefs."

What these mischiefs were the historian does not tell us, but they are not far to seek. One can readily conceive, when he wrote these words, he had in his mind's eye the form of a certain youth kneeling in humility at the feet of a well-remembered Jesuit. All things considered, however, it need cause us little astonishment upon the whole, that at this time Gibbon made shipwreck of his faith. His mother died when he was ten (December 1747), and so, although she had abundant opportunity, still she never endeavoured in the smallest way to embue the mind of her son with religious principles, or to direct his precocious feelings into worthy channels. His father was only zealous about his secular education. Being thus left to "grope his way," there can be very little cause for wonder that he stumbled in the dark, and that the whole history of his religious experiences was strangely erratic.

The elder Gibbon was not without his faults, but he was capable on occasion of acting with decision and promptitude. After his first burst of passion at his son's perversion was over, he resolved immediately to take counteractive measures. Before the month in which his son had "gone over to Rome" had closed, he had settled him in Lausanne, in Switzerland, under the orthodox roof and tuition of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister.

Feeling himself an exile and prisoner, the mind of Edward Gibbon at first chafed amid its new surroundings. The gentleman commoner of Magdalen, living in an elegant apartment, and with his pockets full of money, was an infinitely preferable being to the exiled pervert, living in an ill-contrived, ill-furnished, badly-heated room in a gloomy back street. But, by-and-by, as he began to understand the language of the people, and appreciate the high character and scholarly attainments of

his new teacher, this feeling wore off. Under the influence of M. Pavilliard all the powers of Gibbon's mind were brought into play, and in the years he passed under his roof he reaped rich harvests on many literary and classical fields.

The Calvinist minister was a man of the utmost good sense, and he was not long in discovering that in all matters of scholarship the pupil was ahead of the master. Thus, once more, as in the days of his illness in his father's house, was Gibbon left to indulge his own tastes, and seek out for himself his own intellectual pastures. His literary mentor saw there could come to the young student nothing but gain from being allowed to pursue his own course. An enthusiasm for the great works in the Latin tongue now took possession of Gibbon's mind, and it was an enthusiasm which burned on to the last, and which was only quenched with his life. The perusal of the Roman classics was at once his exercise and reward. At this time Cicero was his favourite, and he was ready to subscribe to the observation of Quintillian, that the student may judge of the progress of his scholarly tastes by his appreciation of the works of the Roman orator. The contents of the Ciceronian epistles, orations, and philosophical treatises were as familiar to him as if they had been written in his native tongue. We can conceive that the roll of the Ciceronian sentence must have had a peculiar attraction for the author of "The Decline and Fall," and the very slightest study of the style of this great work leaves us no occasion for surprise at Gibbon's warm commendation of the Latin writer. "I tasted," he says, speaking of the works of Cicero, "I tasted the beauties of language, I breathed the spirit of freedom, and I imbibed from his precepts and examples the public and private interest of a man." After

making himself familiar with Cicero, Gibbon formed, for so young a man, the vast design of reading through the whole of the Latin authors. He divided them into four divisions: 1. Historians; 2. Poets; 3. Orators; and 4. Philosophers; and this great plan, before he left Lausanne, he had *very nearly* accomplished.

Carrying on this systematic study of the Roman classics, the student did not neglect other languages and literatures. M. Pavilliard introduced him to the language of Greece, but while he seems to have made satisfactory progress in its study, and acquired a knowledge of it much above the modicum usually accounted for respectability, with the tongue of the Hellenes he never acquired that familiarity he had with the language of Cicero. His mother tongue was at this time likely to be left wholly in the background. The language not only of Pavilliard, but of Lausanne and neighbourhood, was French, and Gibbon soon acquired in it such a facility that it became to him, after a very short residence, not merely the language of his speech and writing, but also of his thought.

Important as was the education which he received from M. Pavilliard, and much as it profited him in after life, still it was not to be educated that his father had sent him to Lausanne. The first duty of the master in this instance was not the education but the conversion of the pupil. Brought into contact with such a mind as Pavilliard's, the effect on Gibbon might have been calculated from the beginning. Never forgetting his first duty by his pupil, trained in all the arts of ecclesiastical polemics, ever calm and self-controlled, in his argument ever luminous and logical, he was a man peculiarly adapted to root out from a mind like Gibbon's the weeds of Romanism. Any open attack on the part of the master

would have been repelled by the pupil; any hasty words would have been indignantly thrown back; any imperfect arguments were sure to be detected; but in none of these things did Pavilliard fail. He used the utmost discrimination. Casting in here a little and there a little of the leaven of Protestantism; by-and-by the whole was leaven, and in a difficult and delicate task, the Calvinist won a perfect triumph. "The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream" from the mind of Gibbon, and on the Christmas-day of 1754 he partook of the sacrament in the Protestant Church of Lausanne.

This time it was to Mrs Porten and not to his father he gave the first intelligence of the change that had taken place in his religious opinions. "Dear madam, I have at length good news to tell you. I am now good Protestant, and am extremely glad of it. I have in all my letters taken notice of the different movements of my mind, entirely Catholic when I came to Lausanne, wavering long between the two systems, and at last fixed for the Protestant—when that conflict was over, I had still another difficulty—brought up with all the ideas of the Church of England, I could scarce resolve to communion with Presbyterians, as all the people of this country are. I at last got over it, for considering that whatever difference there may be between these churches and ours, in the government and discipline, they still regard us as brethren and profess the same faith as us—determined then in this design, I declared it to the ministers of the town, assembled at Mr Pavilliard's, who having examined me, approved of it, and permitted me to receive the communion with them, which I did Christmas day from the hands of Mr Pavilliard, who appeared extremely glad of it. I am so

extremely myself—and do assure you, feel a joy extremely pure, and the more so, as I know it to be not only innocent but laudable."

When we remember that Gibbon was little short of five years at Lausanne, and taking into account the fact that he was in his sixteenth year when he was sent there by his father, it is very readily to be conceived that other passions would come to the young man than merely a burning love for the Roman classics. The passion that reigned in the breast of Laura's lover has been a good deal talked about, but possibly not more so than the similar affection that disturbed the early dreams of the author of the "Decline and Fall." While, however, the loves of both men have been much talked about, they have been talked about in very different ways. While the part acted by the Sonneteer has been almost universally praised, the part acted by the historian has been almost as universally condemned. A poet wandering about all his life writing sonnets to a lady to whom he never had spoken, and who was the wife of another man, is a sight that may readily be clothed with the hues of romance. Again, however, the story that tells of a young man loving a young lady dearly, and this lady the recognised beauty of the place, returning the young man's sentiments although sought after by others, and which goes on to shew that the young man was obliged to draw back by reason of certain mercenary objections of his father, it must be confessed, has a very plain, worldly flavour about it.

With a fine taste, Gibbon said, that "he hesitated from the apprehension of ridicule when he approached the delicate subject of his early love," but all the same he gives us a very full and particular account of its beginning, progress, and end. The Pavilliards were by

no means rich, but still on account of their position and respectability they were cordially welcomed in the best society of Lausanne. Through them Gibbon was introduced into all the best families of the town and was heartily received by all. On no account could his reception have been owing to his personal appearance. In after years he grew ponderous and corpulent, but at this time we have Lord Sheffield's word for it, "he had a thin little figure with a large head." He was trained in the polite exercises of dancing and fencing, and though not lacking a fitting deportment, yet wanting both presence and *physique*, left to himself he would have had difficulty in gaining that place in even Lausanne circles, which by his master's influence he secured at once. It was by M. Pavilliard's introductions he met Mademoiselle Susan Curchod. This lady was the daughter of the Calvinist minister of Crossier, lying in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. She was born in the year 1740, and from her earliest years, her father had devoted himself with the utmost pains to her education. She was gifted with a fine intelligence, and she soon excelled in every kind of learning. But it was not with her as with Madame De Staël; to mental accomplishments of the highest kind were united personal attractions the most pleasing. When she appeared at Lausanne, she immediately became the talk of the town, and whether she went out to play or reception, she was equally surrounded with a crowd of admirers. Gibbon heard the reports and his curiosity was excited. He saw and loved. What followed has been told over and over again, but it can never be told by any other writer so warmly, so truthfully, yet so gracefully, as it has been by the historian himself. "I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and

elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make two or three visits to her father's house. I passed some days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that, without his consent, I was destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. . . . . and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy."

Switzerland and England are far apart, but yet, the

young gentleman of twenty and the young lady of seventeen that met amongst the mountains of Burgundy, were destined to meet again, and on the score of friendship to indulge a cordial intimacy. It would no doubt have been better for Gibbon had his father allowed him to follow his inclinations and marry Mdlle. Curchod, but still he would be a bold man, indeed, who would venture for a moment to say that he acted a part other than honourable. Nobody would hold, of course, for an instant, the other extreme position that Gibbon showed either heroism or even the highest of spirit in the matter. And it was good for him he didn't. His whole behaviour was eminently creditable to him, as it was at once sensible and dutiful. That his love had never been either warm or true is a coarse accusation, against which his after-life bears sufficient witness. Although he bowed to the dictates of his father, that is not to say the effort was made without pain. It is true we cannot estimate Gibbon's suffering at very much, from anything on record, or anything he himself says, but if we judge it by this, that after the failure of his first wishes he never entertained again any serious thoughts of forming a matrimonial alliance, it could neither have been little nor soon forgotten.

Another intimacy formed at Lausanne, and one that was to remain ever unbroken, was that contracted by Gibbon for M. Deyverdun. This friendship was formed on the basis of mutual esteem and was of the highest benefit to both parties. M. Deyverdun was not such a deep student as his companion, but still he had a sincere love of books and a desire of knowledge for its own sake. To Gibbon, who passed a sedentary life, and who cared nothing for the robust physical exercises of youth, the elegant manners, the refined conversation, and the

amiable temperament of M. Deyverdun seem to have been peculiarly agreeable and attractive.

Only one man of note in the world of letters was it Gibbon's fortune to meet while in Switzerland. This was Voltaire. The years 1757-1758 he spent in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. His settlement there was immediately after he had by his own misconduct forfeited the favour of the Prussian Court. Gibbon was as eager to make the acquaintance of the philosopher, as he had been of the beauty. Not similarly, however, was his enthusiasm answered. The Frenchman received the English youth in the coldest manner. Voltaire was irritable beyond measure, and a slight indiscretion on Gibbon's part ruffled his temper, and was by no means calculated to make matters sweeter between them. So soon as Voltaire had settled at Lausanne, he found, as another felt, that "Lake Leman woo'd him with her crystal face," and he wrote an ode in her praise. This effusion the Frenchman showed to Gibbon, and allowed him to peruse it twice. The memory of the young student was retentive. The two readings fixed the poem in Gibbon's memory, and a copy of it was soon in circulation amongst the people of the town. Voltaire thought he had been taken advantage of, and was extremely displeased. This indiscretion on Gibbon's part destroyed the possibility of all intimacy in the future between him and the irascible philosopher. But although it broke, what might have come to be in the course of time, a strong bond of friendship, it did not shut out Gibbon from the theatre which Voltaire had established. On almost every occasion when a dramatic representation was to be given the ardour of the English youth seldom failed to secure a ticket, and it was here he had the good fortune with all the pomp and declamation of the old stage to see Voltaire

appear in his best characters—Lusignan, Alvaréz, Benassar, Euphemon.

On the 11th of April 1758, Gibbon took leave of Lausanne; and though it had been to him a place of exile, still not without regret did he bid it farewell. He had gone to it a Catholic, he now left it a Protestant. The years he had spent with the Pavilliards had been filled with laborious studies, and, through the energy of his teacher, certain tendencies acquired at Oxford, of gaming for high stakes at cards and using the pleasures of the table too freely, had been, if not extirpated, at least kept in check. It is not too much to say, in those five years Gibbon spent at Lausanne, he went through a course of study much more valuable than he could have received at any of the English colleges of the time, and being under such a master as M. Pavilliard, he was exempt from those temptations, flowing from youthful companionship, he was naturally ill-fitted to withstand. During his stay his reading had been exact, methodical, and extensive. In the following remarks from the preface to a series of memoranda commenced two years after this date, we trace the wise and discriminating rules that had guided his studies :—

"'Reading is to the mind,' said the Duke of Vivonne to Louis XIV., 'what your partridges are to my chops.' It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for by reading we know our Creator, His works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Dalmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant, puffed up with useless erudition.

"Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves

an end to which all our studies may point. Through the neglect of this rule gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconstancy weakens the energy of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

"Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote; and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconstancy weakens the understanding a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves is the only one we can pursue with pleasure.

"We ought, besides, to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory. This use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas; they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend. Their result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try; whereas had I followed the high road, I should not have been able, at the end of my long journey, to retrace the progress of my thoughts. This

plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant. On the supposition that they are just, they may be so, perhaps for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies; the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

"To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves, these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

"But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself, agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give is that of Pliny, 'to read much rather than many things;' to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us by attentive and repeated perusals."

When Gibbon found himself again on English soil, his heart was troubled with various anxieties, but as formerly he repaired to his aunt Porten, the guardian of his tender years, and found her nature as warm, and her counsels as wise as they had ever been. Not so hastily did he seek the face of his father. The last time he had seen that countenance it had been clouded with anger, and besides, the elder Gibbon had now married a second time, and the son of the first wife was not predisposed

to regard the second with favour. It is true we find in one of Gibbon's letters from Lausanne to Mrs Porten these two sentences—"I forgot to ask you whether, in case my father writes to tell me of his marriage, *would you advise me to compliment my mother-in-law. I think so.*" But still he regarded his father's marriage as an act of displeasure to his son, and on that ground he had got to entertain anything but a pleasurable idea of the nature of his future intercourse with her. All anxieties were dissipated in the very first meeting. In the presence of his father and mother-in-law all his vain imaginations were dissipated. His father received him as a man and a friend, and applauded his education. "Every word and action was expressive of the most cordial affection; and our lives would have passed without a cloud if his economy had been equal to his fortune, or if his fortune had been equal to his desires." Mrs Gibbon he discovered to be a most amiable and deserving woman, of warm and exquisite sensibility. They found so much pleasure in each other's society that they soon "adopted the tender names and genuine characters of mother and son."

In the year 1761 Gibbon gave to the world his first literary work. It had been commenced two years before he left Lausanne, and it bore the title of "An Essay on the Study of Literature." It was written in French to flatter the vanity of the author. Gibbon at this time was carried away by the juvenile ambition that it would be a fine thing for an Englishman to claim a place amongst the writers of France. If the style of the essay was in no way remarkable, still the object it had in view was worthy of all praise. Its aim was to establish the works of the classical masters in the popular mind, by emancipating it from the prejudice that then prevailed

against them. It brought nothing to the writer, and the English translation of the work, small though it was, met with a slow sale. It was not till the publication of "The Decline and Fall," that it came to be eagerly sought after.

Meanwhile, in view of impending danger to the country, the militia had been called out, and Gibbon appointed captain in the Hampshire regiment, of which his father was major. The life of an officer of militia was as uncongenial to the natural tastes of the historian as could well be conceived. He was torn away from his books and his studies to spend two years and a half (May 10, 1760, to December 23, 1762) of military servitude. But little as he took at first to the profession of arms, by and by it grew upon him, and he began to entertain serious thoughts of embracing it for life. The literary instincts of the scholar, however, triumphed over a momentary enthusiasm, and he soon began to see that the militia was unfit for and unworthy of him. With continual marching, camping and parade, he could find almost no time for study, and if occasionally he did find a little leisure, the surroundings of military tent, guardroom or country inn, were not conducive to intellectual application. For eight months he was not able to open a book, and the loss of the valuable hours was never compensated by a single elevating pleasure. Deep drinking and the broad jest of the barrack were his only reliefs from the mechanical round of duty. They were questionable enjoyments, but they did not undermine the solid foundations of character that had been laid by the austere Pavilliard. He enjoyed them for a time, but by and by his better tendencies had sway, and he soured at the coarse indulgencies of his boon companions, and the rough sports of the rustic officers. Of his doings in

the militia he kept a regular journal, and too often do we find in it such entries as these. "September 23d.—This proved a very debauched day: we drank a good deal both after dinner and supper; and when at last Wilkes had retired, Sir Thomas and some others (of whom I was one) broke into his room, and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed."

Still, with all its drawbacks, the time spent in the militia was not wholly lost. Indeed, though torn from his book, he got a very valuable education of another kind. He obtained an inside view of our civil and military system; he saw how armies were fed, commanded and handled in the field; he learned the science of tactics, and had abundant opportunities of marking the effects of discipline and drill. And not only so, but contrary to his own inclinations, he was brought into contact with all kinds of men, so that the reserve of the scholar got shaken out of him, and the cosmopolitan ideas he had cherished in his study vanished before the growth of a manly patriotism. Nor was it a small matter that his captaincy brought him from the musty atmosphere of his library to the country and the open air. Being compelled to spend much of his time out of doors, his health was recruited, and his constitution substantially fortified. All things considered, the time spent by Gibbon in the Hampshire militia, although it might have been turned to better, was by no means turned to bad account. A historian without a practical knowledge of military affairs is often placed at a great disadvantage, and the insight Gibbon got into such matters came afterwards to be of the utmost service. The historian spoke from personal experience and truly when he said:—"The discipline and evolution of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the

captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (!) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire."

If such passages as the following show the hand of the indefatigable scholar, they also betray the knowledge of the militia captain!—"Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored; the Jews, their nation and worship, were for ever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of the enemy. By the experience of a recent siege and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honour forbade them to resign. Aladan of Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was entrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and number of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what useful purpose

should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; and to the left, as far as St Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp; the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season, nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders; a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down; the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of

Tancred; and the engines were framed by those Genoese artists who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Toulouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on Friday at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. . . . . After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captains whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who gained a capitulation and safe-conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody visitors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefooted, with contrite hearts, and in humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed

the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption."

It is not to be thought that Gibbon made no effort to loose himself from his militia servitude. On various occasions he attempted to resign his commission, but his fetters were only rivetted the closer by the solicitude of his friends. At length the militia were disembodied, and the captain of the Hampshire contingent had his freedom once more. His father was anxious he should enter Parliament, but in a long letter the son showed to the satisfaction of the parent how much better it would be, and how much more to the son's advantage, that the money spent on securing his return should be expended in perfecting the son's education by foreign travel. The elder Gibbon throwing no difficulties in the way of his son carrying out his project of making a great continental tour, thirty-six days after the disbanding of the militia, and on the 28th January 1763, Edward was in Paris. Although travelling by post-chaise was a slow means of locomotion, he by no means intended to make up for time lost in this way by shortening his stay at the various places he intended to visit. The modern tourist is content, for the most part, with a casual and hasty survey of the scenery of the district through which he passes, and he seeks to establish no friendships at all, unless certain of a very fleeting kind with the various hotel keepers; it was different with Gibbon; he wished not merely to have a knowledge of the geography of the countries through which he passed, but he was also desirous of knowing their antiquities and topography and forming an acquaintance with their great living politicians and scientists, but especially with their literary men.

In Paris Gibbon stayed for over three months. He had

taken with him recommendatory letters, but his essay had been more famous in France than in England, and it, joined to the fact that he was an Englishman, procured him, more than his written introductions, an easy entrance into the best society of the capital. The British name at that time being clothed with fresh military glory, all classes in Paris were possessed of a severe form of Anglo-mania. English opinions, fashions and games had become the rage in the *salons*, and "every Englishman was supposed to be born a patriot and a philosopher." This being the state of things, we do not wonder that the doors of certain houses were ever open to the traveller four days in the week, and without invitation he could dine at the tables of Mesdames Geoffrin and du Bocage, of the celebrated Helvetius and of the Baron d'Olbach. Amongst men of letters d'Alembert and Diderot were the most famous, and Gibbon met both of them. Buffon was also in Paris, but him, to his regret, he did not see. The time was unfortunate for making the acquaintance of men of genius, Voltaire was away at Geneva, Rousseau the year before had been driven into exile, and Montesquieu and Fontenelle were now no more. The *salon* —meetings of the wealthy, the witty, and the wise, held in the drawing-rooms of the great, and presided over by the lady of the house—the *salon*, that unique product of the French life of the 18th century, was in its glory, and from Gibbon's perfect acquaintance with the language, as well as from his natural sympathies, he must have been able to enjoy its elegance and refinement, but nowhere, strange to say, does he give any indication that he had marked the nature of the opinions that were then at these gatherings freely ventilated, or ever thought of forecasting the issue of such opinions in the near future. The fact was, he was astonished at his reception; and

pleased beyond measure with the continued urbanity of the people, he put away for the time being all thought of severe studies, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the fascinating society of the French capital. He was so enamoured, that if he had been more independent and more wealthy, he intended to have taken up house in Paris.

Leaving the *salons* of Paris behind him, he was again, after five years absence, on the shores of the Leman Lake, and amongst his old acquaintances at Lausanne. His old master met him with embraces and tears, but having tasted the luxury of England and Paris he now disdained the homely table of Madame Pavilliard, and entered himself a *pensionnaire* or boarder at the house of M. de Mesery—a house which for the long period of twenty years held a first place amongst the elegant boarding establishments of Europe. It was in this agreeable society he first made the acquaintance of Mr Holroyd—afterwards Lord Sheffield. The two men were drawn to each other by the similarity of their tastes, and the friendship then formed between them was destined to be life-long. On the springing up of this happy acquaintanceship, Gibbon in his "Memoirs of his Life and Writings" makes a delicate and philosophical observation. "Our lives," says he, "are in the power of chance, and a slight variation on either side, in time or place, might have deprived me of a friend, whose activity in the ardour of youth was always prompted by a benevolent heart, and directed by a strong understanding." The society at Lausanne was much as he had left it, only Voltaire had gone to Ferney where he paid him a visit. Mdlle. Curchod he did not see. With the old scenes his old habits came back upon him, and he now began a severe and systematic course of study. He applied him-

self with enormous diligence to the topography of old Rome, the science of medals, and the ancient geography of Italy. It was now beginning to be plainly evident whither the bent of his genius was leading him. It would fill at least two pages of this book to record the names of the Latin works he perused. Nor was his reading done hastily. He sat with a pen in his hand and took notes as he went. Nor, again, were these notes left in a crude form; he gathered them all up into an elaborate treatise on the towns, provinces, and nations of ancient Italy. This work was his guide in his Transalpine expedition. And thus it was after eleven months' hard intellectual labour at Lausanne "he was armed for his Italian journey," and for making the acquaintanceship of that city which had been the centre of most of his thinking since childhood, and about whose walls his historic imagination had ever flown in narrower or wider circles.

Leaving Lake Leman behind him as he had left Paris, he climbed Mount Cenis on the back of an elephant, passed through Turin and Genoa, and by the road of Bologna and the Apennines he at last arrived at Florence, "where during the heat of the summer months," he reposed from June to September. After leaving Florence, and passing through Pisa, he arrived in Rome in the beginning of October. The impression the city made on the historian of its empire can never be given in other than his own words :—"My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm which I do not feel I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the

Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus *stood*, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. My guide was Mr Byers, a Scotch antiquary of experience and taste; but in the daily labour of eighteen weeks, the powers of attention were sometimes fatigued, till I was myself qualified, in a last review, to select and study the capital works of ancient and modern art." It will satisfy the curious to know that it was in the eternal city itself that the idea of his great work flashed upon Gibbon's mind. "It was at Rome, on the 15th October 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol while the bare-footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed by the decay of the city rather than of the empire: and though my reading and reflections began to point toward that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."

Gibbon's return to the West was more rapid than his progress Eastward had been. He had intended on his way home to visit the southern provinces of France, but receiving urgent letters he could only stay a fortnight in Paris. On his arrival at the French capital he found that Mdlle. Curchod was already settled there as the wife of M. Necker. So far from their avoiding each other, which would certainly have been the case had either been conscious of having acted a dishonourable part, they associated with each other on the footing of their old friendship, and M. Necker received Gibbon to his house every day with unaffected cordiality. In the most

playful terms did Gibbon describe the meeting to his friend Holroyd. "The Curchod I saw in Paris, and she was very proud of me, and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly. . . . It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever and much genteeler: seems pleased with her wealth rather than proud of it," etc., etc. The pen of the historian could run lightly at times, and we believe it ran not the less lightly on such a theme as Mdlle. Curchod, as it could convey nothing but the pure memories of the writer.

After an interval of two years and five months, Gibbon again drove through the summer dust and solitude of London, and on the 25th June 1765 he arrived at his father's house. The period from this date up to the time of his father's death, five years later, can only be filled up with tolerable accuracy. He began to think with regret of the aimlessness of his past life. When he looked round him he saw his friends for the most part married, and all devoted to certain professions invested with power, and commanding the respect of others and on the high road to wealth and honour. Had he only taken to trade or business, had he only studied law or sought, through divinity classes, "the fat slumbers of the Church," things might have been with him as with others. As it was, he found himself now an individual of no consideration and with neither part nor lot in the bustling world about him. These serious anxieties were increased by domestic misapprehensions. His father for long had been living above his income, his position every year was getting more and more embarrassed, and his creditors more and more clamorous. The outlook for Gibbon was consequently sufficiently dark, and he conceived there

could only be before him an old age without either inheritance or the fruits of industry.

Such gloomy forebodings did not, however, damp the ardour of his mind. It is to his credit that at this crisis he remained true to his scholarly habits. At this time he was joined by Deyverdun. His friend was in even a worse plight than himself. His father had squandered his fortune, and an unfortunate love affair had thrown him from his position at the Russian court, and he was now, without any visible means of subsistence, cast upon the world. Brethren in misfortune as they were, they could still be serviceable to each other. Gibbon procured for his friend a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of State, and Deyverdun translated for his old acquaintance German works bearing on the subject of the history of Switzerland which he proposed to write. Two years were spent by Gibbon in collecting materials, but away "from the archives and libraries of the Swiss republic," the result was not satisfactory, and the opening chapters having been severely handled at a meeting of foreigners in London, the work was there and then finally abandoned. But no sooner was the project of the Swiss history cast to the wind, than Gibbon planned along with Deyverdun the issue of a work bearing the title of "Mémoires Litteraires de la Grande Bretagne," but the joint contributors finding it brought more reputation than emolument, it too, after the issue of two volumes, was abandoned. This issue of works in the French tongue was an undoubted mistake, but it took Gibbon some time to find out that in the first place he must write for Englishmen and not Europeans.

After two successive literary failures, and exasperated by the complexion of domestic affairs, he was in a very proper mood for polemical writing, and he got rid of

some of the spleen that was consuming him about the nature of things in general, by writing certain bitter "Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid." The little work is characterized by great elasticity of style, but as it is nothing else than a specimen of special pleading, it has never been regarded as an authority, and has long since become obsolete.

In these five years immediately subsequent to his return from his Italian tour, it is evident from many hints that his religious views had again undergone a complete change. It is remarkable while he speaks with the utmost frankness of the causes which brought about his perversion to Romanism, and of the paths by which he was led back to Protestantism once again, he maintains a careful reticence on every matter connected with his second and final departure from the opinions of the Reformation. But although his silence is studied, there can be no doubt the break with Protestantism was complete. What set of opinions he adopted does not appear, but whatever they were he was henceforth to be allowed to hold them in peace. The severe logic and kindly solicitude of another Pavilliard were not to deliver him from the mists of philosophy as they had rescued him from the errors of Romanism. It was in these years "he flattered himself, that an age of light and of liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human causes of the progress and establishment of Christianity." It was in them the foundation of the two lamentable chapters that conclude the first volume of "The Decline and Fall" were laid in the mind of the author. These two chapters which he was feign afterwards to confess, had he anticipated the stir they would make in the world, had he known the wounds they would inflict on men whose purity of life commanded universal respect, had he guessed

the pain they would bring to many whose only endeavour was to work out in their conduct the spirit of Christian self-sacrifice, he never would have written at all. Nor can the present writer be accused of dealing hardly with the memory of the great historian, if he points to a certain moral inconsistency in a man cherishing the spirit of these chapters, and all the while casting a longing eye towards "the fat slumbers of the Church."

Whilst Gibbon was contemplating his future work at "an awful distance," whilst he was advancing from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, and from the design to the execution, his life was darkened and his energies prostrated—for it is a great mistake to suppose Gibbon was the selfish Epicurean he is often called—by the death of his father. This event took place on the 10th Nov. 1770, when the elder Gibbon was in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Although the father had long been living above his income, and his whole estate was left in a questionable position, still he had been a kind, indulgent, and loving parent, and the son was profoundly affected at his decease. "His graceful person," says the historian, "polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness, recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions, his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudice of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety."

The poet may work in poverty, but the historian can't. The labours of the latter are so prolonged and engrossing and the tools he works with often so difficult to be had, that some degree of riches is positively necessary before they can be carried on. Great riches may un-

doubtedly have a tendency to relax the activities of the historian, but great poverty must as undoubtedly kill them altogether. It seemed possible at this crisis that "The Decline and Fall" would be throttled through the indigence of the writer. Gibbon, however, after he had retired to London and taken up house at No. 7 Bentinck Street, near Manchester Square, and after all his father's affairs had been wound up, found to his satisfaction, that a moderate competency had been secured to him from the general wreck. If his income was such that he could not dispense with carefulness, still it enabled him to become a member of Boodle's, White's, and Almack's, to give occasionally a thorough-going bachelor dinner to which Reynolds and Goldsmith were invited, and to sit down without fear from importunate tradesmen to his studies and historical researches. Besides the painter and the poet just named, Gibbon was brought into intimate contact with Dr Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Colman, Sir William Jones, Fox, Sheridan and Adam Smith, the political economist. Amongst all the literary gossip of that time, it is a matter of regret that we have no genuine account of Gibbon's appearance in society. Had he so minded, the Exquisite Esquire of Strawberry Hill, might have given us a valuable sketch of the portly and accomplished author of "The Decline and Fall." His manners, however, were so uniformly unobtrusive, and his general bearing so much in accord with the society in which he moved, that he never attracted any undue attention to himself. Had he been less elegant in his manners, had he been the unfortunate possessor of any peculiar foible, we may rest assured he would not have escaped the observation of the critics of his time. He was not destitute of humour, but wanting the ready wit which can set the table in a roar. His conversation has not

contributed a single *bon-mot* to the thousands recorded of the literary men of his time. He moved in society the perfect gentleman, and if to its polite history his words never give an intellectual sally, his life never contributes a single oddity.

At his home in Bentinck Street Gibbon now addressed himself to the work of his history. "At the outset," he writes, "all was dark and doubtful: even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative, and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years. . . . . Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size: and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments."

It has been complained that while Gibbon grew garrulous over his earlier studies, conversions and perversions, it would have been of far more importance to the world in general had he said less about these, and more about those three years he spent in the composition of the first volume of the "Decline and Fall." The point of the complaint is more apparent than real. When we look into the matter we find that Gibbon's silence about those years must have been largely owing to the fact that he had little to tell the reader which would not have been a repetition of what he already knew. During his whole life the Historian

had been collecting materials for his work, and often consciously, often unconsciously, training himself for his task. When, therefore, he settled near Manchester Square, he was fully prepared: his stores were by him or deposited in his memory, his mind had received its appropriate discipline, and when the time for work did come, there was little else for him to do than what he plainly tells us—to seek out an appropriate style to convey his thoughts, and show continued discrimination in moulding into form the raw materials of his life-long studies. Mankind have ever displayed a natural curiosity to be taken into the workshop of authors, but authors themselves have ever been careful to keep their study doors locked against all prying inquisitiveness into the secrets of their profession. But that they have told little concerning the composition of their works is doubtless owing to the fact that they had little to tell: writers seem puzzled to account for their own productions. Dickens promised to tell us all about the conception of "Pickwick," but what he told threw no light upon the subject. It only amounts to this, that "somehow or other it came into his head." Poe wrote an elaborate essay telling, or professing to tell, how he composed the "Raven," how he thought it out and elaborated it until he made it what it is. He proposed to tell us all that, but it is agreed on all hands his essay is a fiction. Account for it as we may, no writer of eminence has ever taken any one into his intellectual laboratory. Scott never did, and of all men, he was the most approachable. Burns never did, and he was the most open-hearted of men. Voltaire never did. Goethe never did. Milton never did. If then Gibbon had more to tell than what he has told, he keeps his secrets in good company.

But in whatever dubiousness we are left with regard to Gibbon's methods of composition, there certainly can be no doubt whatever about the quality of the work performed. The first volume of the "Decline and Fall" involved the settling of both method and style for the whole work; but still, although the first volume took longer than any of the other five that followed it, and the hand of the writer grew firmer and more rapid as he advanced, it reflects all the beauties of the other parts, and shews at once the vast powers and resources which Gibbon had brought to bear on his special subject.

Amongst the first things that arrest the attention of the reader of the "Decline and Fall," is the dignity and elegance of the style. From the first sentence to the last there is no appearance of falling away, and subjects of secondary importance in themselves derive a primary significance from the grace and beauty of the diction. Vast though the work be, there is no page of it where the hand of the writer seems wearied or his energies relaxed. The high literary notes struck in the first chapters, are heard without diminution of either strength or volume in the last. And if there is never any sign of flagging, neither is there ever any appearance of haste. The goal is in the far distance, but one could never guess the author had ever once looked at it, or cherished a single desire to attain it. One feels there is nothing left out, nothing passed over, nothing vaguely comprehended, and with one or two exceptions, nothing misunderstood. The historian never gives the slightest sign that he feels his burden, and his varied themes he handles with so much facility that he seems to play with them. It was only his thorough preparation that could have made him feel so much at home in his work. He was conscious that he had a perfect acquaintance with his subject, knew

the whole range of literature bearing upon it, and was as intimately acquainted with its minutest as with its most outstanding details. With so much to work on, not the least difficult part the author had to perform, was to show that he was neither clogged nor hampered by the multiplicity of his materials. The ease with which he manipulated his heavy references is only surpassed by the power he displayed in moulding obdurate chronological events to suit his literary form. Had Gibbon possessed this power in a less degree, had he been only capable of dealing with facts and dates in a manner less thoroughgoing and masterly, he had certainly failed to infuse into his narrative its grand panoramic effect. For this is true of Gibbon's History and pertains to it, and is characteristic of it, more than of any other, that whilst it is a history, it is also at the same time a series of carefully executed and artistically wrought pictures. It is true we *hear* in his stately prose the sound of the Roman phalanx, but it is also true in his elaborate grouping we *see* the battalions of the empire drawn up in battle array. What has been said of the work by Mr Freeman is deserving of quotation :—"That Gibbon should ever be displaced seems impossible. That wonderful man monopolised, so to speak, the historical genius and the historical learning of a whole generation, and left little indeed of either for his contemporaries. He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century, whom modern research has neither set aside or threatened to set aside. We may correct and improve upon the stores which have been opened since Gibbon's time; we may write again large parts of his story from other and often truer and more wholesome points of view, but the work of Gibbon as a whole, as the encyclopædic history of 1300 years, as the grandest of historical designs, carried out alike with wonderful

power, and with wonderful accuracy, must ever keep its place. Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read."

Apart from the characteristics above enumerated, the reader of Gibbon is struck by the display of many subsidiary qualifications. His topographical knowledge is marvellous. He seems to have possessed that power held by Bulwer Lytton and others, of being able to describe with absolute faithfulness and graphic effect places he had never seen. With his minute knowledge of places, his geographical information was commensurate, and this latter again was adorned with the fruits of laborious scientific study, so that as Gibbon said himself, "the natural historian might have tracked him in his own snow." His insight into character, if occasionally superficial was, on the whole, worthy of his scholarship, and little stray incidents in men's lives that others "would have passed by unnoticed, he had the happy knack of so introducing into his narrative as to illustrate their characters and supply keys to their conduct." How the historian could seize on a trivial incident and make it tell, the following paragraph will show. "While Julian struggled with the almost insuperable difficulties of his situation, the silent hours of the night were devoted to study and contemplation. Whenever he closed his eyes in short and interrupted slumbers, his mind was agitated by painful anxiety; nor can it be thought surprising that the Genius of the Empire should once more appear before him, covering with a funereal veil his head and his horn of abundance, and slowly retiring from the imperial tent. The monarch started from his couch, and stepping forth to refresh his weary spirits with the coolness of the midnight air, he beheld a fiery meteor which shot athwart the sky and suddenly vanished. Julian was convinced that he had seen the menacing countenance of the God of

war: the council which he summoned of Tuscan Haruspices, unanimously pronounced that he should abstain from action; but on this occasion necessity and reason were more prevalent than superstition, and the trumpets sounded at the break of day."

The first volume of the history, published in February 1776, although it was in some respects inferior to the two that immediately followed it, met with a most hearty reception from the public. The first impression of a thousand was exhausted in a few days, and a second and third got ready as quickly as the old hand-presses of the time would allow, were scarcely adequate to meet the demand. Although Gibbon professed to regard the publication of the work with the complacency of a philosopher, he made no attempt to conceal his joy at its success. That he had done his duty with diligence and accuracy, he had the testimony of his own conscience, and the vanity he indulged at the thought of "his book being on every table, and almost on every toilette,—the historian crowned by the taste or fashion of the day, nor the general voice disturbed by the barking of any profane critic," is very readily excusable. But along with the applause of the people came also the praise of the learned, and if Gibbon for his own part, refused to allow his name to be put forward as one of the triumvirate of English historians, still he accepted the hand of brotherhood held out to him by Robertson and Hume.

Meanwhile Gibbon had entered parliament. One morning some short time after the Historian had got out of bed, and just as he was destroying an army of barbarians, a double knock was heard at the door of No. 7 Bentinck Street. It was a messenger from Mr (afterwards Lord) Eliot. This gentleman had married Gibbon's first cousin, and by his friendship he found himself after the

general election of 1774, member for the borough of Liskeard. Had Gibbon cared to make for himself a name as a politician he had now before him a splendid opportunity. He was already well known as a man of scholarly habits, he was in the course of a few months to be famous as an author, and burning questions were every night debated in thronged and excited houses. There were also on both sides foemen worthy of the finest steel. Lord North was the government leader, "a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule." The leader was supported by men who have come to be hardly less famous than himself. The most notable of these were Thurlow and Wedderburne. The latter statesman was afterwards created Lord Chancellor, and successively illustrated the title of Lord Loughborough and Earl of Rosslyn. It is enough to say that on the opposition benches sat Fox and Burke. Here surely was an arena where a man of Gibbon's attainments might have been ambitious to excel. Nothing, however, would tempt him to "get up" in the house. It may have been that while he sat on the Commons benches his heart was in his study, it may have been that he found himself wanting in the physical qualities of the orator — "the intrepid energy of mind and voice, *vincentem strepitus et natum rebus agendis*," or it may have been, and probably was, that he was unduly afraid of risking as a speaker the personal reputation he had gained as a writer. At any rate, during the whole of the eight sessions he sat in parliament "prudence," he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute." Except on one occasion, when he published his "Memoire Justificatif," to vindicate against the French, and in their own language, the justice of the British arms,

he rendered no service to his party further than supporting them by his vote. We need not wonder that such feeble friendship was little appreciated in those exciting times, when the independence of America was a question every night before the House, or that Gibbon had to confess his chagrin when in the division of the spoil he found himself wholly forgotten. The Historian might affect to be careless about how his party vote was appreciated, but he could not be careless about the fact that he was regularly excluded from the emoluments of office. We fear it was with Gibbon as with too many, he entered parliament from no high sense of public duty, from no particular wish to benefit the public service, but only from the hope that he might secure an appointment, the salary from which would augment his private income. Gibbon, left to himself, would possibly never have dreamt of entering parliament at all, but the opportunity put before him, along with the chances of bettering his income, were not to be put aside.

At first his style of living in Bentinck Street had been conceived in the spirit of his yearly allowance from the remainder of his Father's estate, but by and by, what with "the giving of the prettiest dinners in the world," and the society which more and more courted his presence, he soon found himself in his parent's position, living beyond his income, and consequently running into debt. This being the state of his domestic affairs, his appointment to the post of one of the Lords' Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, must have come opportunely. He got this berth by the influence of his friends Eliot and Wedderburne, and the salary attached was about £800 a year. It came to him most acceptably, although he was not to enjoy it long. The Board came under the lash of Burke, and Gibbon in a footnote to

his "Memoirs," says, "he never could forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator Mr Burke was heard by all sides of the house, and even by those whose existence he proscribed." The orator pronounced sentence of death on the Board in the following terms: "This board, sir, has had both its original formation and its regeneration in a job. In a job it was conceived, and in a job its mother brought it forth. This board is a sort of temperate bed of influence: a sort of gently ripening hothouse where eight members of Parliament receive salaries of a thousand a-year, for a certain given time, in order to mature at a proper season a claim to two thousand for doing less." The humour of the orator's address was too much for the Historian, and whilst Burke was inditing his sentence, Gibbon was chuckling on the side benches. Notwithstanding the efforts of the opposition, and it must be confessed, the goodness of their case, the Board was only abolished by the smallest majority. The numbers were 207 against 199 votes.

Gibbon's parliamentary life has been attacked with the utmost acrimony, but it cannot really be said to admit of such bitter representation as that to which it has been subjected. It is true it was dominated by no great social purpose and regulated by no political ideal. It is also true it was entered on without enthusiasm and carried on for no other end than to secure the Historian's own advancement by rendering steady if not servile obedience to the dictates of party. But take it for all in all, it was not much better, not much worse, than the political lives of many members of Parliament of his time. Granted that his object was earthly, and that he entered parliament to serve his own ends and add to his own income, still where is the justice of visiting Gibbon with a condemna-

tion which hundreds of other Members of Parliament have merited without receiving, and merited too in a way which Gibbon never merited, for certainly if a sin confessed is half condoned, in estimating the Historian's parliamentary career we should not forget these words are his own : "I went into Parliament without patriotism and without ambition, and all my views tended to the convenient and respectable place of a lord of trade." We are persuaded the condemnation of Gibbon cannot be sought for on these lines. His condemnation is this, that the object he had in view was an object which however it might have satisfied some men, should never have satisfied *him.* Had he been a mercenary whig mill owner, or a fat Tory grazier, his parliamentary conduct might have been passed without either note or comment, but because he was Edward Gibbon, the scholar, the philosopher, the historian, all in one, there is a feeling of disappointment when it is found his public life, giving as it did so many rare opportunities, shewed no signs whatever of his superior enlightenment.

With such a public career in view it is pleasing to turn to the more congenial pursuits of the friend and the historian. After the publication of his first volume Gibbon visited Paris, and became the constant guest of the Neckers. His fame had gone before, and he was received with open arms by the most cultivated society of the French capital. Gibbon's head could not be easily turned, and all his laurels he wore with becoming meekness. If it was the case that Madame Necker when he met her after his Italian tour in the first flush of her magnificence just affected to treat him with the slightest condescension, Gibbon now with the literary world at his feet was in rare position to have returned the most refined incivility. No such encounter, however, occurred, and

Edward Gibbon, the great historian, had just as simple and transparent a heart to Madame Necker amid the blandishments of Paris, as the young English student had to Mdlle. Curchod amid the wilds of Burgundy. Gibbon spent a most enjoyable six months in Paris, and next year he had the honour of entertaining his kind French hosts at his quiet bachelor-home in Bentinck Street. Many as were the calls which London life made on his time, still he never forgot his work, and his brain was never quicker, his pen never more facile, than when these calls were most numerous. By 1781 he had two other quartos completed, and after his parliamentary career was over he was able to write, "My skill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loss of office; and excepting the last chapter, I had finished the fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of the Leman Lake."

Somehow or other it never occurs to the mind of an English gentleman, when he finds himself in straitened circumstances, that he can begin the policy of domestic retrenchment in his own country. When he finds his expenditure outrunning his income his thoughts seem to turn naturally to continental life. Gibbon's action at the conclusion of his public life accorded with the national instinct. Wishing to free himself from a growing burden of debt amid the dust of London which he loved, and amid the city's extravagance which he loved still more, he cherished visions of the quiet of Lausanne and the inspiring scenery amongst which he had spent laborious years a quarter of a century ago. Since his friend Deyverdun had worked with him in London fortune had smiled on him, and he was now staying at Lausanne in an excellent house bequeathed to him by his aunt. Gibbon wrote to his friend promising to join him there

should it suit his convenience and undertaking, while Deyverdun possessed the property, the whole expense of the common house. Deyverdun, like Gibbon, was a bachelor, and he eagerly entered into the arrangements of his friend. The letters that passed between the old acquaintances have ever been esteemed models of elegance, and hardly to be surpassed in that form of composition. Gibbon disclosed his scheme in these words: —"You live in a charming house, I see from here my apartments, the rooms we shall share with one another, our table, our walks. But such a marriage is worthless, unless it suits both parties, and I easily feel that circumstances, new tastes and connections may frustrate a design which appeared charming in the distance. To settle my mind and to avoid regrets, you must be as frank as I have been, and give me a true picture, external and internal, of George Deyverdun." To this epistle the friend of the Historian made answer: "Call to mind, my dear friend, that I saw you enter Parliament with regret, and I think I was only too good a prophet, I am sure that career has caused you more privations than joys, more pains than pleasures. Ever since I have known you I have been convinced that your happiness lay in your study and in society, and that any path which led you elsewhere was a departure from happiness. By making this retreat to Switzerland, besides the beauty of the country, and the pleasures of its society, you will acquire two blessings which you have lost, liberty and competence. You will also be useful, your works will also continue to enlighten us, and independently of your talents, the man of honour and refinement is never useless. You used to like my house and garden; what would you do now? On the first floor which looks on the declivity of Ouchy, I have fitted up an apartment

which is enough for me. I have a servants' room, two *salons*, two cabinets. On a level with the terrace two other *salons*, of which one serves as a dining-room in summer, and the other a drawing-room for company. I have arranged three more rooms between the house and the coach-house, so that I can offer you all the large apartment, which consists actually of eleven rooms, great and small, looking east and south, not splendidly furnished, I allow, but with a certain elegance which I hope you will like. I have purchased the vineyard below the garden, and in front of the house made it into a lawn, which is watered by the water of the fountain. In a word, strangers come to see the place, and in spite of my pompous description of it, I think you will like it. If you come you will find a tranquillity you cannot have in London, and a friend who has not passed a single day without thinking of you, and who, in spite of his defects, his foibles, and his inferiority, is still one of the companions that suit you best."

After all matters had been arranged satisfactorily with Deyverdun, still the strength of home associations was like to retain him in London. Lord Sheffield was dead against his going, Mrs Gibbon was loath to part with her son, and his heart declared if he now went abroad he would not be likely to see his affectionate Aunt Porten again. Gibbon was by no means a strong-willed man when personal considerations influenced him. Here, however, he showed praiseworthy resolution. By one effort he broke his London fetters, passed over Westminster Bridge in a chaise, and so bade a long, if not a last farewell to the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.* On the 27th September 1783 he arrived after a tedious journey in Lausanne.

Many changes had taken place since last he had left

the shores of the Lake of Geneva. His older acquaintances had left the stage, "virgins were ripened into matrons, and children were grown to the age of manhood." That his old master was gone we are left to surmise, for he nowhere makes any definite allusion. Where there had been so many changes, he was gratified to find the manners of the people simple and unaffected as they used to be, and the heart of his friend as warm as he had expected. Much as Gibbon had loved the smoke of London—loving it even as Charles Lamb loved "the sweet shady side of Cheapside and the silversmiths' shops,"—he could not help rejoicing he had escaped from the intrigues of party. He was flattered, too, to think—for there was not wanting in his character a thin vein of vanity,—that while, in London, he had been lost in the crowd, he was now, in Lausanne, an individual of consideration, and ranking and exchanging civilities with the best families. It was to him also a congenial change to leave his small house in Bentinck Street—"a house between a street and a stable-yard" for the spacious and convenient mansion of Deyverdun. It was well for Gibbon he formed the manly resolution to leave London, and once for all have done with practical politics. It was well he formed it at the time he did, for not three months after leaving the capital the Coalition Ministry was wrecked, and many public men like Fox had their reputations almost irretrievably ruined. His part in Parliament had never been glorious, but it is just possible it had been still more inglorious had he been in it then. Gibbon showed how he valued his continental retirement. "My friends had been kindly apprehensive that I should not be able to exist in a Swiss town at the foot of the Alps, after having so long conversed with the first men of the first cities of the world. Such lofty con-

nections may attract the envious and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatsoever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shewn me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life."

Gibbon's life at Lausanne was all he could wish it to be; it was in the most perfect accord with his scholarly tastes. The scenery was ever to him a source of delight. He was occasionally visited by eminent individuals from France, Prussia, and England. His income was equal to his circumstances, and while M. Necker and his wife, now exiled from France, were not many miles away, he had always near him his dear and accomplished friend Deyverdun, whom to know the more was to love the better. In this environment the Historian sat down to calm steady work, and as he never moved, for the next four years, ten miles from Lausanne, and only exchanged visits with his most intimate friends, the fruits of his extraordinary application soon manifested themselves. Begun in March 1782, he ended his fourth volume in June 1784, begun the next month of that year, he ended his fifth on 1st May 1786, and begun on 18th of that same month, he finished his history on the 27th June 1787. The following passage from Gibbon's *Memoir* so often garbled and misquoted, will not cease to interest till the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has become an obsolete work. "It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat

crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctedness and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long, but temperate labour has been accomplished without fatiguing either mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for serious revisal. I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hours of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountain. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future of my history, the life of the Historian must be short and precarious." Thus was the work concluded

after the direct labour of fourteen—Gibbon himself says twenty—years, and the indirect labour of a life. Thus Gibbon paid his debt to the world and society for all of friendship and pleasure he had got from them, and thus the copestone was placed on that gorgeous literary fabric of which Mr Haley the poet and the friend of the Historian sang,

> "As ages multiply, its fame shall rise,
> And earth must perish ere its splendour dies."

Now a man unusually heavy and corpulent and with an inveterate dislike to everything involving bodily exertion, still he repaired to London immediately he had concluded his MS., and in the April of 1788 he had the satisfaction of seeing his work safely through the press. On this occasion his reception in England was most flattering to himself. He was satisfied with the general civilities of the world, and all party resentment being now lost in oblivion, as he was no man's rival, no man was his enemy. He had the good fortune to be present at "the august spectacle of Mr Hasting's trial in Westminster Hall." He was moved by the eloquence of Sheridan and touched by the personal compliment paid him by the orator. The reference to the Historian was to the following effect. Sheridan said "The facts that made up the volume of the narrative were unparalleled in atrociousness, and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced, either in ancient or modern history, in the correct periods of Tacitus or the luminous page of Gibbon." (*Morning Chronicle*, June 14, 1788). After the history had been given to the world the Historian was eager to return again to his loved Lausanne. The amusements of the city were no longer congenial to him. The clubs were filled with new faces and the older men were gone, the late dinners of the metropolis were mani-

festly acting injuriously on his health, and so once more he broke through all the entreaties of his friends, and sought again on the shores of Lake Leman the scholarly companionship of his old and trusted friend. The joy of the meeting was terribly damped by the state of Deyverdun's health, and not long after Gibbon's return the ties that had bound the two men together were snapped. In the summer of 1789 Deyverdun succumbed to a long illness, and so while "that evening sun of July was shining on reapers amid peaceful woods and fields, on old women spinning in cottages, on ships far out on the silent main, on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged dames were dancing with double-jacketted Hussar officers," it also shed its beams on Gibbon mourning the loss of his friend.

Deyverdun's death touched the roots of Gibbon's nature, and he never recovered the shock. It mattered not that his friend had placed it in his power to occupy the house, with every spot, every walk, every bench, bringing back memories of the hours that could not be recalled and the conversations that could not be renewed, he found the state of his mind cast a gloom over the fairest scenes. It was in vain that Madame Necker tried to retain him amongst them, it was in vain that she asked him to come and be her husband's guest, that in their talks about old times the Historian might be led to forget his present melancholy and abandon his resolutions of once more returning to England. Every entreaty was vain, and another sad occurrence confirmed his purpose. So soon as he heard of Lady Sheffield's death, he set out for home, thus getting rid of the growing sadness of Lausanne associations and trusting to convey to one who had been more bereaved than himself the personal consolations of a long and close friendship. Gibbon was

made very welcome to Sheffield Place. The Historian could not have made the long journey without much suffering, and Lord Sheffield took the great pains to which Gibbon had put himself to be with him on such a sorrowful occasion as the most sincere testimony to the tenderness of his regard. Gibbon remained about four months with his Lordship. During that time he confined himself for the most part to library and dining-room and was seldom out of doors. His cherished aversion to out-door exercise had become chronic, and his long continued neglect of the rules of health had undermined his constitution. He had ever an eager appetite, but it would have been well for him if he could have been content with a plainer regimen. He was affected with the gout, yet he drank Madeira every day. The use of this sweet wine he regarded as "essential to his reputation." His treatment of his ailments was strange and unaccountable. He was affected with the most serious disorders, yet he never once for a space of about thirty years either consulted a physician or mentioned the matter to his friends. When medical aid did come to such a man it is evident it could only come too late. The fact is, he who saw "the giant form of empires on their way to ruin," was himself rapidly approaching his mortal *Fall.* Happening when it did, his decease affords but another sad illustration of the vanity of human hopes. While he was looking forward to the enjoyment of "the autumnal felicity" of his closing years, while he was weighing the probabilities, calculating the chances of existence, and flattering himself with the belief he might reasonably expect other fifteen years of life, death was on his very threshold. The Historian, no doubt, made the calculation calmly, but a footnote to the arithmetical problem shows the heart was not free from secret anxiety and foreboding.

"Mr Buffon, from our disregard of the possibility of death within the four-and-twenty hours, concludes that a chance, which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the hopes and fears of a reasonable man. The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtlessness, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were subscribed on one of the ten thousand tickets, *should we be perfectly easy?*" The question put with so much force can only be answered in the line of the Historian's argument. It does not appear that Gibbon's mind was seriously disturbed at the thought of the approach of dissolution; but that he dwelt wholly in a philosophical calm, and was unconcerned whether this solemn event in his life was near or far away, such a passage as the above plainly contradicts. The philosopher is not less a philosopher that he reflects in his own feelings the instincts of the race.

After leaving Sheffield Place, Gibbon paid a visit of some days to his mother, and was glad to find her at her far advanced age possessed of all her faculties. He then settled in London, where his malady, a complication of dropsy and rupture, called for medical interference. Farquhar, an eminent surgeon, and two other doctors were consulted. The case was recognised to be serious. On Thursday the 14th November, he was tapped. He went through the operation with patience and even good humour, and after it, was able to be out at dinners and parties as usual. The following letter to Lord Sheffield has a melancholy interest, it being the last he ever wrote. It was of date the 7th January 1794: "St James's, four o'clock, Tuesday. This date says everything. I was almost killed between Sheffield Place and East Grinstead by hard, frozen, long and cross ruts, that would

disgrace the approach of an Indian wigwam. The rest was somewhat less painful, and I reached this place half dead, but not seriously feverish or ill. I found a dinner invitation from Lord Lucan; but what are dinners to me? I wish they did not know of my departure. I catch the flying post. What an effort! Adieu till Thursday or Friday." On the 13th January another operation was performed, but whilst he was relieved for the time, on the evening of next day he became very weak, and after being attended by his physician, his last articulate words were these to his *valet-de-chambre*, "*Pourquoi est ce que vous me quittez?*" If not his speech, he preserved his senses to the last, and in absolute tranquillity, and with his eyes half shut, near to the hour when he used to throw aside his books for the night—about a quarter before one, he ceased to breathe. He was fifty-seven years of age all but eighty-three days. The mortal remains of the Historian were deposited by Lord Sheffield in his family burying-place in Fletching Church, Sussex.

The life of Edward Gibbon presents an unique feature in literary biography. On its intellectual side it was from first to last a steady and upward progress, and we will seek in vain for another example of such intense and prolonged devotion to a special task. Macaulay and Froude and Grote have excelled in other departments, but the whole streams of Gibbon's life flowed in one channel. The emotional side of his nature affords a more rugged, but not nearly so pleasant a prospect. It cannot but be viewed with regret, and while he confessed it shewed "the failure of those hopes which will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life," still possibly his feeble religious vacillations had their cause in sources lying beyond himself. His emotional nature

lies by the side of his intellectual like a field run wild alongside a highly cultivated tract. In the future while others may write from truer points of view, there is little fear Gibbon's great work will be superseded. It will always remain a monument to colossal learning, and one of the finest expressions of historical genius. The days in which such men die mark eras and epochs, in the literary calendar they are

> "red-letter days,
> And richer than the songs of Grecian years."

GEORGE GROTE.

GEORGE GROTE.

As the names of Greece and Rome are ever associated together in the history of antiquity, so the names of Grote and Gibbon will ever be mentioned together in the literary history of England. There is a certain propriety that a country which has surpassed Rome in the extent of her empire, and at least equals Greece in all matters of philosophical and intellectual accomplishment, should have given birth to the greatest writer on the decline and fall of the one, and the best historian of the rise and progress of the other. We cannot tell what the future may have in store for us, but it is difficult to believe the histories of Gibbon and Grote can ever be superseded. Discoveries may be made that may cast fresh light on particular points, writers may arise who may survey certain portions of the field from other and truer stand-points, isolated conclusions of the historians may be called in question or proved to be erroneous—all these things may occur, as indeed, some of them have occurred already, but that the histories of Greece and Rome, as written by Grote and Gibbon, will ever become obsolete it is very difficult to conceive. They have been written with so much genius and care, that they will survive as literary works even when they are found to be faulty as histories.

There have not been wanting those who have said that the writers of history are more worthy of our

admiration than the makers of it, that it is Gibbon we admire and not Constantine, Grote and not Alcibiades, Motley and not William the Silent. The statement is too sweeping to be accepted in its entirety, but there can be no doubt it contains in it a certain element of truth. The historian is not a mere annalist—a bare recorder of the facts of a nation's life. He differs from the latter as the painter differs from the photographer, and for the carrying out of his work the historian, like the painter, requires a severely disciplined artistic sense. To put down in their order the dates of the births and deaths of princes, the names of the places where battles were fought, the names of the generals, and which side won, is the part of the chronicler; but it is the work of the historian to group, to paint, and to vivify, to trace the hidden stream of tendency which has brought about particular events, and to calculate the results which are likely to proceed or flow from them. It is the artistic elements which the historian embodies in his narrative that attract the attention of the reader to the genius of the former, while perusing the events of the latter. It is these elements, entering as they do in so large a measure into the substance of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and the "History of Greece," which give these works a permanent literary value, apart altogether from the importance or accuracy of the facts they record.

While the works of Gibbon and Grote lie side by side, their lives, strikingly similar in all matters concerning literary purpose, yet present certain distinguishing contrasts. The life of Grote cannot fail to have the more salutary influence. Gibbon was a historian and nothing else: he was trained for no particular profession, he gave himself to no special business, his life-work was his his-

tory, and it formed the business and pleasure of his existence. Although an outstanding example of special devotion to a particular task, it is a life all the same which can only appeal to the few, and can never be held up as a stimulus to the great majority of men who must spend the serious hours of the day in professional or business labours, and have only a very narrow margin to devote to the intellectual pursuits of literature and science. Whilst the lives of Gibbon and Grote show what can be done by those whose good fortune it has not been to receive a university education, it is only in the life of the latter we see to what splendid purpose the leisure hours of a hard working career may be put, what rich fruits may be gathered in them, and what a fabric of learning and research may be built up by filling them with cultured activities. It is impossible to come into living contact with a mind like Grote's without finding in it the lineaments of a character singularly noble. This man of whom we speak was, no doubt, to a large extent, Grote the successful Banker, in virtue of the fact that he was his father's son, but he was altogether Grote the Great Historian, in virtue of the use to which he put his hours after he had left the counting-room for the day. He may have been speaking for many others, but certainly for himself, when he gave utterance to these words in his presidential address to the London Scientific Institution, on the 1st June 1846, in the London Tavern, "To those—whether they be many or few, I know not—who may still hold the ungenial prejudice that there is an inherent incompatibility between a day of industry in the counting-house, and an evening of study in the lecture-room, the class-room, or the library—we must continue to present the best of all refutations, in the lives and behaviour of our members. To those, on the other hand, whose sentiments are more

generous and exalted, who esteem an enlightened population a greater glory than splendid edifices and unmeasurable capital, and who count it an honour to London to interweave the threads of literature and science with the staple of a commercial and professional life; to these minds we offer ourselves with confidence as auxiliaries and instruments, prepared to justify our claim upon their paternal sympathy. . . . . To-morrow as well as to-day—in the times of our descendants as in our own—the life of the commercial and professional man will consist of a day of labour and an evening of leisure, which may be well or ill appropriated; to-morrow as well as to-day, the sociability of his nature may be enlisted in favour of the better employment instead of the worse—in favour of mental progress and elevating recreations, and against both seductions and lassitude. . . . . Speaking as one, the best years of whose life have been passed as principal of a banking house, I contend, emphatically, that merchants and bankers will obey the call of interest as well as of duty, in seconding the voluntary efforts of our members."*

In George Grote, the historian of Greece, there was a strain of foreign blood. His grandfather, Andrew Grote, came over from Bremen about the middle of the eighteenth century; and, prospering in business, he eventually entered into partnership with one George Prescott. As the result of this union of business talent, the banking house of "Grote, Prescott, and Company" was established January 1st, 1766. Andrew Grote still further added to his wealth by marrying Miss Ann Adams, a lady of position and fortune. The brother of this lady dying without issue, the estate of Badgemore and Henley-on-Thames passed into the Grote family. In 1757, Mrs

* Minor Works of George Grote, pp. 188, 192, 193.

Grote died, and three years later, Mr Grote took to himself another wife, in the person of Miss Mary Ann Calverden. To her husband, this lady bore three sons and six daughters; and George, the eldest son of this second marriage, was the father of the future historian of Greece. He was educated at the Charterhouse, apprenticed abroad, and most strictly trained in the arts of business by his father. In due time he came to occupy his father's position in the firm of "Grote, Prescott, & Co," and in 1793, he "married the daughter of Doctor Peckwell, a reverend divine, endowed with a handsome person, and talents of a somewhat superior quality." It may be mentioned as showing the bloods that were mixed in the historian, that the wife of Dr Peckwell was of French extraction; the revocation of the edict of Nantes had brought her family to Ireland not long after the year 1685. After his marriage with Miss Selina Peckwell, Mr George Grote settled at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, in Kent, about ten miles from London, and there, on the 17th November 1794, his son George was born unto him.

It would appear that Mrs Grote, like the minister's daughter to whom we have had occasion to refer so frequently in the previous paper, was a lady of superior intelligence and refinement. It is quite possible Dr Peckwell may have bestowed as much pains on the education of his daughter as M. Curchod did on his; but letting this be as it may, it is satisfactory to know that Mrs Grote was ambitious her son should excel in learning; and, before he was five and a-half years of age, at which period it was deemed necessary to send him to school, the mother had taught her son to read and write, and actually grounded him in the elements of Latin. With such careful maternal preparation, it is not to be wondered at, that when the youngster entered the Grammar School

of Sevenoaks, he was able to rank with boys above his age, or that the master, the Rev. Mr Whitehead, immediately discovered in him "a decided aptitude for study." It is not easy to estimate a mother's influence over her son, but the pains which Mrs Grote took to fix on George's mind during his holidays what he had been learning during the session can hardly be over-valued. Habits, which masters work hard to break their pupils into, are often wholly dissipated by two months' complete idleness; and when teachers and scholars meet again, the former find they have their labours all to begin anew. In this household at Beckenham, however, it was different: what Mrs Grote's boy learned from his masters during the term, she was careful to confirm in the recess; and so, whatever intellectual ground the boy had gained, was kept, and whatever information he had gathered, was securely stored up.

When he was ten, Master Grote passed from the Grammar School to the Charterhouse. This change could hardly have taken place more opportunely. Dr Raine, an enthusiastic schoolmaster and distinguished scholar, was then at the head of the establishment; and George Waddington, afterwards Dean of Durham; Conop Thirlwall, afterwards Bishop of St David's, and historian of Greece; Henry Havelock, afterwards the fearless soldier, and others, were then boys in the classes, and the every-day companions of young Grote. Between discipline on the one hand, and clever competitors on the other, the education of the future historian of Greece could hardly have been conducted under more favourable auspices. Master George was too clever a boy ever to feel the rod for neglected lessons, or insufficiently prepared exercises, but he had also in him too much of animal spirit not to feel it often for the venial offences peculiar to boyhood,

and which are more the product of an exuberant life, than of an evil spirit. It was in 1810, on the eve of his leaving school, and when, by his talents, he stood almost at the head of it, he received his last flogging. To commemorate the close of his Charterhouse days, Grote invited a number of his class-fellows and school companions to supper in the "Albion Tavern," Aldersgate Street, and for partaking somewhat amply, and inviting others to do the same, he was doomed to suffer in the flesh. What the master said to him on the occasion does not appear; but, doubtless, the good man—as teachers are wont on such occasions—predicted a depraved future from *such* a close to the career of a Charterhouse scholar!

The father and mother of George Grote formed a peculiar couple, and in many ways were singularly unsuited to each other. Even after a long life together, they could not fit in wholly to each other's habits. The elder Grote was a man who had a preference for country life, and an inborn fondness for the common rural sports of hunting and shooting, and being a man of wealth and position, and having many acquaintances, he loved from time to time to meet his friends around his board. Mrs Grote, on the other hand, was a strict Calvinist, and would associate with none but those who reflected her own religious sentiments. She disliked the society of her country neighbours, and frowned on all guests visiting her house on her husband's invitation. Such a state of matters no doubt led to a deal of domestic unpleasantness, but the elder Grote, finding her opinions were not to change, left her to pursue in all matters of household management her own course, only reserving for himself the reins in all matters connected with his children's education. It was just a pity when the husband left so much to his wife he did not leave this also, for there cannot be a doubt, if

Mrs Grote had had her own way in the educational affairs of her family, she would from the Charterhouse Academy, have sent her eldest son at once to the University. With regard, however, to the advantages to be derived from a liberal education, the elder Grote was wholly indifferent; he had no anxiety that his son should get on anywhere but in the commercial world—his only ambition being, that he might be a successful banker; and so, when his son was but sixteen years of age, he was installed, with a more imperfect education than falls to the lot of thousands of the English youth of to-day, in Threadneedle Street, to commence his banking career. This was in 1810. Let us read what this lad, when he had become a grown man, spoke six-and-thirty years after when he addressed University College, on the 1st July 1846:—"I hope, and I believe, that the administrators of University College will succeed in diffusing among the public of London larger ideas on the proper measure of a citizen's education—in correcting that mistaken impatience with which parents, often under no pressure of necessity, abridge those years requisite for their son's complete education, and hurry him into professional life a half-educated man."* The fact was, Grote never ceased to regret his early devotion to business and consequent premature withdrawal from every system of public educational discipline.

In so far as society was concerned, the young man was placed under many disadvantages by the unfavourable condition of things existing in his own home. But as we shall more fully discover as we proceed, Grote had ever that happy pushing spirit which rose above even extraordinary difficulties. And so, while his mother was on visiting terms with but few of her neighbours, he was

* Minor Works of George Grote, pp. 202, 203.

a general favourite, and on the best footing with all. Considering what was required of him in Threadneedle Street, he still could always find an occasional afternoon for cricket, and he had not as yet become so sufficiently studious as to love his books more than the innocent dissipations of a country ball. In going out into society his mind was poetic and impressionable; but with one exception, he was distinctly fortunate in his special friendships, and he had already that in him which made it wholly impossible for him to draw to any companion devoid of intellectual tastes. By and by this temperament got so absolutely confirmed, that intellectual worth, and that alone, was the only quality which he would allow to command his respect, or which he would acknowledge as deserving of the respect of others. The later developments of this spirit were certainly owing to the influence of James Mill. This eminent man, and historian of India, young Grote first met at the house of David Ricardo, whither he was wont to repair as often as he could, that he might listen to his conversation on a science that was already occupying much of his thought, namely, the science of Political Economy. In a letter which he wrote at this time to George W. Norman, one of Grote's most trusted and accomplished young friends, we find the following words :—" I have met Mill often at Ricardo's house, and hope to derive great pleasure and instruction from his acquaintance, as he is a very profound thinking man, and seems well disposed to communicate, as well as clear and intelligible in his manner. His mind has, indeed, all that cynicism and asperity which belong to the Benthamian School, and what I chiefly dislike in him is, the readiness and seeming preference with which he dwells on the *faults and defects* of others, even of the greatest men ! But it is so very rarely

that a man of any depth comes across my path, that I shall most assuredly cultivate his acquaintance a good deal farther. My friends in *Calf and Russia* still continue faithful and interesting, and if it were not for them, life would be a very waste indeed." This passage is of the greatest interest, as it shows the mind of Grote operating freely, and before it got completely entangled in Mill's intellectual coils. Above all others, James Mill was the kind of man to whose opinions Grote, by the natural constitution of his mind, was predisposed to defer, and the result brought about could have been anticipated from the beginning of their acquaintance. The philosopher was an eager propagandist, and in the course of a remarkably short space of time he had his young disciple at his feet. It would no doubt have been better for Grote, it would most certainly have left him with a sweeter tone of mind, if he had been more discriminating in his admiration of his master. While he received many good lessons, he also imbibed many unreasonable prejudices. No mind ever kept so faithfully the direction it received from the impulse of another than did the mind of Grote the direction given it by the mind of Mill. The metaphysician gave him a love for philosophy, and that love was never quenched; he made him a student, and a student he remained. His Radicalism and democratic sympathies Grote also took from the teaching of his early master. It would have been well could the future Historian of Greece have stopped short at this part of his master's educating process; but Mill's fanaticism against the governing classes simply because they were the governing classes, his rancorous hatred of the aristocracy, his "profound prejudice" against the Established Church and her ministers, all had their reflection more or less in the sentiments of the pupil.

To the credit of Grote this must be said, however, that while the good influences of Mill remained, the antipathies died out, and eventually the sweeter mind prevailed. Along with Ricardo and Mill, Grote was also at this time associating with Bentham, but what permanent impression this able man left on the mind of his young friend does not appear. Bentham was peculiar in his conversation: he would bear with no interruption; so, although he talked fluently, it is just possible one so enquiring as Grote would feel his meetings with him, pleasant though they were in their way, yet somewhat unsatisfactory in their results.

The unfortunate acquaintanceship * already alluded to was with a clergyman of the Church. Mrs Grote in her "Personal Life" of her husband, a work written with admirable delicacy, condensation, and grace, but here and there disfigured by touches of asperity, has not told us either who he was, or to what congregation it was his privilege to minister, and it is well she has kept her own counsel, giving the world no further clue to the man than it can have in the sufficiently hazy symbolism of E——. To this man, the Rev. Mr E——, Grote had been attracted by the suavity of his manners, the extent and variety of his reading, and the fact that he was acknowledged as a scholar and a masterly critic. In the company of this reverend individual Grote was wont to talk freely and openly, and while he still believed him to be a gentleman, he submitted to him in confidence the secrets of his heart. It is every way to be regretted this confidence was so completely misplaced, as it would have been of incalculable advantage to the young man to have discussed over again with a clergyman of cultured intelligence the philosophical positions of Mill; and there

* "Personal Life," p. 15, *et seq.*

can be no doubt in the society of such an one this further advantage would have accrued—the unreasoning antipathies of the teacher would have been immediately corrected, and possibly wholly neutralized before they had fixed themselves in the temperament of the future Historian.

Grote's break with the Rev. Mr E—— flowed from his dishonourable conduct in a love affair of the young man. In the winter of 1814-15, Grote became acquainted with Miss Harriet Lewin, on the introduction of his friend G. M. Norman, and towards this young lady he soon cherished the tenderest of sentiments. Now, as it would happen, the young man, in the first place, confided his passion to his friend E——, and by this individual he was told the pursuit was hopeless, as it consisted with his knowledge her hand was already promised to another. In his innocence, George Grote suspected no duplicity; he gave up the hopes of happiness he had been cherishing, and tried to forget his pain by increased devotion to business and study. His father observed his son's changed deportment, and interrogating him on the matter, he was told all that had occurred. The parent was in no way sorry at the result, and, to guard against all future difficulties, he extorted from his son the promise that he would never marry until he had obtained his father's sanction in the matter. Soon after this promise had been given, the treachery of E——'s conduct was disclosed. The fact was, he himself had been an importunate suitor for Miss Lewin's hand. "E—— is a villain; and Harriet completely exculpated" was the glad news sent by G. W. Norman to his friend Grote in the autumn of 1813. So far all was well, but wakening to a knowledge of E——'s trickery, he woke also to the consciousness of his rash and hasty promise to his father. Grote

appealed to his father to release him, considering the circumstances in which the promise had been made; but the heart of the old banker was in no way touched by the passion of the youth. The young man's last difficulty was like to be worse than his first, for, as he was entirely dependent on his father, there remained no alternative for him but to bow to his stern decree, and relinquish all intercourse with the Lewin family.

In his second perplexity Grote again returned, and with increased eagerness, for consolation to his books. He made a special study of Sismondi's "Italian History." Like Gibbon, he took copious notes as he went on, and never considered himself master of any subject until he had put down on paper the thoughts that had occurred to him about it. He confessed to his friend Norman, "I have always found that, in order to make myself master of a subject, the best mode was to sit down and give an account of it myself." So "literature continued to form the greatest attraction to his mind," and was, he acknowledged, "the only pleasure he could enjoy which left no repentance behind it," until the March of 1818, when all his former passion was awakened by finding himself unexpectedly in the presence of its object. The effect produced was unmistakeable, as his own words sufficiently testify. "I had the happiness or misfortune (I know not which to call it, the feelings are so mixed) to see my dear and favourite, Harriet Lewin, the other day in Bromley. She was sitting with Charlotte and another lady in the carriage, which was waiting at the door of the 'Bell.' I stood there and conversed with her for about ten minutes, but something—I know not what it is—kept me, during the whole of the time, in such a state of indescribable tremor and uneasiness, that I could hardly utter a rational sentence. She looked lovely beyond expres-

sion. Her features still retained the same life and soul which once did so magnetize me; I never have seen it, and I never shall see it, on any other face. My dear Harriet! It is terrible work. It is most cruelly painful to think that I can only appear to her in the light of one who has occasioned nothing but pain and uneasiness to her. Yet so it must be. I am sometimes tempted to wish myself an isolated being, without any family or relations, and nothing but those friends whom my own merit (little as it is) may attach to me, and to whom my affections flow spontaneously and ardently. Relations are a chain which drags a man on by means of his sense of duty. Happy is he who has fewest." After this first meeting, and, no doubt, also after many others, for Miss Lewin was now staying with Lord Harewood, at his residence in Hanover Square, the son petitioned the father with increased emphasis, and eventually the old banker agreed to his son's proposals, on condition that the nuptials should not take place for two years. The new arrangement was judged of in the worst spirit by the Lewin family; it was distasteful, in the highest degree, that they were obliged to accept the young man's suit with so distant a prospect of union. Miss Lewin also said, "it was not without mortification and embarrassing reflections she made up her mind to forget the painful circumstances of 1815, and to submit to enter into this harsh compact." All things considered, it was natural the lady should have had some feeling in the matter; on the whole, however, the young man seems to have been contented with the final turn of events. He opened up his mind to his old Charterhouse friend, Waddington, on the subject of his future marriage, and, in return, he had a characteristic letter with certain caustic touches: "I saw a monster yesterday—an English monster—[the letter is

written from Paris]—that weighs about 20 stone, and yet, perhaps is still as much like a man as any other animal; I mean in appearance. It calls itself E——. Going to dine at the *table d'hote* with my cousin, I observed this phenomenon waiting to be fed."

The two years preceding Grote's marriage were divided between bank work and study. He kept a regular diary, and by it Miss Lewin was kept perfectly posted up in the events of his daily life. His diary would have its special interest for Miss Lewin, but it has also now its general interest for the educated world. Here are two entries—one of a Sunday, and another of a week day—taken at random. *January*, 1819. *Tuesday*—"Rose at ¼ past 8. Breakfasted and unlocked. Read some more of 'Say's preface.' Thought much this day on the subject of Foreign Trade. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass for an hour, and then read some of Lessing's theological writings. Drank tea, and spent the evening in writing down my thoughts on Foreign Trade. Bed at 12." *Sunday*, *March* 28—"Rose at ½ past 5. Studied Kant until ½ past 8, when I set off to breakfast with Mr Ricardo. Met Mr Mill there, and enjoyed some most interesting and instructive discourse with them, indoors and out walking in Kensington Gardens, until ½ past three, when I mounted my horse, and set off to Beckenham. Was extremely exhausted with fatigue and hunger when I arrived there, and ate and drank plentifully, which quenched my intellectual vigour for the night. Bed at ½ past 10."

Early in the month of March 1820, at Bexley Church, Kent, George Grote and Miss Harriet Lewin were married by the Rev. Edward Barnard, the vicar. Before this consummation was brought about they had endured much for each other's sake, but that endurance was fully

rewarded by the lifetime of happiness they had with each other. Mrs Grote was a woman of rich native talents, and by her contributions to the *Westminster Review*, she helped to increase the household income during her first married years. Such exertions on her part should not have been at all necessary if her husband had been paid according to the duties he performed, and his position as working partner in the Bank. The narrow establishment they were obliged to keep—merely a dingy unhealthy house at the Bank, and furnished lodgings in the suburbs—was owing to the parsimony of the elder Grote. When they began life with each other the pair had a heart for any fate, and, considering the affluent circumstances in which they afterwards moved, it was possibly for the advantage of both that they were called on for two or three years to practise a rigid frugality. Miss Harriet Lewin was in every way fitted to be the wife of such a man as George Grote. She knew what such a man needed was sympathy and companionship in his higher work; and before her marriage she had so disciplined her mind by study in view of the life before her, that when she became Mrs Grote there was no need for her husband to decline to the narrower heart and the range of lower feelings. What Grote might have done with a less accomplished wife we cannot tell, but this we know, it was Mrs Grote kept his literary impulse ever active, and his intellectual passions ever warm; she entered into the spirit of his every endeavour, and she suggested his greatest work. It was from the well-springs of his domestic life he drew strength for his every achievement, and to them he ever went for solace and refreshment.

The married pair had not gone far together in the path of life when they were met by severe domestic

affliction. The unhealthy nature of their house in Threadneedle Street acted very injuriously on Mrs Grote's health. Her reduced constitution brought about premature labour, and a boy was born, who only survived a week. Puerperal fever followed on the birth, and after three days the doctors said there could only be one termination to the illness. They were very happily, however, disappointed ; their patient rallied, and, after a slow convalescence, recovered.

While Grote's days were spent in his office, his evenings were now almost exclusively devoted to study, and more than ever did he court the acquaintanceship of intellectual men. Mr David Ricardo, Mr John Smith, M.P., Mr John Black of the *Morning Chronicle*, Thomas Campbell the poet, John and Charles Austin, John Romilly, Charles Buller, Lord William Bentinck, Eyton Tooke, John Stuart Mill, John R. Macculloch, and M. de Santa Rosa, were all frequent visitors at Threadneedle Street between the years 1822 and 1830. Mrs Grote had many connections amongst the aristocracy, whom it would have been her pleasure to visit and entertain, but such a decided aversion had her husband to "everything tinctured with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion," that she was obliged, for the sake of domestic quietness, and that she might not directly displease "her somewhat intolerant" husband, to relinquish to a very large extent her aristocratic friendships. He would not suffer that Mrs Grote should be dictated to by the very highest officers in the State. Witness the following to his wife, then staying at the noble residence of Gilston Park, Herts :— "I trust you will not be kept longer than Thursday or Friday : and I really think that neither you nor Mrs Lewin ought to suffer your time and your expectations to be tampered with any longer, *even* by the Governor-

General of India. If he does not come on Monday or Tuesday, I would not wait for him at all."

Getting up early, for the most part about six, reading all manner of learned works in the morning and in the evening, Grote accumulated vast quantities of notes on the volumes perused. One day Mrs Grote said to her husband, "You are always studying the ancient authors whenever you have a moment's leisure; now here would be a fine subject for you to treat. Suppose you try your hand!" Mrs Grote's reference was to a subject frequently under discussion, namely, the history of Greece. Grote accepted the suggestion of his wife. The idea of a great new History of Greece fixed itself in his mind, and from that time—the autumn of 1823—his studies became directed towards the accomplishment of his vast self-imposed task. The historian himself gives no clue to the first idea of his work, he merely says in one place,* "The first idea of this history was conceived many years ago, at a time when ancient Hellas was known to the English public chiefly through the pages of Mitford."

It is not to be thought for a moment that while Grote was thus earnestly devoting himself to study, he was even in the smallest way neglecting his business. The fact was he did not find private study and public duty in any way incompatible, and whilst he was enlarging his reputation amongst men of letters, he was at the same time establishing himself amongst mercantile men as a wise and considerate banker. So far from the interests of the house "Prescott, Grote, & Co." suffering in his hands, after the concern had been for some time under almost his sole management, it was found, on his father's death

* "History of Greece," vol. i., *Preface*, p. 5.

in 1830, that he had very materially enlarged the business.

By the decease of the elder Grote, his son inherited the family estate in Lincolnshire and £40,000 of personal property. This event put him on a perfectly different social footing. So far—his views on many things differing so substantially from his father's—his life had been subject to considerable restraint; now he was in a position to do what seemed to him good in his own eyes. As yet he had taken no personal part in the politics of his time: and the only matter in which he had interested himself, acting along with Macaulay, Mill, Waymouth, Hume, and Hallam, had been the founding of the London University. Now, however, his democratic sympathies were keenly affected by the aspect of affairs in the country. The people were agitated, and the Reform Bill was being debated in Parliament. At the request of Mill he gave some weeks to the thinking out of the whole question then before the country, and in a very short space he issued from the press a fibrous and closely reasoned essay on the *Essentials of Parliamentary Reform.* The subject suited the temper of the author's mind, and finding his ground firm beneath him he struck out fiercely. He even allowed his antipathies play—but this is not the strong point of his paper—and declaimed against the aristocracy in language not the most measured. In these sentences there is something both of the thought and sarcasm of the complete paper:—"Superior income affords no ground for guessing at the capacities of men, even as a general rule. In comparing men of middling incomes, from £100 per annum upwards, there is no presumption of superior capacity on either side; but when we reach the very high figure in the scale, it will be found that not only is there no pre-

sumption in favour of mental eminence, but there is a probability not easy to be rebutted against it. The position and circumstances of a very rich man cut off all motive to mental labour: he is caressed and deified by his circle without any of those toils whereby others purchase an attentive hearing; and the purple, the fine linen, and the sumptuous fare every day of Dives are impediments to solid improvement hardly less fatal than the sores and wretchedness of Lazarus."*

It was evident to all that a man who could write such a paper as the *Essentials of Parliamentary Reform*, was a man to be looked up to by his party. After its publication great endeavours were made to get him to contest the City of London, but at first he positively refused. Apart from the little work above referred to, he had not as yet won fame as an author, and beyond his business connections and a small circle, there were comparatively few acquainted in any way with the sterling worth of the man. Mrs Grote was right when she held that for her husband to enter on a successful parliamentary contest, and to be heard with respect and attention in the House, it was necessary he should first have made himself a name. It was only after the publication of the history, and "when it had reflected a literary renown upon its author, he could hope to derive an importance in the public eye adequate to sustain him in a political course."

The views of Mrs Grote were just and sensible; but the stream of influence steadily increasing in volume, eventually its force was not to be resisted, and in 1832, after the Reform Bill had been passed in its final shape, he issued his address to the electors of the City of London. This carefully drawn up document went on to say that he regarded the Reform Bill as but the first step

* "Minor Works," pp. 18, 19.

" towards a series of great and essential ameliorations," and he would not consider it had even got a fair trial until two improvements indispensable to the efficacy of the Representative System had been completed. These improvements were VOTE BY BALLOT and TRIENNIAL ELECTIONS. To the constituency of the City, Grote simply and plainly declared himself a Radical, and that the electors were neither afraid of the man nor the name they showed by their votes, for the name of "George Grote" was at the head of the poll with a majority of 924 votes, the total number given in his favour being 8788. Mrs Grote confessed "it was a proud day to her when she looked down on 4000 citizens in Guildhall, cheering and echoing the sentiments which for years we had privately cherished, but which were now first fearlessly avowed."

During these exciting times the history had been progressing favourably; but for a period it was now laid on the shelf,—currency, the Bank Charter, and cognate subjects engaging the new M.P.'s attention. At a dinner party in Threadneedle Street, at which were present Henry Warburton, John Romilly, Joseph Hume, and James Mill, it was agreed that Grote should be the person who should undertake to bring the Ballot before the House in the ensuing parliamentary session. The entrusting of Grote with this duty virtually constituted him leader of the Radical party. Although his brother Charles had been now settled in his old house at the bank, thus easing him considerably in affairs of business, still, from the position he occupied, it was difficult to get spare time for extraordinary labours. However, as best he could, he surmounted all difficulties, and on the 25th April 1833, he made his first motion in favour of the Ballot, concluding it with these words: "That this

House might be so constituted, that it should enjoy and command and deserve the confidence of the people." Grote occupied the time of the House for an hour, and although he had not yet studied the graces of elocution and the arts of distinct speaking, still he was perfectly heard by the whole assembly. He had a difficult question to deal with, and he succeeded in putting the issues before the House with absolute clearness. The speech contains many forcible passages, and in such pieces as these we find unmistakeable traces of his severe classical culture, and the pith and directness of the Socratic dialogue:—"How much influence over votes ought a rich man to have? As much as he can purchase? No, certainly; for even the present law forbids all idea of his purchasing any influence. Not as much as he can purchase, but as much as he deserves, and as much as unconstrained freemen are willing to pay him. Amongst unconstrained freemen, the man of recognised superiority will be sure to acquire spontaneous esteem and deference: these are his just deserts, and they come to him unbidden and unbespoken. But they will come to him multiplied tenfold, if along with such intrinsic excellencies, he possesses the extrinsic recommendation of birth and fortune; if he be recommended to the attention of his neighbours by the conspicuous blazon of established opulence and station, and if he be thus furnished with the means of giving ample range and effect to an enlightened beneficence. This is the meed which awaits men of birth and station, if they do but employ their faculties industriously and to the proper ends. Poorer men may, doubtless, attain it also; but with them the ascent is toilsome, the obstructions numerous, and the success at best uncertain: to the rich man the path is certain and easy—the willing public meet him half way,

and joyfully hail the gradual opening of his virtues. He is the man to whom they delight to pay homage, and their idolatrous fancy forestalls and exaggerates his real merits. This, sir, is, in my opinion, the legitimate influence of wealth and station: to serve as the passport, the ally, and the handmaid of superior worth and talent. This influence is as gentle and kindly as it is lasting and infallible; it is self-created and self-preserving; and it is, moreover, twice blest, for it blesses as well the few who exercise it, as the many over whom it is exercised." The M.P. for the City closed with the following appeal:—"If ever there was a case in which the address to your reason was vehemently and powerfully seconded by the appeal to your feelings, that case is the emancipation of honest voters—the making peace between a man's duty and his worldly cares—the rescue of political morality from the snares which now beset it, and from the storms which now lay it prostrate. You are called upon to protect the rights and to defend the integrity of the electoral conscience; to shield the innocent from persecution at the hands of the guilty; to guard the commonwealth against innumerable breaches of trust committed by the reluctant hands of well-meaning citizens. . . . Above all, you are called on to make this House what it professes and purports to be, a real emanation from the pure and free-spoken choice of the electors; an assembly of men commanding the general esteem and confidence of the people, and consisting of persons—the fittest which the nation affords—for executing the true end and aim of government. When all these vast interests, collective and individual, are at stake in one measure, am I not justified in demanding from you, not merely a cold and passive attention, but an earnest sympathy and solicitude?"* The motion of Grote was supported by Dr

* "Hansard's Parliamentary Speeches."

Lushington, Cobbett, and O'Connell; but the result of the voting was—ayes, 106; noes, 211; pairs, 26. Again and again Grote returned to the attack, but each time only to sustain defeat. During his parliamentary career, six times in all did he bring forward his motion. On the 3rd June 1835, he only secured 146 in his favour, whilst 319 votes were recorded against him. In the following year the tone of parliamentary feeling was unchanged, 88 was the number of the ayes, and 139 the number of the noes. On the 8th March 1837, the division stood—for, 155; against, 267; pairs, 5. The last time Grote made the motion was on the 18th June 1839. He said he had no novel arguments to bring forward, and hoped even although "they intended the Reform Act to be final, they did not mean also to embalm its deformities." The mover was ably supported by the brilliancy of Macaulay, but when the count came, only 216 members declared "aye," while 333 declared "no."

During Grote's Parliamentary career from 1833 to 1841, there had been two dissolutions; and when he sought, on the last of these occasions, re-election for the city, he stood at the bottom of the four returned, and only escaped defeat by six votes. For Grote, this very narrow majority was in reality a defeat; but it was not so much the man as the decay of the party, which brought about a result at the election, which the historian could not but feel. In the Parliament of 1836, there were only half-a-dozen members "to sustain the Radical opinions of the House of Commons." One evening in Grote's house, when all the other guests had departed, and Sir William Molesworth and Charles Buller remained late to talk about the state of affairs, the latter said to his host, "I see what we are coming to, Grote; in no very long time from this, you and I shall be left to 'tell' Molesworth!"

The ballot was, no doubt, the measure with which Grote's name as a Member of Parliament was chiefly identified, but it was certainly very far from engaging his whole attention; he made important speeches on other matters and did a great amount of parliamentary work. Between the preparation of speeches, attendance at the House, and the engrossing nature of private and the excitement of public business, his years of parliamentary life were wholly barren of literary products strictly so called. His friend, Molesworth, at the suggestion of Mrs Grote, published an edition of the works of Hobbes; and his old schoolmate, Waddington — now Dean of Durham—also gave to the world a "History of the Reformation," both of which works, at great trouble to himself, Grote revised. But this was all. It may be said he found both tasks uncongenial—the latter especially so.

Although Grote was a man of an exceedingly powerful constitution, he found House-of-Commons life extremely fagging. No evil results, however, accrued to his health, for so soon as his tone was perceptibly lowered, Mrs Grote had him immediately away from the fœtid atmosphere of London and its assemblies. In this way the historian had most agreeable trips to Paris, Belgium, Switzerland, the Rhine, and the South of England; and thus his public life was pleasantly diversified by private recreation.

That the life of a Member of Parliament, ever full of wrangle and noise, but ever barren of practical result, could long have continued satisfactory to such a man as George Grote, it is wholly impossible to believe. It was certainly good for him he had entered Parliament, for in discussing the constitution of the Grecian States it furnished him with personal experiences of a popular assem-

bly, but all the same, he soon grew weary of it, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, he bethought himself of the long evenings he had had to himself before he entered Parliament, his long spells of improving study, and the chapters of his "History of Greece" that were lying on the shelf. At anyrate, in the February of 1838, we find him writing thus to his friend, Mr John Austin, then Senior Commissioner of Inquiry at Malta:—"The degeneracy of the Liberal party, and their passive acquiescence in everything, good or bad, which emanates from the present Ministry, puts the accomplishment of any political good out of the question, and it is not at all worth while to undergo the fatigue of a nightly attendance in Parliament for the simple purpose of sustaining *Whig* Conservatism against *Tory* Conservatism. I now look wistfully back to my unfinished Greek History. I hope the time will soon arrive when I can resume it."

After the dissolution in 1841, Grote and his wife carried out a long-thought-of idea of visiting Rome. The first time the historian of Greece caught sight of the Eternal City, he could hardly restrain his emotion; but plain fact often treads rudely on the skirts of sentiment, and the future historian was called away from musing amid the ruins of antiquity to pay the April Bank dividends in Threadneedle Street!

Immediately he was back in England, his old pre-parliamentary habits came back upon him. His leisure was again filled with profitable study. At his house at Burnham Beeches, he laid out in detail the scheme of his first two volumes of his "History of Greece," and in the *Westminster Review* for May 1843, he gave the learned world a foretaste of their contents in an elaborate article on Early Grecian Legends.

In the autumn of 1843, after having been thirty years

connected with the banking-house, Grote retired from the firm of Prescott, Grote, & Co. The clerks in the establishment paid him a valued compliment on the occasion; but apart from the death of Mrs Grote's father, his meeting with the reverend wit, Sydney Smith, at his residence Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, with the French philosopher M. Comte in Paris, and with that great musical genius, Felix Mendelssohn in London, this year and the one following passed quietly and uneventfully.

Before going on to speak of the publication of the History, it will be well to pause for a little and consider the preparation the historian had made for his work.

It is to be noted, in the first place, that the languages of which he was master were Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, and, of course, English. By means of these instruments he had made himself acquainted with the manners and customs, the habits and institutions of a great number of countries, making himself specially conversant with the facts and circumstances attending the rise of their national life. Every fact connected with the growth of a people's power was interesting to him, and having secured, in his young days, an extensive vocabulary by the perusal of all kinds of imaginative literature, it was ever a pleasure to him to write down his opinions of books, men, and historical events. When he sat down in earnest to his work, he had thus beside him commonplace books, filled with learned references, and a great accumulation of short sketches and essays on matters particularly bearing on Grecian history.

The turn of mind which he received from James Mill is not to be lost sight of. If the chief defects of Mitford's history flowed from the monarchical tendencies of the writer, it was the democratic habit of thought planted in

his pupil by the philosopher which brought Grote into sympathetic connection with the Hellenic race, and gave him that principle of living interpretation which even more than his scholarship and assiduity was to unlock the hidden secrets of Grecian life. The knowledge and research Grote brought to bear on the whole range of his work, no doubt surpassed that of any other Grecian historian, but, in reality, it was the *spirit* he brought to bear on the cold facts which gave his pages fresh interest, and his conclusions their inestimable value. Mr Murray's confidential adviser, after perusing the MSS. of Grote's first two volumes, and without knowing who the author was, said to the publisher, "Sir, you have got hold of a *good thing* here, and one likely to produce a great effect upon the scholar world. If I am not mistaken, this will prove to be a work of profound interest to us all." And Mill pronounced on the general effect in these words:— "Though the statement has the air of an exaggeration, yet, after much study of Mr Grote's book, we do not hesitate to assert, that there is hardly a fact of importance in Grecian history which was perfectly understood before his re-examination of it."

Furthermore, when account is taken of the large place in Grecian history filled by necessary accounts of works of philosophy and art, it is at once evident that something more must be possessed by the historian of Hellas than merely "a historical or narrative interest." The phenomena of Grecian culture required its historian to be at the same time a psychologist and philosopher. Excepting in Hume and Mill, these qualities have seldom been found in the same individual. Grote, however, is another exception, and in him the analytic habit of the philosopher was happily blended with the discriminating power of the historian; and it was in virtue of possessing

these faculties he was as able to follow the footsteps of Alexander as to thread the mazes of the Platonic philosophy. Thus, in most comfortable worldly circumstances, freed from business entanglements, with languages learned, with studious habits confirmed, with stores of past industry to draw from, with a large knowledge of the world, and with a mind ready to mark and sympathise with every popular effort after freedom, Grote, in the seclusion of Burnham Beeches, sat down to his great self-imposed task.

The scope of the historian's work was "to exhaust the free life of collective Hellas," to put down in their order all the events that marked, and the activities that quickened, the Grecian race from the time of the Homeric poems to the death of Alexander. The work was to be divided into two great parts—Legendary and Historical Greece. The latter part again, the historian proposed to subdivide into six great divisions. From 776 B.C. to the accession of Peisistratus at Athens was to constitute the first period of Historical Greece; from Peisistratus to the repulse of Xerxes, the second; from the repulse of Xerxes to the overthrow of Athens, the third; from the close of the Peloponnesian war to the battle of Leuktra, the fourth; from the battle of Leuktra to that of Chaeroneia, the fifth; and from the battle of Chaeroneia to the end of the generation of Alexander, the sixth.

By the beginning of 1846 the first two volumes were ready for the press. After some difficulty, Mr Murray, of Albemarle Street, was secured by Mr Grote, as publisher. Strange to say, Grote would take nothing to do with the publishing arrangements. He only ventured to hope "that the poor man might not be a loser by him, and then he would be content, come what might." The truth was, Grote was in doubt, considering the legendary and gene-

rally uninteresting nature of their contents, about the success of these two first volumes. He was conscious he had spent a deal of labour on them, but he had misgivings with regard to their reception by the public. He wrote to J. S. Mill, "It is repugnant to me, rather, to publish the legendary matter, together with so small a portion of the real history as I shall be able to comprise in this first batch; but a beginning *must* be made."

In the March of the year 1846, the first instalment of the "History of Greece" was given to the world. This was twenty-two years after the idea of such a work had been suggested to Grote by his wife. The fears of the author were quickly dissipated by the success of the work. Lewis was the first to congratulate him, and thought he "had completely succeeded in placing the whole question of the mythology and legendary narrations of the Greeks upon what he believed to be their true footing." Not long after the publication, Henry Hallam, at a dinner at Sir T. Frankland Lewis's, drew aside the historian's wife, and said to her, "I have been familiar with the literary world for a very long period, and I can safely affirm that I never knew a book take so *rapid* a flight to the highest summits of fame as George's new 'History of Greece.' It has produced a striking sensation among scholars."

The chief charge which Grote anticipated would be made against him with regard to the subject-matter of Vols. I. and II., that he had not inquired sufficiently into that kernel of fact in which the legends had their beginning, he most ably repelled even before it had been preferred. "I describe," says the historian, "the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends—without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If

the reader blame me for not assisting him in determining this—if he ask me why I do not withdraw the curtain and disclose the picture—I reply in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art—'The curtain *is* the picture.' What we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time: the curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot, by any ingenuity, be withdrawn." *

During the next two years Grote and his wife had a great deal of intercourse with the stars of the musical world. Felix Mendelssohn had come to town to bring out his oratorio of "Elijah." Jenny Lind stayed with them at Burnham Beeches, and they became her warm friends and active partisans. They also came a great deal into contact with Moscheles, Ernst, Thalberg, and others. With such lively and interesting company about him, the historian still proceeded steadily with his work, and in the April of 1847 two other volumes made their appearance. The latter of these concludes with the battle of Marathon, "the narrative of which," said one, "cannot be read for the hundredth time without deep emotion."

In the description of this battle the characteristic features of Grote's style are apparent. It was as different from Gibbon's as could be well conceived. In Grote the balance of Gibbon's polished paragraphs, and the roll of his long sentences are wanting. Grote's sentences ever flow simply and sweetly. You realize while you read the author is not declaiming but speaking to you. The more massive figures of speech—hyperbole, interrogation, climax—are all wanting, but the simpler figures—metaphor and simile—he uses frequently and

* "History of Greece," vol. i., *Preface*, pp. 12-13.

to good purpose. He is sometimes blamed for lack of warmth, but if his narrative is anywhere cold it was not that he wanted the poetic spirit, but because he knew that in historical work poetry could never pass for proof, nor emotion for matter of fact. Not the least remarkable of the many good qualities of his style is that it is never clouded, but always simple and perspicuous, and the sense to be conveyed always apparent to the very lowest capacity. We have said the description of the battle of Marathon may be taken as a specimen of Grote's simple and lucid style :—"Of the two opposing armies at Marathon, we are told that the Athenians were 10,000 hoplites, either including, or besides, the 1000 who came from Platæa. Nor is this statement in itself improbable, though it does not come from Herodotus, who is our only really valuable authority on the case, and who mentions no numerical total. Indeed, the number named seems smaller than we should have expected, considering that no less than 4000 Kleruchs or out-settled citizens had just come over from Eubœa. A sufficient force of citizens must, of course, have been left behind to defend the city. The numbers of the Persians we cannot be said to know at all; nor is there anything certain except that they were greatly superior to the Greeks. We hear from Herodotus that their armament originally consisted of 600 ships of war, but we are not told how many transports there were; and moreover, re-inforcements had been procured as they came across the Ægean from the islands successfully conquered. The aggregate crews on board of all their ships must have been between 150,000 and 200,000 men; but what proportion of these were fighting men, or how many actually did fight at Marathon we have no means of determining. There was a certain proportion

of cavalry, and some transports expressly prepared for the conveyance of horses. Moreover, Herodotus tells us that Hippias selected the plain of Marathon for a landing-place, because it was the most convenient spot in Attica for cavalry movements—though it is singular that in the battle the cavalry are not mentioned.

"Marathon, situated near to a bay on the eastern coast of Attica, and in a direction E.N.E. from Athens, is divided by the high ridge of Mount Pentelikus from the city, with which it communicated by two roads—one to the north, another to the south of that mountain. Of these two roads, the northern, at once the shortest and most difficult, is twenty-two miles in length; the southern—longer, but more easy, and the only one practicable for chariots—is twenty-six miles in length, or about six and a half hours of computed march. It passed between Mount Pentelikus and Hymettus, through the ancient demes of Gargettus and Pallenè, and was the road by which Peisistratus and Hippias, when they landed at Marathon forty-seven years before, had marched to Athens. The bay of Marathon, sheltered by a projecting cape from the northward, affords both deep water and a shore convenient for landing, while its plain (says a careful modern observer*) extends in a perfect level along this fine bay, and is in length about six miles, in breadth never less than about one mile and a half. Two marches bound the extremity of the plain; the southern is not very large, and is always dry at the conclusion of the great heats; but the northern, which generally covers considerably more than a square mile, offers several parts which are at all seasons impassable. Both, however, leave a broad, firm, sandy beach between them and the sea. The uninterrupted flatness of the

* Findlay on the Battle of Marathon.

plain is hardly relieved by a single tree, and an amphitheatre of rocky hills and rugged mountains separate it from the rest of Attica, over the lower ridges of which some steep and difficult paths communicate with the districts of the interior.

"The position occupied by Miltiades before the battle, identified as it was to all subsequent Athenians by the sacred grove of Herakles, near Marathon, was probably on some portion of the high ground above this plain, and Cornelius Nepos tells us that he protected it from the attacks of the Persian cavalry by felled trees obstructing the approach. The Persians occupied a position on the plain; while their fleet was arranged along the beach, and Hippias himself marshalled them for the battle. The native Persians and Sakae, the best troops in the whole army, were placed in the centre, which they considered as the post of honour, and which was occupied by the Persian king himself when present at battle. The right wing was so regarded by the Greeks, and the polemarch Kallmiachus had the command of it; the hoplites being arranged in the order of their respective tribes from right to left. At the extreme left stood the Platæans. It was necessary for Miltiades to present a front equal, or nearly equal, to that of the more numerous Persian host, in order to guard himself from being taken in flank: and with this view he drew up the central tribes, including the Leontis and Antiochis, in shallow files, occupying large breadth of ground: while each of the wings was in stronger and deeper order, so as to make his attack efficient on both sides. His whole army consisted of hoplites, with some slaves as unarmed or light-armed attendants, but without either bowmen or cavalry. Nor could the Persians have been very strong in this latter force, seeing that their horses had to be

transported across the Ægean. But the elevated position of Miltiades enabled them to take some measure of the numbers under his command; and the entire absence of cavalry among their enemies could not but confirm the confidence with which a long career of uninterrupted victory had impressed their generals.

"At length the sacrifices in the Greek camp were favourable for battle, and Miltiades, who had everything to gain by coming immediately to close quarters, ordered his army to advance at a running step over the interval of one mile which separated the two armies. This rapid forward movement, accompanied by the war-cry or pæan which always animated the charge of the Greek soldier, astounded the Persian army; who construed it as an act of desperate courage little short of insanity, in a body not only small, but destitute of cavalry or archers—but who, at the same time, felt their conscious superiority sink within them. It seems to have been long remembered among the Greeks as the peculiar characteristic of the battle of Marathon, and Herodotus tells us that the Athenians were the first Greeks who ever charged at a run. It doubtless operated beneficially in rendering the Persian cavalry and archers comparatively innocuous, but we may reasonably suppose it also disordered the Athenian ranks, so that when they reached the Persian front, they were both out of breath and unsteady in that line of presented spears and shields which constituted their force. On the two wings, where the files were deep, this disorder produced no mischievous effect; the Persians, after a certain resistance, were overborne and driven back. But in the centre, where the files were shallow, and where, moreover, the native Persians and other choice troops of the army were posted, the breathless and disordered Athenian hoplites found themselves

in far greater difficulties. The tribes Leontis and Antioches, with Thomastikles and Aristides among them, were actually defeated, broken, driven back, and pursued by the Persians and Sakae. Miltiades seems to have foreseen the possibility of such a check when he found himself compelled to diminish so materially the depth of his centre; for his wings having routed the enemies opposed to them, were stayed from pursuit until the centre was extricated, and the Persians and Sakae put to flight along with the rest. The pursuit then became general, and the Persians were chased to their ships, ranged in line along the shore; some of them became involved in the impassable marsh and there perished. The Athenians tried to set the ships on fire, but the defence here was both vigorous and successful—several of the forward warriors of Athens were slain, and only seven ships out of the numerous fleet destroyed. This part of the battle terminated to the advantage of the Persians. They repulsed the Athenians from the sea-shore, and secured a safe re-embarkation; leaving few or no prisoners, but a rich spoil of tents and equipments which had been disembarked and could not be carried away.

"Herodotus estimates the number of those who fell on the Persian side in this memorable action at 6400 men; the number of Athenian dead is accurately known since all were collected for the last solemn obsequies—they were 192. How many were wounded we do not hear. The brave Kallimachus, the polemarch, and Stezilaus, one of the ten generals, were among the slain; together with Kynegeirus, son of Euphorion, who, in laying hold of the poop-staff of one of the vessels, had his hand cut off by an axe, and died of the wound. He was brother to the poet Æschylus, himself present at the fight; to whose imagination this battle at the ships must have em-

phatically recalled the fifteenth book of the Iliad. Both these Athenian generals are said to have perished in the assault of the ships, apparently the hottest part of the conflict. The statement of the Persian loss as given by Herodotus appears moderate and reasonable, but he does not specify any distinguished individuals as having fallen." *

The battle of Marathon being one of the outstanding events in Grecian History, and its proudest scene of heroism and victorious valour, it has been again and again objected to Grote's account that it does not sufficiently excite the imagination. But it is worthy of remark, that those who have had the deepest knowledge of military affairs have never had for the historian's description anything but unqualified praise. One-and-twenty years after the publication of the fourth volume, one of the few survivors of Waterloo, Sir William Gomm, confessed that he burned with a desire to view the site of Marathon with Grote's book in his hand. On Mrs Grote saying, "It has been objected by the critics that the story of Marathon was too coldly narrated in Grote;" the veteran replied, "Not at all! It is excellently told, and I have read it over, often, with delight."

To resume. After the publication of the third and fourth volumes, Grote became eagerly interested in the condition of affairs in Switzerland. The politics of the country were strangely agitated, and Grote believing that the condition of the Cantons formed a good practical illustration of the autonomy—a word, by the way, first brought into repute by the historian—of the ancient Grecian States, at once took ship for the Continent, that he might make a personal inspection of this peculiar form of government. He made his inspection with that

* "History of Greece," vol. iv., pp. 467-476, *ut supra*.

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thoroughness and masterliness which characterised his every work, and eventually he published a little book on the subject. In the beginning of the volume he states how the purpose of his visit had been entirely that he might be enabled to carry those enlightened views to the elucidation of the politics of Greece.

"The inhabitants of the twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland are interesting on every ground to the general intelligent public of Europe. But to one whose studies lie in the contemplation and interpretation of historical phenomena, they are especially instructive—partly from the many specialities and differences of race, language, religion, civilization, wealth, habits, &c., which distinguish one part of the population from another, comprising between the Rhine and the Alps, a miniature of all Europe, and exhibiting the fifteenth century in juxtaposition with the nineteenth—partly from the free and unrepressed action of the people, which brings out such distinctive attributes in full relief and contrast. To myself in particular, they present an additional ground of interest from a certain political analogy (nowhere else to be found in Europe) with those who prominently occupy my thoughts, and on whose history I am still engaged—the ancient Greeks." *

In Switzerland, Grote spent a day with Mendelssohn at his home at Interlachen. This was only some weeks before the death of the great musician. Next winter, when Grote and his wife were entertaining during the opera season, Jenny Lind, Chopin, Thalberg, and Dorus Gras at the "Beeches," it seemed, without Felix Mendelssohn's vivacious company, most unlike the happy party they had formed there in past days. The sudden

* "Preface to Letters on Switzerland."

death of the Jewish composer was a great blow to the musical world, but by few in the country excepting that solitary couple at Burnham Beeches, was it felt as a personal bereavement.

Diversified though they were by occasional company, still those quiet years that the historian passed at his suburban residence were filled to the full by studious labours, and they saw his scholarly passion ever deepening and intensifying. The historian was full of his subject; he felt he was able for it—that he was master of it; and thenceforward to nearly the close of his life, he frequently complained, not in any spirit of exasperation, but mildly and blandly, that "the days were too short." Gibbon's regret was when he looked back on his Oxford years, that he had not done more in the past; Grote's, on the other hand, was, that he could not make enough of the present—that the golden hours passed too swiftly by, and all too quickly after the dawn came the close of the working day. How frugal he was of his time, the extent of his works bears sufficient testimony. In the autumn of 1848, appeared the fifth and sixth volumes, only to be followed in the March of 1850 by the seventh and eighth.

It has always been common with the writers of books to show their manuscripts to trusted friends before putting them into the hands of the printer; but while Grote often performed the part of reader for others, he never required for himself any other adviser than his wife. Excepting part of the sixth volume, the whole of the manuscript and proof came under her eye, and many were the corrections, emendations and excisions which at her instance were made on the work. There cannot be the least doubt that such extraordinary capacity on the part of his wife, if it was not at the root, must at least have very distinctly stimulated those active efforts he put

forth, while member of the Council of University College, for the higher education of women.

During the winter of the last mentioned year, Grote, with his wife, attended, on the invitation of the Queen, the theatrical "Soirées" of Her Majesty at Windsor. This was not the first time, for ever since the publication of the "Swiss Letters," which greatly pleased Prince Albert, the ex-M.P. for the city had not been lost sight of at Court. Mrs Grote confessed she did not know whether to feel "flattered or insulted" at the frequent inquiries which these invitations called forth from certain quarters. She felt the honour in her heart, but still she was a woman after all—a woman and a wife; and what honour could be too much for George. It would appear, notwithstanding the Windsor theatricals, Grote was still as much a Radical as ever, and not yet had any change passed over his political sentiments. One night in Drury Lane, when Grote and his wife were in a pit box, Monckton Milnes came and talked with Mrs Grote. "You see," said Mr Milnes, "that man in the stalls opposite, that is the envoy from the French Republic." The wife passed the information along with an opera glass to her husband. "Bless me," said the historian, using the binocular, "I must go and call on that gentleman immediately." Next morning Grote was at the door of the "Ambassador of the Republic," and two days after the Ambassador was dining with him in his town establishment, now in Saville Row. In 1849, when the historian paid a short visit to his friends in Paris, he was "unwontedly excited" at the idea that he was then actually *living under a Republic.*

On the 15th of March 1850, the name of Grote, along with the names of Lords Monteagle and Overstone, Sir James Graham, Thomas B. Macaulay, Sir George Corne-

wall Lewis, and Henry Hallam, were added by the Crown to the Senate of University College, and in this institution he took the very warmest interest to the end. During the twenty-one years Grote was a member of the Senate, many critical questions came to be discussed and voted on, and the historian was invariably found on the side of progress and liberality. It said much for Grote's inherent breadth of spirit that, while all his years had been taken up with erudite and classical studies, still he was willing to believe that other studies than those in which he had found a special charm might be equally useful and salutary. To the claims of science he was never indifferent. In two measures he took a particular interest; the one was the claim of the graduates to be admitted into the corporate body, and the other was the admission of women to the examinations of the university. The agitation concerning the first measure was successful, and that concerning the second was only defeated by the narrowest of majorities; indeed, just by the casting vote of the Chancellor. The speech made by Grote, when this vote was taken in the Senate, was one of the most temperate, exhaustive, and genuinely liberal he ever uttered. In one part of it he said: "The conviction has spread much, and is spreading more, among both sexes, that women must be taught much more than they have been, to earn for themselves and by their own efforts, an honourable and independent living. There is a larger proportion of women now than formerly who are dissatisfied with a life of mere dependence, without any active purposes or prospects. To throw open to them the field of professional competition more largely than is now done, appears to me most desirable as well as most equitable; but it is an essential preliminary to success in any line that habits of steady, accurate appli-

cation should be formed at an early period of life. Wherever a female has that genuine aspiration to attain an independent and self-maintaining position, which in my judgment is a virtue alike in both sexes, the prospect of access to our examinations and certificates will tend to stimulate the diligent and serious application in early life which is now wanting, because it goes untested and unrewarded. Complaints of the general inaccuracy of women's minds are sufficiently frequent to have reached everyone. Let those women who are superior to this very frequent infirmity, and who are prepared to prove themselves superior, have the opportunity of doing so by admission to our examinations."

The ninth and tenth volumes of the "History of Greece" were brought out in the month of February 1852, and the eleventh about the end of April of the following year, but what substantial reward, besides fame and honour, the work was bringing to the historian we are, for the most part, left to guess. Grote did not write for money; no historian can. To George C. Lewis our author once remarked in a letter, "No man can write a long work on history or philosophy who has not means of support independent of what the work is to produce." Grote's hope at first had been, "that the poor man, the publisher, might lose nothing by him." But as the work was extensively read, as it appeared, and as the first volumes were already in their third edition, there is no doubt the history must have been by this time a source of very considerable profit. What the extent of the profit was we are not told, but Mrs Grote informs us that the residence they built for themselves at East Burnham was named "History Hut," from the fact that it was wholly built and furnished from the proceeds of the sale of the history.

Although Grote certainly had not "cultivated literature on a little oatmeal," still, from the force of circumstances above set forth, he had never been able to call himself a university man. That he thus had to educate himself in the higher branches of literature, and that this work in no way could be considered as the product of college training, may have been the reasons why he was so long in being recognised by the authorities of the national universities. But, at any rate, from whatever cause, it was not until the historian was verging on sixty years of age he received academical distinction. In the middle of 1853, Henry Milman, then Dean of St Paul's, communicated with Grote on the matter of the honorary degree of D.C.L. Milman acted on behalf of his university, and his offer of the degree was in terms the most flattering. "My own feeling of reverence," said the Dean, "and love for the university induces me to wish most earnestly, that by proposing some higher names, more worthy of the honour, more worthy of being joined with Macaulay, Oxford may redeem herself from the somewhat inglorious list, which, in fact, according to old usage, she receives from the Chancellor at his installation." In due course, Grote was invested with the degree of doctor of civil law. He received his distinction at the hands of the late Earl of Derby, and he confessed to being somewhat nervous in finding himself for the first time surrounded by the scholarship of Oxford. At a banquet given in honour of the new Chancellor, Grote replied for the "British Historians," and Sir Roderick Murchison said, that "he made by far the best speech of the evening."

The pursuits of literature are very far removed from those of banking, and those of agriculture stand far apart from both. Now, it might be thought that any

man who had it in him to excel in the higher walks of scholarship and trade could hardly fail in the lower walk of farming. Experience, however, has shown again and again that the very greatest men may make the most unsuccessful agriculturists. Amongst the very considerable number of names great in literature, but beaten and disappointed in farming, must be placed the name of Grote. About this time he got entangled with a 600 acre farm of his own in Lincolnshire, but after entering into it with the utmost spirit, and spending a deal of money on implements, cattle, and draining, and after also, it must be said, reading the best works on the subject, he was obliged eventually to let it to another, as finding in it a source of continued irritation, vexation, and loss. When we know the historian had got his ideas of farming from Virgil's "Bucolics," we can hardly wonder he suffered defeat and disappointment when himself put his hand to the plough.

On the 23d December the last sheets of the "History of Greece" were sent from History Hut to the publishers. Thus, thirty-two years after the first idea of the work had been suggested to him by his wife, and twelve years after he had left the firm of "Prescott, Grote, & Co.," from which time he had given himself almost exclusively to its preparation, George Grote had the satisfaction, amid the applause of educated England and Germany, to bring, what was acknowledged by all as one of the greatest literary and historical efforts of his time, to a triumphant conclusion. Gibbon, as we have seen, after finishing his great work on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," left his writing-table to muse for a little, in the soft stillness of the evening, and while the silver orb of the moon was showing its shimmering reflection in the Genevese lake, on the uncertainty of all

human life, and the possible brevity of his own. The conclusion of the "History of Greece" calls us to view a homelier scene altogether, and the historian in a less romantic situation. Mrs Grote tells us it was Christmas Eve, and, along with one or two of her husband's brother's children—for they had none of their own—they were all very happy together. While the children played by themselves, Mrs Grote brewed a bowl of punch, in celebration of the completion of the "*opus magnum;*" and she further discloses, that as the Doctor continued to sip "the delicious mixture," for the most part in silence, but "giving unmistakeable signs of inward complacency," she grew garrulous in her wifely happiness, bringing to mind the scenes of thirty years ago, and sooner, when they had met in their golden prime, when she had first spoken of *the history;* and descanting upon "the happiness of their living to see this day," and the termination of the work. As we have said, this is a homelier scene than a similar one we depicted in our previous sketch, but on that account it hath not the less a broader human appeal.

As the historian had advanced, he had warmed to his work, and his zeal and thoroughness had so increased with his progress, that the twelfth volume may be taken as containing the best part of the whole history. In this volume the outstanding feature is the startling and marvellous career of Alexander the Great. On the whole life of this great warrior the historian had bestowed the utmost pains; but he had so mastered the subject that we never see in any part of this narrative, what we frequently behold in other departments of the history, the writer bent down with such a weight of authorities that his step wants elasticity and his advance seems painful and slow. In the story of Alexander we find the greatest

possible amount of research united to the greatest suppleness of style and rapidity of narrative. The last hours of the son of Philip of Macedon are thus described:—"On the morrow, though desperately ill, he still made the effort requisite for performing the sacrifice: he was then carried across from the garden-house to the palace, giving orders that the generals and officers should remain in permanent attendance in and near the hall. He caused some of them to be called to his bedside; but though he knew them perfectly, he had by this time become incapable of utterance. One of his last words spoken is said to have been, on being asked to whom he bequeathed his kingdom, '*To the strongest:*' one of his last acts was to take his signet ring and hand it to Perdikkas. For two nights and a day he continued in this state, without either amendment or repose. Meanwhile, the news of his malady had spread through the army, filling them with grief and consternation. Many of the soldiers, eager to see him once more, forced their way into the palace, and were admitted unarmed. They passed along by the bedside, with all the demonstrations of affliction and sympathy, Alexander knew them, and made show of friendly recognition as well as he could, but was unable to say a word. Several of the generals slept in the Temple of Serapis, hoping to be informed by the god in a dream whether they ought to bring Alexander into it, as a suppliant, to experience the divine healing power. The god informed them in their dream that Alexander ought not to be brought into the temple—that it would be better for him to be left where he was. In the afternoon he expired—June 323 B.C.—after a life of thirty-two years and eight months, and a reign of twelve years and eight months. . . . . Alexander had mastered, in defiance of fatigue, hardship, and combat, not merely all the eastern half of the Persian empire,

but unknown Indian regions beyond its eastermost limits. Besides Macedonia, Greece, and Thrace, he possessed all that immense treasure and military force which had once rendered the great king so formidable. By no such contemporary man had any such power ever been known or conceived. With the turn of imagination then prevalent, many were doubtless disposed to take him for a god on earth, as Grecian spectators had once supposed with regard to Xerxes, when they beheld the innumerable Persian host crossing the Hellespont. Exalted to this prodigious grandeur, Alexander was at the time of his death little more than thirty-two years old—the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown, and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated; he had acquired a large stock of military experience; and, what was still more important, his appetite for further conquest was as voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger as complete, as it had been when he had first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known; and if his life had been prolonged he would probably have accomplished it. Nowhere (so far as our knowledge reaches) did there reside any military power capable of making head against him; nor were his soldiers, when he commanded them, daunted or baffled by any extremity of cold, heat, or fatigue."

* "History of Greece," vol. xii., pp. 344, 345, 348, 349.

Carlyle somewhere says that the writing of his books has invariably made him ill: and when we consider the number of years Grote had spent on his history—the steady devotion and intellectual energy with which he prosecuted his task—we cannot wonder after it was done he seemed so thoroughly jaded that Mrs Grote was glad to get him away to the Italian lakes to recruit. Before, however, the History had been well out of his hands, and before setting out for his well-earned tour, he had put his papers together in prospect of attacking the Philosophy of Plato. Ever as he grew older the idea of the short days and the long work made him ever more eager to seize the opportunity of the passing hour.

The next two or three years after his return from Italy were passed at History Hut in study and comparative retirement. Left to himself, Grote would never have become member of any club, but by the exertions of Lord Overstone, and the connivance of his wife, his resistance was overcome, and he was enrolled a member of "The Club," as it is called, *par excellence*. It was the club of which Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Gibbon had all been members in their day. Grote never regretted the step, but used to recount the conversation of the rooms, and was often highly delighted with the superior literary talk of the members. Amongst the visitors who enlivened the historian's leisure were Mrs Stanley, Lady Trelawny, Lady Lewis, Dr William Smith, John Mill, Mr Lowe, and Professor Bain. Grote also met by accident while on a visit to the country the Hon. Lothrop Motley, the famous historian of the Low Countries. There is no account of what passed between the two men, but from the nature of their sentiments, we may well suppose they would find in each other the most congenial companionship. Motley was travelling

with his wife and daughter in England, and after this casual meeting they all paid a short visit to Grote at Barrow Green, whither he had removed after disposing of History Hut.

On the 9th of January his old friend Henry Hallam died, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Hallam had been a trustee of the British Museum, and it had been one of his last wishes that Grote might be appointed in his place after he was gone. This wish was realised in the appointment of Grote to the vacant seat; but although he had already sufficient "Board" work, the duties of a Museum Trustee were at once interesting and peculiar, and after the brain was fatigued by philosophical writing, he always found it a pleasing diversity to participate in labours requiring practical discernment.

In the beginning of January 1862, John Stuart Mill was anxious Grote should accompany him in a tour to Greece. Finding himself, however, now too old for the foot and horse exercise inevitable in such a journey, Grote was obliged to decline visiting in person those scenes of which he had written so much, and which since his earliest years had ever shone before his imagination. A consciousness of growing years and failing strength made Grote now more cautious in his exercises and methodical in his studies than he had ever been. He now rose regularly at 8 A.M., and after a short walk and light breakfast, he repaired to his study, where he remained till dinner, with only a short cessation from work at luncheon time. From breakfast till luncheon he was invariably accompanied by "Dora," a little favourite pet-dog. "Dora" took up her position on the historian's knees, and Mrs Grote "will vouch for it that the greater portion of the volumes of his Plato were written over the back of this little favourite." After luncheon, having

spent the morning with "the Master," "Dora" devoted the remainder of the day to attending on the "Mistress."

In 1863 Grote paid a visit to Canon Stanley, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and met with a most flattering reception from young England. In the year following he had the high honour to be elected "Foreign Member" of the Institute of France, "The muster roll of which," said the Count Adolphe de Circourt, in giving him notice of his election, "is probably the highest and fullest representation of the genius and learning of the age."

Vast as was the conception of the "History of Greece," it was in reality but part of a grander design in the mind of the historian. His object was to write a great Greek Trilogy: the first part being the History of Greece, the second was to be an elucidation of the Philosophy of Plato and his contemporaries, and the third a discussion of the life, influences, and ethics of Aristotle. In May 1865, nine years after the completion of the History, appeared the second part of this great work, under the title of "Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates." The subject was one which commended itself specially to the historian's intelligence, as he regarded the writings of Plato as the pure and unadulterated products of the Hellenic mind. They had a rich value of their own, because they were unmixed by foreign speculations, and "preceded the development of Alexandria and the amalgamation of Oriental views of thought with the inspirations of the Academy or the Lyceum." "The Orontes and the Jordan had not yet begun to flow westward, and to impart their own colour to the waters of Attica and Latium."*

* "Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates," vol. i. Preface, p. 12.

The year following the publication of the "Plato" was embittered by a severe sectarian struggle. The Professorship of Logic in University College had become vacant, and as the Dissenters had ever looked with interest to the rise of this institution, they were most anxious to have their party represented amongst its Professors. For this purpose they brought forward the Rev. James Martineau as a candidate for the vacant chair. Grote was dismayed for the moment. But not losing courage, his wife says, like "Christian" when he found Apollyon bestraddling the pathway, Grote "immediately felt for his sword." The fight was acrimonious and envenomed; but Grote succeeded in swaying the vote against the Unitarian. This matter we need scarcely have alluded to; it is only worthy of mention from the fact that defeat would have severed Grote's forty years connection with an institution whose prosperity was in great measure owing to his own disinterested endeavours.

Grote began his work on Aristotle in his seventy-first year, so anxious was he to complete his account, if he were able, not only of the active, but also of the speculative history of Hellas. Apart from writing some contributions to Professor Bain's "Manual," including the *De Anima*, which occupied eight months in composition, the Aristotle engaged the whole of his studious hours. This work, however, was never to see the light in Grote's lifetime; indeed, although the author had advanced it far, still he did not live to complete it. It is but a fragment—a sad memorial of the defeat which awaits the most courageous human endeavours. While Grote thus strove to exhaust the life of collective Hellas, it is strange we have nowhere any hint that the artistic powers of the Greek intelligence were as worthy of examination, and just as great as either their active or speculative capa-

bilities. With his books on the works of Plato and Aristotle before us, we cannot help thinking of possible books as full and elaborate on the works of Phidias and Praxiteles.

In a letter to Professor Bain, dated 4th December 1868, we find Grote saying—"I am sure my intellect is as good as ever it was. I shall be 74, Nov. 17." While the historian was writing in this manner to his friend, Mrs Grote was writing to the following effect in her diary:—"Mr Grote's health, I fully expect, will ere long give way under the unwholesome habits in which he permits himself to indulge; spending about twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four—indeed sometimes twenty-three—within four walls. . . . Mr Grote's personal aspect is sensibly changed within the last eight months, whilst I discern a lessening capacity for bodily exertion, not fairly referable to his being one year older. His hand shakes worse than it did, his gait has altered to that of an old man, from being remarkably steady and elastic up to a recent date." During the hot June of 1869 he stuck to his "Board" work in town, and his studious labours at his desk, but his wife getting him to consult a physician, he was ordered off at once to Hombourg-les-Bains, to drink the waters for three weeks, and thereafter to travel in Switzerland.

Honours, as we have seen, had been falling thick on him lately, but shortly after his return from the Continent he had the greatest of all placed before him for his acceptance. With the authority of Her Majesty, Mr Gladstone proposed to him that he should become a peer of the United Kingdom. In a long letter to the Prime Minister, Grote set forth his reasons for refusing the generous offer, and one paragraph of it was characteristic:—"Last, though not least, I am engaged in a work on Aristotle,

forming a sequel to my work on Plato: and, as I am thoroughly resolved to complete this, if health and energy be preserved to me, I feel that (being now nearly seventy-five) I have no surplus force for other purposes." This reflects the man: he could never think of position apart from corresponding duties to be discharged, and from no duty, however onerous, would he ever turn to grasp at any position, however honourable.

Since the time Grote had first given utterance to his views on the ballot, now nearly forty years ago, his opinions had been slowly ripening in the country; but when, in the month of February 1870, a member of Parliament moved for "leave to bring in a bill for ballot at elections," and Lord Hartington gave no sign of any intention on the part of the Government of the day to oppose the bill, the near prospect of the passing of this measure which the historian had struggled so earnestly for in his younger years, created in him no concern whatever. The fact was he had already anticipated the results that were to accrue from its action, clearly perceiving it was not likely to bring more radical members to the House than the open voting system. When the ballot act was about to be carried into effect, Mrs Grote said to the historian one day, "You will soon have lived to see your own favourite measure triumph over all obstacles, and you will, of course, feel great satisfaction thereat?" The husband made answer, "I should have done so had it not been for the recent alteration of the suffrage. Since the wide expansion of the voting element, I confess that the value of the ballot has sunk in my estimation; I do not, in fact, think that the elections will be affected by it, one way or another, as far as party interests are concerned." The wife made the further inquiry, "Still you will, at all events, get at the genuine preference

of the constituency in choosing their candidate?" "No doubt," answered Grote, "but then, again, I have come to perceive that the choice between one man and another, among the English people, signifies less than I formerly used to think it did. Take a section of society, cut it from top to bottom, and examine the composition of the successive layers. They are much alike throughout the scale. The opinions all based upon the same social instincts: never upon a clear or enlightened perception of *general interests*. Every particular class pursuing its own, the result is a universal struggle for the advantages accruing from *party* supremacy. The English mind is much of one pattern take whatever class you will. The same favourite prejudices, amiable and otherwise; the same antipathies, coupled with ill-regulated, though benevolent efforts to eradicate human evils, are well nigh universal: modified, naturally, by instruction among the highly educated few; but *they* hardly affect the course of out-of-doors sentiment. I believe, therefore, that the actual composition of Parliament represents, with tolerable fidelity, the British people. And it will never be better than it is, for a House of Commons cannot afford to be above its own constituencies, in intelligence, knowledge, or patriotism." Again, such a remark as the historian made to Mrs Grote, when talking to her about the affairs of the United States, gives too great insight into his later opinions to be passed without notice. "I have outlived," said Grote, "my faith in the efficacy of republican government regarded as a check upon the vulgar passions of the majority in a nation, and I recognize the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands *may* be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon. The conduct of the Northern States, in the late conflict with the Southern States, has led me to the

conclusion, though it costs me much to avow it, even to myself." It is not to be thought, from these remarks, that Grote's early democratic opinions had suffered eclipse; in reality, it was not so; his spirit never ceased to the last to cherish a lofty ideal of popular freedom; but, in mature years, he had had too much experience, meditated too profoundly on the drawbacks and impulses to civilization, and had become, in short, too much of a philosopher to believe that a perfect government could be organized out of the defective and broken materials of human life. To the end, if he had had to choose between monarchy and republicanism, he would have preferred the latter, but out of no spirit of enmity to the former.

In the spring of 1870, the Members of Convocation of the University of London, asked Grote, their now respected Vice-Chancellor, to sit for his portrait—the picture, when finished, to be placed in the senate-room of their new buildings in Burlington Gardens. The historian complied, but it was while "sitting" in Mr Millais's studio he received a chill, from which he never perfectly recovered. He had taken off his great-coat on coming into the painter's workshop, and although he felt uncomfortable, being ever more zealous about the comfort of others than himself, he thought it might have been an injustice to the artist if he had asked to be allowed to put it on again. The illness which supervened would certainly have been triumphed over but for the historian's continued disobedience to medical orders. Dividend warrants had to be signed at the Bank of England, and he had to be there to sign them; the British Museum Standing Committee had important work before it, and he had to be there to give his vote and see to everything being satisfactorily done. On the 16th May, the University Senate held a committee meeting in his house in

Savile Row. The Vice-Chancellor presided. The matters on hand "taxed his cerebral faculties severely." This was the last effort Grote ever made for the public good, —the last meeting he ever attended. On the morning of the 18th June, the great historian passed away tranquilly and without pain; and thus was brought to a close, a career singularly devoted, conscientious, and laborious, a life rich in virtue and honour and the esteem of the wise and the good. The remains were buried in Westminster Abbey. "I selected," says Dean Stanley, "the spot in the south transept, in what Fuller calls the learned side of Poet's Corner. Camden and Causaubon look down upon the grave, and Macaulay lies a few feet distant."

The eulogy which Grote pronounced over the life of Solon,* is a eulogy which with equal justice can be pronounced over his own: "He represents the best tendencies of his age, combined with much that is personally excellent; the improved ethical sensibility; the thirst for enlarged knowledge and observation, not less potent in old age than in youth; the conception of regularised popular institutions, departing sensibly from the type and spirit of the governments around him, and calculated to found a new character in the Athenian [in Grote's case English] people; a genuine and reflecting sympathy with the mass of the poor, anxious not merely to rescue them from the oppression of the rich, but to create in them habits of self-relying industry: lastly, during his temporary possession of a power altogether arbitrary, not merely an absence of all selfish ambition, but a rare discretion in seizing the mean between conflicting exigencies." Like

* "History of Greece," vol. iii., p. 212.

the endeavours of him who was "neither Lancelot nor another," all the aim of this knight of literature was

> "To keep down the base in man,
> To teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness and the desire of fame,
> *And love of truth, and all that makes a man.*"

T. B. MACAULAY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" and for the correct appreciation of a great number of things it is absolutely necessary we be not too near them. From the sides of Ben Nevis the surrounding country may be seen to the utmost advantage; but he himself can never be seen to advantage from such an outlook. The beautiful outline, the vast bulk, and the rugged grandeur of the mountain are only understood by those who view him from a distance. The tourist at the foot of the Ben finds he grows on his vision and imagination, and that he gains truer ideas of his size and height, just in proportion as, within a certain range, he moves away from his base. But what holds good of distance in space also holds good of distance in time. The progress of the years brings understanding with it. Events but imperfectly understood by the people of the age in which they occurred, are often perfectly comprehended by the men of succeeding generations. The evolutions that are dark and mysterious to us, will in all likelihood be clear and intelligible enough to our children's children. This is one of the reasons, amongst a number of others, which makes it so difficult for any writer to give a true historical account of the events of his own time. A contemporary author is ever too near his own age to be able to estimate

correctly its moral height or its intellectual bulk. As the climber on the mountain, he may feel in some vague uncertain way that what is beneath and around him is vast and stupendous; but that is all—his vantage ground forbids him taking the large and embracing view, and thoroughly precludes him from making a relative estimate. Gibbon illustrated all this to the full. While that great historian had open eyes before the minutest events of the Roman Empire in the far past age of Constantine, he was blind to the vast forces at work in France in his own time. It mattered not that these forces were operating strongly, and were certain to bring about vast results; too near to the proud current, he seemed incapable of calculating either its direction or speed.

The lives of historical personages being of the subject-matter of history, it follows that the appreciation of their work must answer to the same laws as the other events that form part of the historical narrative. There is no fear that any man who has in him the real substance of greatness can by any possibility be forgotten. It need cause us no uneasiness whatever that the stream of time will wash out their names from the memories of men. In all greatness there is "a divinity that grows not old;" and as the rock to the fisherman sailing out from beneath it seems to loom higher, so, as the tide of time, bearing mankind on its breast, takes them further and further away from any truly noble life, rather, as they are borne onward, than such a life becoming dimmer and more indistinct until it finally disappears, will the divinity that is in it rise on the view and stand out in bolder relief. Many historical personages are like their oil memorials of the gallery thus far—they are improved by age, and are best seen when seen from a distance.

There are not wanting evidences that time is beginning to have a kindly effect on the memory of Macaulay. What was trivial in the man is fast sinking out of sight; what was great is coming more and more into prominence. The bitter things he spoke in his times of temper, with the harsh things he wrote in his hours of passion, are fast being forgotten, and only that the finer qualities of his genius may be the better studied and remembered. Thinking of the elegant poet, people are letting go their recollections of the brusque gentleman; with the ornate works of the unparalleled essayist in their hands, men are willing to leave to oblivion the antipathetic and sometimes vindictive reviewer; and passing over the bitter partisan, the people of England are evermore reading with increased pleasure the work of the matchless historian of their country. There is no mistaking the finer tone which the national portrait of Macaulay is taking from the course of the years. We remember a sketch of Macaulay in a certain gallery of literary portraits that is wholly acid;* we don't forget another able paper,† amongst a number of others still abler, by Dr Hutchison Stirling, where the acidity is not nearly so prevalent; but the best estimate of his character we have seen is that by Mr Gladstone.‡ It is the most recent, as also the sweetest and most penetrating; and it has the distinguishing merit of being neither ill-natured, partial, nor partizan—three faults strangely common in most writers on England's most popular historian. The difficulties that have lain in the way hitherto of forming a correct estimate of the life and work of Macaulay are

* Gilfillan's "Gallery of Literary Portraits."

† "Jerold, Tennyson, Macaulay, with other Critical Essays," by J. H. Stirling, LL.D.

‡ "Gleanings of Past Years," by W. E. Gladstone, M.P., vol. II.

sufficiently apparent. He was a poet, and consequently a subject to be scoffed at by the prosaic; he was a violent Whig, and consequently when spoken of by members of either party in the State, it was either in fulsome praise or in terms of unscrupulous detraction. When he was stung, as he often was, he stung in return, and almost invariably he left more poison in the skin of his enemy than ever the enemy could lodge in his. His powers of trenchant criticism made him feared, his success made him envied, and the vast literary reputation he eventually built up for himself stirred the spirit of jealousy amongst a countless number of little and insignificant spirits. These and other influences have prevented the prevalence of just notions respecting the character of Macaulay. Glorified as he is on the one hand by partizanship, and dwarfed as he is on the other by the influences of still surviving prejudices, he cannot be said as yet to have received that place in our literary history which, when maturer judgments prevail, he will ultimately occupy.

When we look into the opinions of contemporary writers it would seem as if Macaulay's existence was a perfect intellectual puzzle, so highly is he spoken of by some, so bitterly is he written of by others. So far, however, from his life containing any irreconcilable elements, ere many years are gone students of our literature, we are persuaded, will find in it no puzzle at all, but that it is one of the simplest and most accountable. Its literary unity is even now perfectly apparent. Macaulay's essays are all exercises in history; with only one or two exceptions they are all exercises in English history. To his great work his Essays bear the relation which aisle and chapel bear to the whole cathedral—the minor buildings are included in the larger structure, but while

they have a unity of their own, they look somewhat insignificant in comparison with the vaster edifice of which they form a part, and whose design they help to complete. Nor does Macaulay's poetry come in to break this unity, but rather to add to and soften its otherwise somewhat hard outline. It is the tracery and carved cornicing of the general design. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that all Macaulay's poetry is embodied in the "Lays." The essays on Clive and Hastings have a marked poetic colouring, and with fine effect in all his poetical critiques he brings the ideal faculty to bear on the interpretation and analysis of its own products. A certain glow and imaginative enthusiasm runs through his whole prose; now penetrating it like a spirit, now hanging round it like a subtle fragrance, it contributes largely to that enthralling interest which his writings excite in so large a measure. It is the embodiment of this enthusiasm in his most casual literary efforts which makes papers written only with the object of satisfying the requirements of the hour likely to survive with the survival of our literature. What has been marked by the critics as the outcome of a reprehensible and even lying exaggeration, is in reality the product of a quick fancy and a lively imagination. It is by the exercise of these powers we breathe again in his writings the heated atmosphere of popular assemblies, and live over once more exciting scenes of revolution or of blood.

While, however, Macaulay was largely possessed of the poetic temperament, he had few of the poet's failings. A certain resentment and irritability, the products of acute sensitiveness, united to a susceptibility to be influenced by flattery, possibly sum up the extent of his weaknesses in this direction. In his work he was never

trammelled by the impetuosities, the scruples, or the passions of genius. He was most unpoetically regular and methodical in all his habits, and there can be no doubt whatever, had he shown less perseverance, less concentration of purpose, less capacity for continued intellectual exertions, or less sobriety of judgment, the intermittent efforts of his genius would hardly have saved his name from oblivion. The popularity of Macaulay's works far transcends the popularity of the works of either Gibbon or Grote, and yet in the intrinsic worth of his intellect he is probably inferior to both. If not a depth, nor even a solidity, of scholarship, there is in the writings of Macaulay a sparkle and light which we will seek for in vain in the works of either Gibbon or of Grote. And so far his life is like his writing, if neither singularly deep nor luminous, it has yet that sparkle which betrays movement and change, and a multitude of polished facets.

Macaulay was of Scotch extraction. His great-grandfather was minister of Tiree and Coll. The Highland pastor had his difficulties to contend with. The laird of Ardchattan took away his stipend by decreet. The minister was in delicate health, and the two islands were exposed and unhealthy. Moreover there was no church, no fund for communion elements, no mortifications for schools or charitable purposes. In truth, Aulay Macaulay, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, summed up in his own person the whole ecclesiastical establishment of the desolate islands of Tiree and Coll. Under such circumstances we may conceive that the Rev. Mr Macaulay heard gladly "the call" of the Harris people to come over and help them.

Although, as may be guessed, the worldly circumstances of Aulay were straitened enough, nevertheless he was the father of fourteen young Highlanders. Of these,

Kenneth, who entered the church, and eventually became minister of Ardnamurchan, is not wholly unknown to fame. He wrote a history of St Kilda, a work which, little known as it was, did not escape the notice of Johnson. The great English scholar had read the book with pleasure, and certain allusions it contained touched his superstitious notions. The industry of Boswell has preserved to us Johnson's comment on the history. "Macaulay," said Johnson, "who writes the account of St Kilda, set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker; and yet affirms for a truth that when a ship arrives there all the inhabitants are seized with a cold." * When Johnson took his northern tour he met Kenneth Macaulay, who had by this time become minister of Calder. Something in Johnson's congratulation did not please the Scottish parson; something in Macaulay was not satisfactory to the Englishman. By-and-by, as the conversation went on, Johnson showed himself the Ursa Major with a vengeance. Next morning, however, the scholar bethought himself, and was pleased to atone for his rudeness of the previous evening. It was, however, not Kenneth, the eldest son of old Aulay, that was the grandfather of the historian. He, too, was in the church; he, too, met Dr Johnson; and he, too, like his brother, had an unseemly altercation with the scholar. In this instance the clergyman was the first offending party, and in this instance also reconcilement succeeded rupture. "Next morning," says Boswell, "Mr Macaulay breakfasted with us, nothing hurt or dismayed by last night's correction. Being a man of good sense, he had a just admiration of Dr Johnson."

John Macaulay was twice married, and by his second

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," chap. xv.

wife Margaret, daughter of Colin Campbell of Inverseger, he had twelve of a family. He was minister of various parishes, but eventually he settled in Cardross in Dumbartonshire. He had the patronage of the Duke of Argyll, but his various translations he owed as much to his fluency and abilities as a popular preacher as to any influence lying beyond his own. The living of Cardross, though somewhat beyond the average of the livings of the Scottish clergy, is still not so large as to support in anything like affluence such a numerous household as that of John Macaulay. The children of Cardross manse were consequently brought up on the plainest fare; but so far as air, scenery, and solid paternal nurture in things human and divine were concerned, they had placed each day before them of the very best. In the grandson survived the effects of the life and discipline of the Cardross manse. One day, at the house of Lord Ashburton, Carlyle thought to himself, as he looked on the features of Macaulay in thoughtful repose over a book, "Well! any one can see you are a homely sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal."

Several of John Macaulay's children rose to positions of eminence. One became a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, and eventually was presented to the living of Rothley by Mr Thomas Babington, the owner of Rothley Temple, a gentleman whom he had tutored in his student days, and who also married one of the young ladies of Cardross manse. Another of the sons succeeded the father in the ministry of the parish, but of all the family Zachary displayed the most solid acquirements of character, and became the most famous. At the early age of sixteen he was sent to Jamaica to assist in the office work of a large estate. Soon he became sole manager, and thus was brought into inti-

mate contact with every kind of slave life. Early prepossessions were strengthened by more intimate knowledge, and he grew to hate the whole system. John Macaulay thought that religion and slavery were compatible, and capable of working together; the son, on the other hand, was a Christian of less compromising a type, and in his heart he forbade the banns. He tried for a time to make the best of his position; but, by-and-by, finding that kind treatment and the exercise of a gentle and compromising spirit were utterly powerless against the deeper evils of the slavery system, he threw up a situation which his conscience would allow him no longer to hold, and returned to England. Zachary Macaulay was not long without work of a more congenial kind. Ten years previous to his return all slaves had been declared freemen so soon as their feet touched the soil of our island. But what to make of the liberated but expatriated slaves was still a difficult question. Great hopes were entertained that spheres of usefulness would open up before them could civilization be made to gain a permanent footing on the African continent. To establish this object a company was formed, chartered by the Crown. Wilberforce and Granville Sharpe were members of the managing Board. By this Board Zachary Macaulay was appointed Second Member of the Sierra Leone Council. He sailed in 1793 for Africa, and soon attained the position of Governor. The matters of the colony were not long, after many trying ordeals, in prospering under his care. The Governor worked as only an anti-slavery enthusiast could, but he also worked in the very best spirit. The secret of his diligence flowed from deeper sources than merely the desire to discharge duty in such a manner that the esteem of his masters might be secured. He was a man deeply religious; he

would allow himself on no occasion the slightest individual licence; and down to the very smallest matters he made his conduct square with his religious convictions. Sir James Stephen says justly of him:—"His earthward affections, active and all-enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him."

When everything was going on prosperously in the colony eight French sail appeared off the coast. In a short time they were raking the streets with bullets and grape, and after this, for the most part, harmless diversion, they proceeded to the more serious work of sacking the town. After the visit of the sans cullotes, Zachary Macaulay worked hard to have things put in order, and when the colony had been once more put on its feet, returned to England to recruit his health, which had been considerably impaired by his exertion.

On Macaulay's return, and when on a visit to Hannah More at Cowslip Green, near Bristol, he met, and fell in love with a pretty young Quaker, Miss Selina Mills, a former pupil of Hannah. The friends of the lady threw difficulties in the way of the match. The lady, however, was obdurate; but it was not until Zachary Macaulay had been out to Sierra Leone and back again that the couple were married at Bristol in 1799.

Of this marriage Lord Macaulay was the first fruit. He was born at Rothley Temple, on the 25th of October 1800, a date he liked to associate with the anniversary of Agincourt. In the November following he was baptized in the private chapel of the house. The Rev.

Aulay Macaulay and Mr and Mrs Babington acted as sponsors, and the child received the names Thomas Babington. The two years following the birth were spent by Mr and Mrs Macaulay in a house in Birchin Lane, where the Sierra Leone Company had its office. It was a dreary residence, and one day when father and son were surveying the roofs of the neighbouring houses from the nursery window, and particularly a great chimney that was belching forth vast volumes of black smoke, the child, in wonder, asked the parent, "Is *that* hell?" What answer was given does not appear. George Otto Trevelyan, who tells the story, only says, that "the inquiry was received with grave displeasure, which at the time the child could not understand."

The next removal of the family was to a house in the High Street of Clapham. Here the boy spent the best part of his childhood, and here his precious powers developed themselves. He used, eating bread and butter the while, to amuse the domestics by expounding from a volume as big as himself; and remembering, evidently without effort, the phraseology of the books that came in his way, they used to say of little Tom that he talked "quite printed words." One day Hannah More, paying a visit to Clapham, tells us she had a surprise. Calling at Mr Macaulay's, the door was answered by a pretty, slight child, who told her that his parents were from home, but if she would be good enough to come in, he would bring her a glass of spirits! On another occasion, having had some hot coffee spilt on his legs by a friend of his father's, he answered a lady, who asked him some time afterwards how he was feeling, in the words, "Thank you, madam, the agony is considerably abated." Every place on the common where he played had its

name. One ridge was "The Alps," and a slight rising, Mount Sinai!

In these early years the boy would stay with Hannah More for weeks together, and she exercised on his mind a most salutary influence. She fostered his great budding powers, but, at the same time, she never suffered him to forget he was still a child. All things considered these years were possibly—we could almost say, undoubtedly—the years of his greatest literary activity. To the boy everything was new and nothing difficult. What he read he remembered, what he thought he found it delightful to express, and what he undertook gave him pleasure to perform. He was ready to try his hand on hymn or epic, on essay or history. He wrote a paper which he proposed to have translated into Malabar to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion! Reading Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion," his youthful imagination was so excited that he commenced a poem to be called "The Battle of Cheviot." In two days he had completed three cantos of one hundred and twenty lines each. He also wrote an epitome of universal history "from the time of a king who knew not Joseph," down to the time of Oliver Cromwell, "an unjust and wicked man." "Fingal, a poem in XII. Books," also belongs to this period. Nor, though these juvenile products were many, were they by any means deficient in either fire or force. One who has read them, as they have been preserved by the family, says, "They go swinging along with plenty of animation and no dearth of historical and geographical allusion."

Macaulay's precocity was altogether remarkable and unaccountable; indeed, if we except the manifestation of early genius in Chatterton, it is without a parallel in our literary history. Nor was it, what is such a common

sight, a mere boyish fervour, to pass gradually away with growing years, until in manhood it becomes finally extinct. In this case the splendour of the flower was not to belie the quality of the fruit. Clever boys are often spoiled, but with regard to young Macaulay every effort was made to kill those seeds of vanity which almost invariably turn what is ability in the boy to ignorant assumption in the man. Master Tom was no doubt far cleverer than those twice his years, but he was never let know but that every boy was just as clever as he.

In 1812 Tom, having got beyond the capacities of Clapham, was sent by his father to a private school, kept by the Rev. Mr Preston, at Little Shelford, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge. The parent had fixed on this school chiefly because of the Low Church views of the master. He knew how to teach, but he was a man of bad taste, and did not stop to consider circumstances. When teaching the boys he dragged in theological topics, and was not slow to break a problem in Euclid that he might ask his pupils concerning their spiritual welfare. Considering Zachary Macaulay's opinions, he must have been pleased to hear from Mr Preston, after he had taken Tom through hands, "Your lad is a fine fellow. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

Was there ever a boy away at school about whom parents at home were not anxious? Was there ever a boy so situated about whom there never came to his parents' ears malevolent whispers of questionable proceedings? Whether such a boy ever existed we know not; but this we aver, he is not found in the person of young Tom Macaulay. By some mysterious messenger or other it came to the knowledge of the inmates of the

house in the High Street of Clapham, that the lad at school was getting famous as a loud, contumacious fellow. The report called forth the following letter from the parent:—"March 4, 1814. My dear Tom,—In taking up my pen this morning a passage in Cowper almost involuntarily occurred to me. You will find it at length in his Conversation:—

> 'Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
> And make colloquial happiness your care,
> Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
> A duel in the form of a debate.
> Vociferated logic kills me quite,
> A noisy man is always in the right.'

You know how much such a quotation as this would fall in with my notions—averse as I am to loud and noisy tones, and self-confident, overwhelming, and yet perhaps very unsound arguments. And you will remember how anxiously I dwelt upon this point while you were at home. I have been in hopes that this half-year would witness a great change in you in this respect. My hopes, however, have been a little damped by something which I heard last week through a friend, who seemed to have received an impression that you had gained a high distinction among the young gentlemen at Shelford by the loudness and vehemence of your tones. Now, my dear Tom, you cannot doubt that this gives me pain; and it does so not so much on account of the thing itself, as because I consider it a pretty infallible test of the mind within. I do long and pray most earnestly that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit may be substituted for vehemence and self-confidence, and that you may be as much distinguished for the former as you ever have been for the latter. It is a school in which I am not willing that any child of mine

should take a high degree." The letter of the parent called forth the following from the boy; and let the masterliness of the boy's reply be noticed with regard to the crime laid to his charge:—"Shelford, April 11, 1814.—My dear mamma,—The news is glorious indeed. Peace, peace with a Bourbon, with a descendant of Henri Quatre, with a prince who is bound to us by all the ties of gratitude! I have some hopes that it will be a lasting peace, that the troubles of the last twenty years may make kings and nations wiser. I cannot conceive a greater punishment to Buonaparte than that which the allies have inflicted on him. How can his ambitious mind support it? All his great projects and schemes, which once made every throne in Europe tremble, are buried in the solitude of an Italian isle. How miraculously everything has been conducted! We almost seem to hear the Almighty saying to the fallen tyrant, 'For this cause have I raised thee up, that I might show in thee my power.' As I am in very great haste with this letter, I shall have but little time to write. I am sorry to hear that some nameless friend of papa's denounced my voice as remarkably loud. I have consequently resolved to speak in a moderate key, except on the undermentioned special occasions. *Imprimis*, when I am speaking at the same time with three others. Secondly, when I am praising the *Christian Observer*.* Thirdly, when I am praising Mr Preston or his sisters, I may be allowed to speak in the loudest voice, that they may hear me. I saw to-day that greatest of Churchmen, that pillar of Orthodoxy, that true friend to the Liturgy, that mortal enemy to the Bible Society—Herbert Marsh, D.D., Professor of Divinity on Lady Margaret's foundation." [With this gentleman Zachary Macaulay was at

* Of this periodical Zachary Macaulay was editor.

that time holding a bitter controversy, and he was loudly denouncing him in the pages of the *Christian Observer*. By seeming to justify the father's loud speaking, he delicately suggests that the advice which he gives, it might not be amiss to take. The son is not finding fault with the parent's declamation!] "I stood looking at him for about ten minutes, and shall always continue to maintain that he is a very ill-favoured gentleman as far as outward appearance is concerned."

Instead of taking so seriously to heart the report that was brought him of his son's loud talking, Zachary Macaulay might have been very glad those who were willing to speak evil of the boy had nothing worse to say. Such as it was, this was the only occasion while Tom was at school the elder Macaulay ever found it necessary to call the youthful behaviour of his son in question. From Shelford Mr Preston removed to Aspenden; but neither at the one place nor the other was there the slightest fear of young Macaulay being led away by the influences of his companions. At school he was undoubtedly clever; but he cannot have been very popular. He never joined his class-fellows in their sports, and he was utterly unable to take part in any game. While they were roistering in the play-ground or tumbling in the park, he was busy with his books, and gathering from all quarters vast stores of knowledge. The secret of his boundless acquirements was his quick, almost intuitive discernment, and his extraordinary memory. "To the end he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves." His intellectual appetite was simply prodigious, and it was far from particular about the pabulum set before it. Along with the best works of genius was devoured the most miserable trash. It

mattered not what it was—Shakespeare or Mrs Meek—what was read was hardly ever to be forgotten. Two pieces of rhyme read in a provincial newspaper, as he waited in a coffee-room at Cambridge for the post-chaise, forty years afterwards he could recall word for word. On an afternoon, visiting at a friend's house with his father, he discovered on the table "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." While the elder Macaulay talked, the son was busy with the poem. He had no more than time to peruse it once; but coming home, he was able to repeat to his mother several cantos of the work. Once when going over to Ireland, he beguiled the monotony of the sea passage by reading over from his memory, as from a book, the first half of "Paradise Lost." He made the boast that, if by any chance "Paradise Lost" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" were destroyed from the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from his recollection. No wonder some people would have been proud "to be as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything."

Young Macaulay's first appearance in print happened under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The views of the son, on many things, differed from those of the father, and novel-reading was one of the points on which they were hopelessly at variance. On this subject the boy addressed a letter to the editor of the *Christian Observer*, defending works of fiction, and eulogising Fielding and Smollett. This letter, Zachary Macaulay having incautiously published, brought him a great deal of trouble. The editor was placed in the position of having countenanced opinions which, in his editorial capacity, he should have taken every pains to repress, and his embarrassment was increased by the discovery of the fact that the letter was from the pen of his son. In time the storm blew

by, and as there can be no doubt the editor must have to some extent sympathised with the temper of the letter of his anonymous correspondent, the affair passed off without father and son ever exchanging an angry word.

Strictly speaking, Macaulay cannot be said to have had any intellectual childhood. While still a mere babe, he expressed himself in the fashion of a man; while still a youth, he was possessed by the matured opinions that are only formed in others by years and long experience; "the long dark nights and the sweet society of books," two things which were the solace of De Quincey's age, this Clapham boy found his special delight before he had well entered on his teens. We might conceive the following to have been written by some old man of sixty-five did we not know it to be the production of a youth not yet fifteen:—

"Aspenden Hall, August 22, 1815. Dear Sir,—I know not whether 'peeping at the world through the loopholes of retreat' be the best way of forming us for engaging in its busy and active scenes. I am sure it is not a way to my taste. Poets may talk of the beauties of nature, the enjoyments of a country life, and rural innocence: but there is another kind of life which, though unsung by bards, is yet to me infinitely superior to the dull uniformity of country life. London is the place for me. Its smoky atmosphere and its muddy river charm me more than the pure air of Hertfordshire, and the crystal currents of the river Rib. Nothing is equal to the splendid varieties of London life, 'the fine flow of London talk,' and the dazzling brilliancy of London spectacles. Such are my sentiments, and, if ever I publish poetry, it shall not be pastoral. Nature is the last goddess to whom my devoirs shall be paid.—Yours most faithfully, Thomas B. Macaulay."

Mr Preston having done everything for Macaulay he could, and the young man having done more for himself than ever his master was able, in October 1818 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. At first he lodged and studied with Henry Sykes Thornton, the eldest son of an intimate friend of his father. The two young men were fast friends during their whole college career; but this primary arrangement was soon broken through, as the studies of the men began to run in different channels. Mathematics were the passion of Thornton, but already Macaulay had begun to regard "the hard-grained muses of the cube and square" with positive aversion. Removed to apartments within the walls of Trinity, he was free to pursue the bent of his own mind, and into all college life he entered with extraordinary zest. Getting up his work with great ease and rapidity, he was ready for conversation and debate with every caller. Sleep was a secondary matter with the undergraduate; rather than run the risk of not seeing a friend off in the morning, he would talk with him through the night, and he never thought of repose as long as a taper glimmered from the windows of a student's chamber. Greater reader than ever, and harder student than before, he was by no means either book-worm or pedant. Macaulay loved the society of intimate friends as much as that of his books, and the opinions derived from the latter he tested and aired in his conversations with the former. His most intimate college acquaintances were Derwent Coleridge and Henry Nelson, who afterwards became the brother-in-law of Derwent. In the year beneath him were the undergraduates who afterwards adorned the titles of Lord Grey, Lord Belper, and Lord Romilly, and more especially was there that remarkable spirit Charles Austin, at this time a student of Jesus. People wondered at the vast influence of

Austin over Macaulay; they could not understand how a man of but slight classical attainments could exercise any power over a Craven scholar. But resent it as they might, the influence was patent enough to all. When Macaulay went to Cambridge he was a Tory, but when he left it he was an unmistakable Whig. The explanation of this change, and the source of those ideas that coloured all his after life, are only to be found in his intimacy with Austin of Jesus. This young man was in philosophy a utilitarian, in politics a radical, and in church matters a dissenter. To his own philosophical and political views Austin seems to have completely converted Macaulay; with his ideas of church government, however, he could never wholly indoctrinate the mind of his friend—his eloquence and subtlety could not destroy Macaulay's faith in a National establishment, although there are not wanting evidences, they shook it very considerably. When afterwards* Macaulay, confessing himself a supporter of the Established Church, yet declared if all were rich and there were no poor in the country he would be a Voluntary, it would seem to us that Austin only needed to have been at very little more pains indeed to have made the opinions of his friend square with his own on this matter also. There can never be more than the slightest boundary between men whose only difference consists in the views they hold on the paltry subject of how their ministers should be paid.

With these and other companions Macaulay spent his time at Cambridge most happily. They attended classes in the morning, they strolled in the afternoon, they read in the evening, they fed on roast turkey and milk-punch at midnight, and when occasion would allow, they spent the small hours sauntering in the moonlight. These

* Speech, June 6, 1854.

college days Macaulay never forgot—each recollection of them brought him a separate pleasure. They afforded him a never-failing subject of talk for his whole life. One morning, in subsequent years, Austin and he happened, at Lord Lansdowne's, to fall on college topics after breakfast. The result was, both men drew their chairs to either end of the chimney-piece, and talking at each other across the hearth-rug, they kept their companions of the breakfast-table—ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out—an unbroken company until the sounding of the dinner-gong. Trevelyan says: "The only dignity, in his later days, he was known to covet, was an honorary fellowship which would have allowed him again to look through his window upon the college grass-plots, and to sleep within sound of the splashing of the fountain; again to breakfast on commons, and dine beneath the portraits of Newton and Bacon on the daïs of the hall; again to ramble by moonlight round Neville's cloister, discoursing the picturesque but somewhat exoteric philosophy which it pleased him to call by the name of metaphysics. From the door of his rooms, along the wall of the chapel, there runs a flagged pathway, which affords an acceptable relief from the rugged pebbles that surround it. Here, as a Bachelor of Arts, he would walk, book in hand, morning after morning, throughout the long vacation, reading with the same eagerness and the same rapidity whether the volume was the most abstruse of treatises, the loftiest of poems, or the flimsiest of novels. That was the spot where, in his failing years, he loved to renew the feelings of the past; and there are those who can never revisit it without the fancy that there, if anywhere, his dear shade must linger."

In his college studies Macaulay won many special victories. He twice gained the Chancellor's medal for

the best poem. This prize he also lost once. On that occasion the subject was "Waterloo," but Macaulay's poem, though one of marked ability, was shaped from too simple a model to satisfy the requirements of university culture. He also gained the ten pound prize given to "the Junior Bachelor of Trinity College who wrote the best essay on the Conduct and Character of William the Third." For the most part, university essays are at best but crude performances, but in his paper on William, the undergraduate showed he had in him the genuine stuff which goes to the making of a great historian. We cannot but acknowledge the force and promise of such a passage as the following:—"To have been a sovereign, yet the champion of liberty; a revolutionary leader, yet the supporter of social order, is the peculiar glory of William. He knew where to pause. He outraged no national prejudice. He abolished no ancient form. He altered no venerable name. He saw that the existing institutions possessed the greatest capabilities of excellence, and that stronger sanctions and clearer definitions were alone required to make the practice of the British constitution as admirable as the theory. Thus he imparted to innovation the dignity and stability of antiquity. He transferred to a happier order of things the associations which had attached the people to their former government. As the Roman warrior, before he assaulted Veii, invoked its guardian gods to leave its walls, and to accept the worship and patronise the cause of the besiegers, this great prince, in attacking a system of oppression, summoned to his aid the venerable principles and deeply-seated feelings to which that system was indebted for protection." It is worth while contrasting the views and expression of the undergraduate with the matured opinions and formed style of the historian. We can

hardly mistake the Ten Pound Prizeman in the following passage:—"The highest eulogy * which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction, daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the constitution requires may be found within the constitution itself. Now, if ever, we ought to be able to appreciate the whole importance of the stand which was made by our forefathers against the house of Stuart. All round us the world is convulsed by the agonies of great nations. Governments, which lately seemed likely to stand during ages, have been, on a sudden, shaken and overthrown. The proudest capitals of Western Europe have streamed with civil blood. All evil passions, the thirst of gain and the thirst of vengeance, the antipathy of class to class, the antipathy of race to race, have broken loose from the control of divine and human laws. Fear and anxiety have clouded the faces and depressed the hearts of millions. Trade has been suspended and industry paralysed. The rich have become poor, and the poor have become poorer, doctrines hostile to all sciences, to all acts, to all industry, to all domestic charities,—doctrines which, if carried into effect, would, in thirty years, undo all that thirty centuries had done for mankind, and would make the fairest provinces of France and Germany as savage as Congo or Patagonia,—have been avowed from the tribune and defended by the sword. Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under

* "History of England," chap. x.

Attila and Alboin were enlightened and humane. The truest friends of the people have, with deep sorrow, owned that interests more precious than any political privileges were in jeopardy, and that it might be necessary to sacrifice even liberty in order to save civilisation. Meanwhile, in our island, the regular course of government has never been for a day interrupted. The few bad men who longed for license and plunder have not had the courage to confront for one moment the strength of a loyal nation, rallied in formidable array round a parental throne. And if it be asked what has made us to differ from others, the answer is, that we never lost what others are wildly and blindly seeking to regain. It is because we had a preserving revolution in the seventeenth century that we have not had a destroying revolution in the nineteenth. It is because we had freedom in the midst of servitude that we have order in the midst of anarchy. For the authority of law, for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes, our gratitude is due, under Him who raises and pulls down nations at His pleasure, to the long Parliament, to the Convention, and to William of Orange."

The chief successes of Macaulay's university life were summed up in his Craven Scholarship and his Fellowship. For the latter of the two honours he had to compete three times. This was owing to his deficiency in mathematics, which study was to him the one bitter element in all his Cambridge life. So far from finding it a mental discipline, he held it the embodiment of "starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation." It went against the grain of his nature, and he considered it deadened his perceptions of elegance and beauty. It made his brain "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

He confessed to his mother a vague fear of becoming in the course of time a personification of Algebra, or a living trigometrical canon, or probably a walking table of logarithms! It is very usual with university men to exalt those subjects in which they have excelled, but, like Grote, this was a mistake into which Macaulay never fell. He was ever as willing to acknowledge differences in intellectual as in æsthetical tastes; and although he could find no pleasure in mathematical pursuits, he had a due appreciation of the science, and of the merits of a senior wrangler. Another mistake also, and one which presents special temptations to students who have distinguished themselves in their university career, he never fell into—he never estimated academical honours above their intrinsic value. He clearly perceived the great error which men make who look upon them as ends and not as encouragements to learning. He saw that very often obscurity in a university career was succeeded by obscurity in life, but he also perceived that the defeats of the genuine student might have on his character as salutary effect as his triumphs. Nothing could be better than the following passage, which, while it was the product of his later years, embodies those mature views of university culture he entertained as early as his own student days:—"If a man," says Macaulay, "brings away from Cambridge self-knowledge, accuracy of mind, and habits of strong intellectual exertion, he has gained more than if he had made a display of showy superficial Etonian scholarship, got three or four Brown's medals, and gone forth into the world a schoolboy to the last. After all, what a man does at Cambridge is in itself nothing. If he make a poor figure in life, his having been senior wrangler or university scholar is never mentioned but with derision. If he make a distinguished

figure, his early honours merge in those of a later date. I hope I do not overrate my own place in the estimation of society. Such as it is, I would not give a halfpenny to add to the consideration which I enjoy all the consideration I should derive from having been senior wrangler. But I often regret, and even acutely, my want of a senior wrangler's knowledge of physics and mathematics; and I regret still more some habits of mind which a senior wrangler is pretty sure to possess."

In 1826, Macaulay was called to the bar, but little as he had liked mathematics he was to like law even less; and being all his life dead against entering into any pursuit which did not go with his grain, he got no business to speak of either in London or on circuit, and his law life cannot be said to form any real period in his biography. While a barrister he was oftener to be found under the gallery of the House than in chambers or court, and he soon began to busy himself in other fields altogether. In 1823 Macaulay having met a number of his former university friends at Cambridge, they got set afloat Knight's *Quarterly Magazine.* To this Macaulay contributed largely for some time; but very soon his services were in demand in another and higher quarter. The *Edinburgh Review* had already been in existence for a quarter of a century; but although it had attained a great circulation and wide influence, Jeffrey's vigilant mind was troubled by perceiving certain elements of decay. The old writers were getting every year more feeble, and the young men about Edinburgh being for the most part Tories, the editor wrote to a friend in London to see "if he could not lay his hand on some clever young man who could write for us." The search set afoot was rewarded by the discovery of Macaulay; and in the August of the same year in which the "clever young man" was

unearthed by Jeffrey's literary detectives, the essay on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh.* In that paper "the negligent search of a struggling gleaner had been rewarded with a sheaf" * indeed. In acknowledging the manuscript, "The more I think," said Jeffrey, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." The publication of the essay brought the young writer immediately into notice, and Murray declared it would be worth the copyright of "Childe Harold" to have Macaulay on the staff of the *Quarterly.* Exuberant in spirit, redundant in imagery, profuse in language, often flashy in style, its general construction condemned by the maturer judgment of the author, "Milton" is still a splendid production, and a worthy beginning to that matchless series of essays in which the genius of Macaulay is as fully expressed as in his "History of England."

Awaking on that August morning to find himself famous, we may conceive the lion hunters of the metropolis must for the most part have been sadly disappointed when they came in sight of their quarry. What Gabriel was "to the unarmed youth of heaven who about him exercised heroic games," they certainly did not find Macaulay to be to the literary aspirants of his time. He had a short, squat figure—impertinently upright, some have said, by a long continued habit of looking up to bigger men—and a face square and homely, except when in conversation, on which occasions it reflected every mood and change of his mind. He loved to have his wardrobe fully stocked, but his clothes never seemed to fit him, and he never had the appearance of being well dressed. His neckcloth was always badly tied, and his hand thrust awkwardly into his waistcoat pocket. Lady Holland, for one, was disappointed with the new writer.

* Macaulay's "Essay on Milton."

The first time she met him at Holland House she could not conceal her chagrin. "Mr Macaulay," said her ladyship, "you are so different to what I expected. I thought you were dark and thin, but you are fair, and really, Mr Macaulay, you are fat."

In society the plainness of his personal appearance was lost in the brilliancy of his conversation, and all bluntness of deportment was forgotten as soon as people came to understand the kindliness of his heart. His generosity was unbounded, and occasionally indiscriminate; but it was a passion he never extended to writers of bad poetry or to political opponents. Every offence against his literary taste he punished without mercy, and the man was his enemy who either questioned his scholarship or opposed his particular political views. To those he loved, he was as sweet as honey; but to those he hated, he was as cold as ice. This spirit must have made him an uncongenial companion on many occasions, and the traces to be found of its operation have in many instances disfigured his prose. Croker, he said, he hated more than cold veal. The "Shepherd" was right when he remarked on Macaulay's paper on that gentleman's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, "Fee! faw! fum! I smell the bluid o' a pairty man." * Wilson's attacks might have put a less eager spirit than Macaulay out of temper, but the latter was only rude when he said, "I can't stand your cock-fighting, cudgel-playing, grog-drinking Professor of Moral Philosophy."

After leaving the university, Macaulay's only regular income was from his fellowship, and that did not amount to £300 a-year. In 1828, however, he was appointed by Lord Lyndhurst to a Commissionership of Bankruptcy; and this office bringing him about £600 annually,

* "Noctes Ambrosianæ," Vol. III., p. 328.

put away from him for the present many disturbing thoughts about the future. It would appear that, Macaulay being the son of a Tory family, the party had not yet given up hopes of winning him over to their cause. All doubt about the side which the young man was to take was, however, very soon set at rest, for in 1830, he accepted the influence of Lord Lansdowne, and took his seat in the Whig interest for the burgh of Calne.

Before entering Parliament, besides his paper on Milton, he had contributed to the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* articles on Machiavelli, Hallam's "Constitutional History," and Southey's "Colloquies;" and all three being distinguished by the ability and vivacity which had characterised his first contribution to that periodical, the public curiosity was piqued as to how the new author was likely to show himself in the presence of his betters. Macaulay was quite aware that the assembly of which he was now a member, was one, of all popular gatherings, the most fickle either to address or command. He was also aware that a man's success in other departments was rather a reason for expecting him to fail than succeed in the House of Commons. "A place where Walpole succeeded and Addison failed; where Dundas succeeded and Burke failed; where Peel succeeds and Mackintosh fails; where Erskine and Scarlett were dinner-bells; and where Lawrence and Jekyll, the two wittiest men, or nearly so, of their time, are thought bores,"—was surely a strange place enough, and fitted to try any man's metal. In this, "the most peculiar assembly in all the world," Macaulay was destined to act a great part. He was never a parliamentary debater in the strict sense of the words; the secret of his success was owing to the facility with which he could give forth his carefully-prepared speeches, word for word as they were composed in

his study, and as if they had been extemporaneous utterances. He wanted the power of seizing on the circumstances of the occasion—his method prevented any indulgence in the repartee, the sarcasm, or the invective that is born of the moment; but the elegant address, the studied antithesis, the lucid argument, and the culminating oratory, triumphed over all other considerations, and ever gave him the full house and the rapt assembly. On the 5th of April 1830 he addressed the House for the first time. The question before Parliament was the Removal of Jewish Disabilities. The new member for Calne was heard with respect and attention throughout. His straightforward manner secured to him at once what he had on every successive occasion, the sympathy of his audience; and the following from his maiden speech may be taken as a fair specimen of his spoken essays to the House of Commons:—"The power of which you deprive the Jew consists in maces and gold chains, and skins of parchment with pieces of wax dangling from their edges. The power which you leave the Jew is the power of principal over clerk, of master over servant, of landlord over tenant. As things now stand, a Jew may be the richest man in England. He may possess the means of raising this party and depressing that: of making East India directors: of making members of Parliament. The influence of a Jew may be of the first consequence in a war which shakes Europe to its centre. His power may come into play in assisting or thwarting the greatest plans of the greatest princes; and yet, with all this confessed, acknowledged, undenied, you would have him deprived of power! Does not wealth confer power? How are we to permit all the consequences of that wealth but one? I cannot conceive the nature of an argument that is to bear out that position. If we

were to be called on to revert to the day when the warehouses of Jews were torn down and pillaged, the theory would be comprehensible. But we have to do with a persecution so delicate, that there is no abstract rule for its guidance. You tell us the Jews have no legal right to power, and I am bound to admit it; but, in the same way, three hundred years ago they had no legal right to be in England, and six hundred years ago they had no legal right to the teeth in their heads. But, if it is the moral right we are to look at, I hold on every principle of moral obligation the Jew has a right to political power." There spoke the genuine Liberal.

Entering with great spirit into every phase of parliamentary life for a time, he seems specially to have enjoyed the elegant society into which his position in the House and his literary reputation gave him the *entrée*. In fact, during his first years in the Commons, he became an inveterate "diner-out," and in the quiet and refinement of Holland House he ever found a most agreeable retreat. In this literary haunt he associated with all the leading men of his time, and on his every visit Lady Holland received him with a graciousness she manifested to few. Macaulay admired her ladyship's talents and acquirements; but particularly the order in which she kept her multitudinous guests. "It is to one," said he in a letter to his sister; "it is to one 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this,' and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr Macaulay.' 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it.' 'Mr Allen, take a candle and show Mr Cradock the picture of Buonaparte.'" In those stirring years he met at Holland House many whose reputation was of a purely literary character, and with such he formed intimacies of a more or less enduring kind. The sight of a Tory awakened in him bitterness

and resentment; but he could always respect a man who was a scholar, a poet, or a philosopher. Rogers, Lubrell, and Moore he learned to esteem; Sydney Smith he respected in a distant, half-hearted way; Mackintosh was a favourite; but Mr Thomas Flower Ellis, from similarity of character and compatibility of tastes, he loved above all others, and the friendship thus early formed survived to the last. As the years went by, London society grew to have for him less and less attraction; and, in his later years, his former friends lamented his domesticated habits and secluded life. In the brilliant society into which he was drawn in his early parliamentary days, the future Historian of England moved a strange figure. Associating on terms of equality with wealthy aristocrats, he was yet a poor man; and while his fame was in all the clubs as a great parliamentary debater, he was selling the gold medals he had gained at the University to keep himself out of debt: having been a hero in some prolonged party-fight, he would retire to his chambers to sup on bread and cheese and "a glass of the audit ale which reminded him he was still a fellow of Trinity."

Macaulay's financial position was to him for some time a source of very great uneasiness. To discharge his duties in Parliament properly and without suspicion he saw how absolutely necessary it was he should be possessed of an independent income. He could not bear to be taunted as a place-hunter or a time-server; and it must be confessed, that his greatest enemies might have no reason to impute motives, he was often while in office unnecessarily opinionative and unbending, and not seldom too ready to put his resignation in the hands of ministers. Little as his income was at this time (1830-32) it was likely soon to be less. Lord Brougham could never brook a rival, and being nearly omnipotent in

the *Edinburgh Review*, he did what he could to ruin Macaulay's connection with the periodical. When the essay on Hallam was published he complained to Jeffrey, and when the first paper on Mill appeared "he foamed with rage." Matters came to a head when Macaulay, having agreed to write an article on the French Revolution, had to abandon the idea because Brougham subsequently expressed his willingness to write on the subject. Macaulay was justly chagrined at the cool assumption of his rival, and wrote to Macvey Napier, now the editor, that his connection with the *Review*—a connection which had been to him a source of pleasure and pride—must now terminate, seeing it had now become "a source of humiliation and mortification." Napier was sufficient for the situation, and Macaulay was induced to reconsider his verdict. It is questionable, however, if the editor would have been so successful as he was, had all minor considerations of his contributor not been sunk in his great sorrow over the sudden and unexpected death of his sister Jane. This event not only gave Macaulay a great shock—for never a brother was more tenderly attached to sisters—but it was also the original cause of his mother's death in the year succeeding (1832).

A further change in Macaulay's family affairs occurred about this time; his sister Margaret was married to Mr John Cropper, a gentleman who belonged to the Society of Friends. Macaulay, who had taken a keen pleasure in the company of his sisters, and loved them with excessive fondness, felt these separations deeply. Whatever he had been in the world, he had always been a boy with them; but from the time of the marriage of his sister Margaret, a certain vivacity which characterized his domestic intercourse left him completely. He had

never counted on the precariousness of sisterly affection, and a certain misery stole in about the springs of his life, bringing with it something of regret that he had never laid out for himself a larger scheme of existence. By and by the brooding left him, and he awakened to the better mind; but if much had been lost to him, still he was ready manfully to confess, "to repine against the nature of things, and against the great fundamental law of all society, because in consequence of my own want of foresight it happens to bear heavily on me, would be the basest and most absurd selfishness." Macaulay's life has no love story, unless what the tale of his affection for his sisters conveys. After Margaret he had still Hannah preserved to him; but let her be taken, and then nothing remained to him but his study and his books, and the gratification of a large and honourable ambition.

On the 7th June 1832, the Reform Bill passed through Parliament. Its provisions had long been matter of eager debate, and the furtherance of the measure had been owing not a little to the eloquence of Macaulay. In acknowledgment of his exertions he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control, "which represented the Crown in its relation to the East India Directors." In his letters to his sisters Macaulay shows again and again he could write and embody the substance of his news in verse as readily as in prose, and soon after this appointment, he was able to make the following satisfactory communication to his sister Hannah:—

"Next Wednesday will be quarter-day;
And then, if I'm alive,
Of sterling pound I shall receive
Three hundred seventy-five.

"Already I possess in cash
Two hundred twenty-four,
Besides what I have lent to John,
Which makes up twenty more.

"Also the man who editeth
The Yellow and the Blue
Doth owe me ninety pounds at least
All for my last review.

"So if my debtors pay their debts,
You'll find, dear sister, mine,
That all my wealth together makes
Seven hundred pounds and nine."

At the general election, after the passing of the Reform Act, Macaulay was returned for Leeds; and in the August of 1833 he was able to communicate to his sister the news of his appointment to a place in the Supreme Council of India. In those days India had a worse name than it has now; it was held in a kind of vague terror, and seemed much further away. The situation, however, was one which was attended with advantages which could by no means be lightly regarded. The emoluments of the office were such as to secure his return; and a permanent competency at the end of a very short period. The salary was ten thousand pounds a-year, and he expected to live on half that sum, and to be able to return to England at thirty-nine master of a fortune of thirty thousand. "I am not fond of money," said he, "nor anxious about it; but though every day makes me less and less eager for wealth, every day shows me more and more strongly how necessary a competency is to a man who desires to be either great or useful. At present the plain fact is, that I continue to be a public man only while I can continue in office. If I left my place in Government, I must leave my seat in

Parliament too. For I must live. I can live only by my pen; and it is absolutely impossible for any man to write enough to procure him a decent subsistence, and at the same time to take an active part in politics. I have not during this session been able to send a single line to the *Edinburgh Review;* and, if I had been out of office, I should have been able to do very little. . . . Now, in order to live like a gentleman, it would be necessary for me to write, not as I have done hitherto, but regularly, and even daily. I have never made more than two hundred a-year by my pen. I could not support myself in comfort on less than five hundred; and I shall in all probability have many others to support. The prospects of our family are, if possible, darker than ever."

Apart from the articles already named, up to the beginning of 1834, he had written for the *Review* his essays on Johnson, Hamden, Bunyan, Byron, Robert Montgomery, Burleigh, and Pitt. Some of these articles it was thought Macaulay would never surpass, and his friends despaired of him ever doing anything better than Walpole; they did not know he was yet to excel all his former performances.

On the 15th February 1834 Macaulay left England, and on the 10th June his vessel was anchored off Madras. On his arrival, he hastened to join Lord William Bentinck in the Neilgherries. In this beautiful Indian retreat, "where thickets of rhododendrons fill the glades and clothe the ridges," he spent two months. Of Indian scenery he gives us little or no description. In India, as in England, his heart was never in the country. He was a man of the town, and to all the sights and scenes of rural life he was wholly indifferent. He could excel in character and assembly painting, but he was a novice

in landscape. The senses of atmosphere and sunlight he hardly possessed. Of music he knew as little as Johnson; and unless on one occasion, when he was able to identify *The Campbells are Comin'*, he was never known to distinguish one tune from another. We are completely in want, both in Macaulay's poetry and prose, of evidence that the contemplation of natural scenery ever filled him with a thrill of real delight. We have plenty of proof that his imagination was stimulated by his Indian sojourn, but it was the history, the worship, the great cities, the architectural splendours, and the millions of the population that acted on his ideal faculty; and not by any means either the rolling rivers, the vast plains, or the towering mountains of our Eastern Empire. Trevelyan says he was touched by the glories of the Indian forests. This may have been so; but for our part we have discovered little traces of any permanent impression.

After two months stay in the hills he joined his sister Hannah at Calcutta, and they set up house for themselves on a style even more handsome than that required of them. Not many months had gone of their Indian life when his sister married Mr Trevelyan. In their Calcutta house they lived altogether; but the joy of the weeks immediately succeeding the marriage was terribly damped by the news of Mrs Cropper's death. "There were not ten people in the world," said Macaulay at one time, "whose deaths would spoil my dinner; but there are one or two whose deaths would break my heart." Of these "one or two" Margaret was one. In the presence of the young married couple he bore up as best he could, and he tried to drown his sorrow "in floods of official work." He was afraid to leave his mind to its own thoughts, to pass an hour without something to do, a friend near him, or a book before him.

To the work of the Supreme Council, Macaulay rendered substantial aid, and he gave an impetus to education in India which still survives; but amid many advantages, and in the enjoyment of even larger savings than he had anticipated, he was not long in casting longing thoughts to the West and the civilisation of England. But what to do with himself after he got back was as yet very far from clear. In a vague way the idea of his History was rising in his mind. To his friend Ellis he wrote:—"What my course of life will be when I return to England is very doubtful. But I am more than half determined to abandon politics and to give myself wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life; and to leave the pleasures of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs, to Roebuck and to Praed. . . . For what is it that the politician submits, day after day, to see the morning break over the Thames, and then totters home, with bursting temples, to his bed? Is it for fame? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson? Who can look back on the life of Burke, and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertions were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work? Who can read the letters of Atticus, and not feel that Cicero would have been an infinitely happier and better man, and a not less celebrated man, if he had left us fewer speeches, and more Academic Questions and Tusculan Disputations? if he had passed the time which he spent in brawling with Vatinius and Clodius in producing a History of Rome superior even to that of Livy? But these are medita-

tions in a quiet garden, situated far beyond the contagious influence of English faction. What I might feel if I again saw Downing Street and Palace Yard is another question.

During his Indian exile, Macaulay kept himself before the English public by his articles on Mackintosh's "History of the Revolution" and "Lord Bacon." The latter was composed with great pains; every sentence of the second portion of the paper was recast, and some of them repeatedly. It forms his most exhaustive essay. In this production the student marks that the writer has attained the excellency of literary power. There are many details, but nothing positively wearisome. Deep subjects are touched upon, but all is simple and clear. Nothing is left out, nothing forgotten, and the literary fabric is closely woven throughout. After reading the MS., Jeffrey said: "Since Lord Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine."

In the beginning of January 1838 Macaulay, along with the Trevelyans, set out for England, but they did not arrive in London until June. While the *Lord Hungerford* had been making a slow passage through the southern seas, Zachary Macaulay died, and was buried in Westminster. On a pedestal, bearing his bust, we have all the biography we will ever likely have of his devoted life. The inscription says he was a man WHO, DURING FORTY SUCCESSIVE YEARS, PARTAKING IN THE COUNSELS AND THE LABOURS WHICH, GUIDED BY FAVOURING PROVIDENCE, RESCUED AFRICA FROM THE WOES, AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM THE GUILT, OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE, MEEKLY ENDURED THE TOIL, THE PRIVATION, AND THE REPROACH, RESIGNING TO OTHERS THE PRAISE AND THE REWARD.

Macaulay found his native land much as he had left

it, only Napier was more eager than ever for articles, and the wrath of Lord Brougham had risen to open fury. The idea of the history he had first cherished in India grew upon him so soon as he found himself amongst the libraries of London, and began to take a definite shape. We find him writing again to Ellis: "As soon as I return from Rome I shall seriously commence my history. The first part (which, I think, will take up five volumes), will extend from the Revolution to the commencement of Sir Robert Walpole's long administration—a period of three or four and thirty very eventful years. From the commencement of Walpole's administration to the commencement of the American war, events may be despatched more concisely. From the commencement of the American war it will again become copious. These, at least, are my present notions."

The tour to Italy, referred to above, was an excursion from which he derived the utmost pleasure, and while he lingered at Florence his vanity was flattered by a letter from Lord Melbourne offering him the post of Judge Advocate, with an attached salary of £2500 a year. The offer he declined. Nothing short of the Cabinet was now to satisfy his ambition. During his journey his spirit caught fire from the scenes of classical story, and in the course of his progress he seems to have composed a good deal of poetry, and sketched the outline of his Lays on the very ground where the deeds of valour they celebrate were done. We have already spoken of the musings of Gibbon and Grote amid the ruins of ancient Rome, but Macaulay's, on comparison, will be found to be very different from both. The decay of the Eternal City was to him a prophecy of the decay of the English Capital. "Yet to indulge in a sort of reflection, which I often fall into here, the day may come when London,

then dwindled into the dimensions of the parish of St Martin's, and supported in its decay by the expenditure of wealthy Patagonians and New Zealanders, may have no more important questions to decide than the arrangement of 'Afflictions sore long time I bore' on the gravestone of the wife of some baker in Houndsditch." The thought of this sentence finds more elegant and elaborate expression in his essay on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes," and it will satisfy the curious to know that it is in this essay that the celebrated individual known by the name of *Macaulay's New Zealander* is introduced: "The members of the Roman Catholic Church are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's." In Rome he busied himself with other things than merely sight-seeing. He amused himself with Lytton's novels, studied hard at Gibbon, elaborated Horatius, and "thought a good deal about his history," feeling what Gibbon felt, that one of the great difficulties was to get a good beginning.

In the first week of February 1839, Macaulay was in London once more. The first thing he did was to buy Mr Gladstone's new book on the "Connection of Church and State," and on the April following he reviewed it in the *Edinburgh*. He found no difficulty in showing the absurdity of many of Mr Gladstone's high Episcopalian notions, and he was not slow to vindicate the position of the Church of Scotland, which was, even thus early, an object of Mr Gladstone's aversion. When we remember that Gladstone was at this time a Tory of the Tories we cannot but commend the uniform courtesy of the Whig Reviewer. In such a paper we are tempted to look for some expression of Macaulay's own religious views, but as the article judges the Establishments both north and south of the Tweed in a strictly utilitarian spirit, we seek in vain. The "Shepherd" said "Macaulay can hae nae principle—that's flat," * but it may have been that his convictions were not the less deep that he made of them no particular parade. On the hustings, at Leeds, he repudiated certain drawing questions with something like moral indignation, and no further would he go than to say, "I am a Christian." And, when time and place are considered, few are there but will say, in going so far, he had gone far enough to satisfy the requirements of a legitimate curiosity. In purely literary and political matters Macaulay used the naked blade, but in all his writings bearing on religious topics, he never allowed the button to come off the foil.

About this time Abercromby, the Speaker of the House, was elevated to the peerage. This promotion leaving Edinburgh vacant, Macaulay sat in his place. His first speech in the House was in support of Grote's motion on the Ballot. The speech showed the Indian

* "Noctes Ambrosianæ," Vol. ii., p. 364.

Councillor possessed all his old fire, and very soon he was made War Minister. Not long did he occupy his post. On the matter of the Corn Laws, raised in the House by Lord John Russell, Parliament was dissolved in the June of 1841, and the Conservatives succeeded to power. Amid the many Whigs thrown out by the election Macaulay retained his seat for Edinburgh. The change of Government never cost him a regret. His loss was only his official income, and his gain was a leisure which was far more valued.

Macaulay now took up his residence in the Albany, "that luxurious cloister, whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of the Piccadilly traffic." While in office he wrote his essays on "Sir William Temple" and Ranke's "History of the Popes," and also his famous paper on "Lord Clive." Of all Macaulay's essays that on Clive has taken the lead in popularity. As a separate production it sells twice as well as "Chatham," thrice as well as "Addison," and five times as well as "Byron." The only other essay which has divided with it the palm of popularity, is that on "Warren Hastings." It would have been strange had it been otherwise; the two papers are companion productions. The style of both is rapid and impetuous, unequalled by anything of the kind in our language. On the two proconsuls Carlyle could have done nothing better. While the transitions are rapid, and the groupings gorgeous, their language is dyed in the richest hues of the East, and their literature is heavy with gems like the jewelled tapestry of a Nabob. As we read, the forward flowing tide of time seems to flow back with us, and we dream again of the golden prime of Haroun Alraschid, and the days when

> "Down the Tigris we were borne
> By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold."

As we read, we seem to live in the hot haze of an Indian day; strange populations move before us, and strange buildings of marble are shining in the rich sunlight. The primary aim of these papers is neither argument nor information. Their effect is the effect of a poem; they appeal to the imagination, and they carry it captive.

"Warren Hastings" was the first product of our author's Albany life, and the following, from the paper bearing that title, may be taken as a fair specimen of his powers as an assembly painter:—"In the meantime the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly, and on the 13th February 1788 the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly-cultivated, a reflective, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilisation were now displayed with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and

over the ladies of the princely house of Oude. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had, for a moment, awed and melted a victorious party, inflamed by just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of State, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Eliott (Lord Heathfield), recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the

Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when before a senate, which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mind from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had, in secret, plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire."

The article on Hastings was soon followed by another on Frederick the Great, and Macaulay was, for a time,

the more anxious to pursue these casual studies as he felt they benefited his historical researches, and helped him to grasp the ramifying life of his own country. He laid his account, when he thus commenced his history in the quiet of the Albany, to do everything patiently and thoroughly. As with his essays, he made up his mind to have no rough edges to his work, and no stitches dropped. The canvass was to be full, but there was to be no crowding; the research was to be deep, but the style was not to be burdened; the subject was to be great, but the book was to be readable; the scenes of the great events of British history were many and far away, but every one of them was to be visited; nothing was to be left out, nothing forgotten, and nothing feebly handled. He was to lead the English people over their past life as through a *terra incognita*, and he was not to be satisfied unless he produced something which should for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies. He was not to found his pretensions to the rank of a classic on his reviews, but if he lived twelve or fifteen years he might perhaps produce something which he would not be afraid to exhibit side by side with the performances of the old masters.

The year which saw the History of England begun also saw the publication of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." There is no need to make any remark on a book, the substance of which is in the memory of every school-boy, and a hundred and fifty thousand copies of which, or nearly so, are in the hands of the people. Professor Wilson wiped off old scores by giving it a hearty welcome in "Blackwood." Christopher was delighted to find that the burnished fly, which twenty years ago, in the pride of May, bounced through the window of "Knight's Quarterly," had assumed the plume of the eagle, and was

now capable of looking on the sun. In verse, Wilson was himself the most placid of poets, but we cannot help thinking the cut-and-thrust style of the Lays must have stirred his fiery spirit. We may conceive how the great athletic frame shook and the broad chest heaved as he shouldered his crutch, and, assuming for the nonce the character of Horatius, showed the bewildered Hogg—

> "How valiantly he kept the bridge
> In the brave days of old."

"The young poets weave dreams," says North, "with shadows transitory as clouds without substance; Macaulay builds realities lasting as rocks. The young poets steal from all and sundry, and deny their thefts; he robs in the face of day. Whom? Homer." This praise was sweet to the Albany student. "I should really be obliged to you," said Macaulay to Napier, "if, when you have an opportunity, you will let Professor Wilson know that his conduct has affected me as generous conduct affects men not ungenerous."

In 1843 he published, much against his will, an edition of his collected essays. The publication was rendered necessary by the appearance in England of pirated American editions, which contained, as the product of his pen, an amount of trash, the circulation of which would have been hurtful to his reputation. The work had an enormous sale, but he felt bound to confess that few of the articles could be read with satisfaction. The acknowledgment is strange, considering how resolutely he stuck to his written opinions; and it is only explicable on the ground that its sole reference is to the literary form of his articles. It forms a strange feature in the character of Macaulay that he was so certain everything he said was absolutely true, and so far from certain that what he said had been said in the best

manner. What he felt after the publication of his essays, he felt also after the publication of his history. Of the latter work he said, "When I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed." The reference of these words is by no means to the subject-matter of history, but to its style and literary colouring. The facts he dealt with he always assumed to be exactly as he gave them, and seldom indeed did he ever submit himself either to retract or correct anything referring primarily to matter of fact. The mistake might be apparent enough, but he never saw any need of altering it; and we may conceive all alteration was particularly painful that involved the disturbance of the flowing narrative. The following is characteristic:—"To-day, I got a letter from ——, pointing out what I must admit to be a gross impropriety of language in my book; an impropriety of a sort rare, I hope, with me. It shall be corrected, and I am obliged to the fellow, little as I like him."

Henceforward writing for the *Review* was to be for him a secondary consideration. He was advancing with his history, and he was beginning to find it would by and by absorb his whole attention. He was not a man who could keep two or three irons in the fire at one time. Southey could work in such a manner, but not Macaulay. The bent of his mind was such that it could not jump from one subject to another. Anything he wished to do well, needed to be the only subject of his study for the time being. If he was to go on turning from one work to another, he confessed he would lose time; and having had some experiences of the evils of procrastination, and of having done nothing by attempting to do too much, he determined "he would no more go on dawdling and reproaching himself all his life."

After the dissolution in 1843, Macaulay took a short tour through Holland, and after paying the penalty of greatness by being worried in the steamers and pestered at the hotels, he was soon back again to his quiet chambers in the Albany, to complete his paper on Chatham, which had given him a great deal of trouble, and which was primarily intended to be a paper on the life and times of Burke. After the publication of this paper a rumour went through the country that Macaulay had discontinued writing for the *Review*. Macaulay denied having set the rumour afloat, but all the same, the above-mentioned article was the last he was to contribute to its pages. Between parliamentary business on the one hand, and his history on the other, all idea of magazine writing was wholly out of the question; indeed, when a great debate was looming in the distance, it was with difficulty he could go on even with his historical work. "When an approaching debate," he confessed, "is in my head, it is to no purpose I sit down at my desk to write history, and I soon get up again in disgust."

In 1846, when the Corn Law Bill had passed the Peers, Lord John Russell was again commanded to form a cabinet, and Macaulay was appointed Paymaster-General of the Army. This necessitated his going down to Scotland to seek re-election. On account of the bold position he had taken up on the Maynooth Grant, he was opposed by the dissenters. The last sentence of his speech in support of the grant are memorable. "Yes, Sir, to this bill, and to every bill which shall seem to me likely to promote the real Union of Great Britain and Ireland, I will give my support, regardless of obloquy, regardless of the risk which I may run of losing my seat in Parliament." The member brought forward by the dissenters was Sir Culling Eardley Smith; but although the fight was

smart, Macaulay returned in triumph to the Albany. In Parliament he now spoke much seldomer than usual; only five times did he open his mouth in the sessions 1846 and 1847. On one of these occasions it was to defend the principle of the Factory Acts. As a public speaker his voice had little modulation, and he indulged in no gesticulation whatever, except now and again making a half-turn on his heel; but the following may be taken as a specimen of that forcible rhetoric which called forth Disraeli's admiration in "The Young Duke," and his flattering remark in the House that it was always so agreeable to listen to the Right Honourable gentleman, that they always rejoiced in the circumstances, whatever they were, which induced him to speak:* "Man, man is the great instrument that produces wealth. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigour, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer but richer, because we have, through many ages, rested from our labour one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and the Arkwrights are worthless, is repairing and winding-up, so that he returns to his labours on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigour. Never will I believe that what makes a population stronger and healthier,

* "The Young Duke," book v., chap. vi.

and wiser, and better, can ultimately make it poorer. You try to frighten us by telling us that, in some German factories, the young work seventeen hours in the twenty-four; that they work so hard that among thousands there is not one who grows to such a stature that he can be admitted to the army; and you ask whether, if this bill pass, we can possibly hold our own against such competition as this. Sir, I laugh at the thought of such competition. If ever we are forced to yield the foremost place amongst commercial nations, we shall yield it, not to a race of degenerate dwarfs, but to some people pre-eminently vigorous in body and mind."

Of all men Macaulay was a man singularly free from vices. No man ever went through the heat of an election and had less laid to his charge. His character was simple, and guileless, and generous. He was one of those human beings, so seldom to be met with, that are most loved by those who know them best. Of the low games of intrigue and double dealing he knew nothing. He had his temper, but it seldom got the better of him. He had his passions, but, so far as known, they never overcame him. He knew the value of money, but he was the most open-handed of men. In all his ways he walked with singular straightness, and his mind was ever transparent as the purest crystal. It is not too much to say that it was the honesty and genuineness of the man which cost him his seat for Edinburgh in 1847. There were four candidates in the field—Cowan, Craig, Macaulay, and Blackburn; and, speaking at the time, Hugh Miller said: "The struggle is exciting the deepest interest, and, as the beginning of a decided movement on the part of Christians of various denominations to send men of avowed Christian principles to Parliament, may lead to great results." The great result was the rejection of Macaulay, a consummation of which, ere many days

had passed, the electors of Edinburgh were more than ashamed. In the turn of popular feeling, it has to be mentioned to the credit of the *Scotsman*, that it ceased not to vindicate the cause of the Historian, and Macaulay, thankful for its steady support, conveyed his gratitude to the Editor.

The years of retirement he spent after his defeat at Edinburgh were possibly the most enjoyed of all the years of his life. He was away from the wrangle of Parliament and the misery of coming debates; he was comfortable in his circumstances, respected amongst his friends, and every day doing that amount of hard brain work which gave zest to his simple pleasures. He never loved animals, and had a special aversion to dogs; but children were his delight. He never wearied playing with them; and that no game might be hindered on his account, he was ever ready to act the part of robber, tiger, or donkey.

Macaulay well knew, however, the essential difference between work and play. His diligence was at least equal to that of Gibbon, and his research possibly surpassed that of Grote. It was true what Thackeray said of him: "He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description." He possessed that genuine historical spirit which approximates to a moral consciousness. It would have been impossible for him to have described Marathon as Grote described it, or written of Constantinople as Gibbon wrote of it. Rest he could not, until he had seen with his own eyes and gone over on his own feet the important places and battle-fields of his narrative. For this purpose, Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland, and France were all visited by the indefatigable historian. The notes he made during his tour in Ireland were as long and elaborate as his article on Bacon. He visited

Killiecrankie that he might walk up the road which runs by the Garry, and so estimate the time the English army took to defile through the pass. He made a journey from London to Glencoe that he might write little more than a dozen sentences. We leave it to the reader to pronounce whether the little bit of narrative is commensurate with the enormous pains: "Mac Ian* dwelt in the mouth of a ravine situated not far from the southern shore of Lochleven, an arm of the sea which deeply indents the western coast of Scotland, and separates Argyleshire from Inverness-shire. Near his house were two or three small hamlets inhabited by his tribe. The whole population which he governed was not supposed to exceed two hundred souls. In the neighbourhood of the little cluster of villages was some copsewood and some pasture land; but a little further up the defile no sign of population or of fruitfulness was to be seen. In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greatest part of the finest summer; and even on these rare days, when the sun is bright and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong path of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life

* "History of England," chap. xviii.

is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter which it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder."

A man who took a journey of four hundred miles to write a few sentences was not likely to be careless about any part of his work. A man who would read a thousand pamphlets to find a single grain of truth was not likely to be indifferent to his method of setting it forth. The composition of Macaulay is consequently characterised by unparalleled accuracy. His English is undefiled. His sentences flow like water over a mossy bed. Sometimes we have to read twice before the ear catches the fine cadence of the language, but we never need to read twice to grasp the sense; his meaning is always as transparent as the water of a mountain spring. They will turn over the pages of Macaulay in vain who are searchers for anything either tumid or diffuse. He wrote from a copious mind, but with a fine command of himself. The river flows brimming full, but it never overflows its banks. His method of composition was so severe that it repressed every vagary, and was fatal to all excrescences whatsoever. First, he laboriously gathered together his materials, laying the most untoward subjects under tribute, and finding in the most out of the way corners here a little and there a little; then when he had the subject fully in his head, and all the materials were melted into a glowing mass in his brain, he opened the gates and let the stream pour from his fast-moving pen.

But this was not all. Next morning he rewrote the work of the previous day, purifying, refining, elaborating, and polishing as he went along, till every clause was a unity, and every paragraph a literary cosmos. He was painstaking almost to fastidiousness. He would rewrite a paragraph for the sake of giving some obdurate sentence a facile turn, and his taste had to be satisfied in matters of punctuation as well as in refinements of style. And last of all, like some completed viaduct that is tested by some enormous weight greater than ever it will have to bear when it is given over for common traffic, Macaulay read his finished productions aloud to a select circle of friends, before they were finally handed to the printer, and thus given forth to the world. The style of the historian is cultivated, but by no means elaborate. It occupies a place midway between the styles of Gibbon and Grote; it is not so ambitious as that of the one, nor so simple as that of the other. Its chief instrument is the antithesis, and there are few sentences in all Macaulay's writings without the figure either delicately concealed or openly apparent. Measured and artificial as it is, it is yet so stamped with the individuality of the author that it can never be successfully copied. In his lifetime Macaulay chastened it, but he never changed it. It is his own; and the style of "Milton" is the style of the twenty-fifth chapter of the "History of England." No author has ever adopted or imitated it. The mould nature only allowed one to use, and when he was done with it she broke it and threw it away. When we think of his continued carefulness and the high ideal of literary perfection he set before himself, we are prepared for the following quotation from his diary:—"I am afraid of saying to other people how much I miss in historians who pass for good. The truth is, that I admire no his-

torians much except Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus. Perhaps, in his way—a very peculiar way—I might add Fra Paolo. The modern writers who have most of the great qualities of the ancient masters of history are some memoir writers; St Simon for example. There is merit, no doubt, in Hume, Robertson, Voltaire, and Gibbon. Yet it is not the thing. I have a conception of history more just, I am confident, than theirs. The execution is another matter. But I hope to improve."

In the summer of 1848 the first volumes were in the hands of Mr Longman, the publisher. The author was fearful and troubled about the success of his work, but there were not wanting curious signs that the world was looking forward to its publication with something like feverish anxiety. He received two letters from America; "one from a Mr Crump, offering him 500 dollars if he would introduce the name of Crump into his history; another from a Young Men's Philosophical Society in New York, beginning, 'Possibly our fame has not pinioned the Atlantic.'" Whatever the fortune of his history, Macaulay, like Gibbon, says he made up his mind to possess his soul with a philosophical calm. When, however, in the beginning of November, the work was given to the world, all fears were completely set at rest. It was welcomed with praise and satisfaction on all hands. Recognizing the genius of the work, partizans forgot their party, and paltry and contemptible spites were neglected and sunk in a thoroughly English recognition of ability. Before the first week in December, the first edition of 3000 was all sold, and before the middle of the same month, another edition of a similar size had found its way to the market. And this sudden success was, in reality, only the foretaste of a greater popularity. The mind of man is so constituted, that even in the

midst of the greatest triumphs it creates for itself imaginary fears; and while his history was selling as no history has ever sold before or since, Macaulay was troubled about a conceivable reaction that was sure to follow the first burst of applause. In December 4, 1848, we find the following remarkable entry in his diary: "I have felt to-day somewhat anxious about the fate of my book. The sale has surpassed expectation; but that proves only that people have formed a high idea of what they are to have. The disappointment, if there is disappointment, will be great. All that I hear is laudatory. But who can trust to praise that is poured into his own ear? At all events, I have aimed high. I have tried to do something that may be remembered; I have had the year 2000, and even 3000, often in my mind; I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style; and, if I fail, my failure will be more honourable than nine-tenths of the success I have witnessed." In six months thirteen thousand copies were taken up.

The popularity of Macaulay's works has been the despair of the most conscientious critics. That he made many mistakes is beyond all doubt, but to get the popular mind to mark them has been the most hopeless of tasks. A few students and scholars here and there are conversant with his errors, but that is all. The article of the critic lives for a day, but the error he combats survives. Here is a case where the critic is over-matched and overweighted, and where his art is vain. For all the justice of the critics' remarks, as Mr Gladstone says,* "the error still sparkles in its diamond setting, circulates by thousands and tens of thousands among flocks of readers ever new and ever charmed, and has become part of the household stock of every family." Of his popularity

* "Gleanings of Past Years," Vol. ii., p. 335.

Thackeray told one of his piquant stories. Walking in the Zoological Gardens, the novelist saw two pretty damsels making their way to see the hippopotamus. They had just paid their shilling to see the new addition to the collection, when he saw some one pointing out to them the historian in the distance. 'Mr Macaulay!' cried the lovely pair. 'Is that Mr Macaulay? Then never mind the hippopotamus.' It was no matter they had paid their shilling, they turned away from Behemoth to view the author of the new 'History of England.' Thackeray would swear to Macaulay it was the proudest event in his life, and there is nothing to show the historian was not of the same opinion as the novelist. Macaulay ever esteemed as sincere the praise of the vulgar. On one occasion, when helping the historian to horse, an Irish groom praised his fine seat and manly appearance in the saddle, and the flattery, although doubtless without a single rag of sincerity, put him in a better humour than all the compliments paid him about his history!

In February 1848 Macaulay began the second part of his history, and in the November of the same year he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow. All public appearances were now getting distasteful to him. Having made his way in the world, he was as unwilling to make "public speeches as any timid stammerer in Great Britain." "I was vexed," he confessed, "to hear that there is some thought of giving me the freedom of Glasgow in a gold box." His fears were vain. He took the oath, signed his name, gave his address, and "the acclamations were prodigious."

Macaulay was now working harder than ever at his history; he had begun to love it more than his life. There are traces, that instead of mastering his work, his work was really mastering him. These traces, however, are few; we cannot conclude that, Actæon-like, he ever

came to be hunted by his own hounds. His diary he kept regularly, and it is full of comments on men and books. "Strange fellow!" he says of Brougham. "His powers gone, his spite immortal. A dead nettle." The following is charitable about Byron: "Poor fellow! yet he was a bad fellow, and horribly affected. But, then, what that could spoil, a character, was wanting? Had I at twenty-four had a peerage, and been the most popular poet, and the most successful Lovelace of the day, I should have been as great a coxcomb, and possibly as bad a man. I passed some hours over 'Don Juan,' and saw no reason to change the opinion which I formed twenty-five years ago. The first two cantos are Byron's masterpiece." Of the death of Jeffrey: "He saw through and through you. He marked every fault of taste, every weakness, every ridicule; and yet he loved you as if he had been the dullest fellow in England. He had a much better heart than Sydney Smith. I do not mean that Sydney was in that respect below par. In ability, I should say, Jeffrey was higher, but Sydney rarer. I would rather have been Jeffrey; but there will be several Jeffreys before there is a Sydney. After all, dear Jeffrey's death is hardly matter for mourning. God grant that I may die so! Full of years; full of honours; faculties bright and affections warm to the last; lamented by the public and many valued friends. This is the euthanasia."

In 1850, Henry Hallam, the friend of Macaulay, as well as of Tennyson, was gathered to his rest. During those years in which his acquaintances were dropping out of sight, he was still staying in his chambers in the Albany. These chambers were all library, and contained about 10,000 volumes, besides novels. Of the latter, he must in the course of his life have read many thousands. His study was not merely, however, his chambers. All

his life he had the inveterate habit of reading in the streets. How he was never run over, how he never got into scrapes by knocking up against people, is marvellous. Anything further than occasionally an exchange of pleasantries, in which the historian was not usually put at a disadvantage, his foible never cost him. The following was to his friend Ellis:—"The other day I was overtaken by a hearse as I was strolling along, and reading the night expedition of Diomede and Ulysses. 'Would you like a ride, sir?' said the driver. 'Plenty of room.' I could not help laughing. 'I daresay I shall want such a carriage some day or other; but I am not ready yet.' The fellow, with the most consummate professional gravity, answered, 'I meant, sir, that there was plenty of room on the box.'"

By the time Parliament was dissolved in 1852, the people of Edinburgh had thought better of their conduct to Macaulay at the former election. The historian made no concession whatever. The principles which had guided the first days of his political life were the principles that guided him still. The position he occupied then was the position he occupied now. He was aware that opinions on many things had changed, and he was not altogether sure that he stood *en rapport* with the people; but his opinions had not changed, and as he was, the Edinburgh people must either take him or want him. "You call me a Liberal," he said, "but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing armies. I am opposed to the abrogation of capital punishment. I am opposed to the destruction of the National Church. In short, I am in favour of war, hanging, and Church Establishments." The upshot of all was that he was returned at the top of the poll. Professor Wilson was not the

man to play false to his party, but he knew that exceptional circumstances demanded exceptional measures, and to his credit he voted for the historian.

Some days after the Edinburgh election a very serious change came over the state of Macaulay's health. He was often incapable of vigorous exertion; the idea of his historical task lay on him like a weight; he found himself at times as if under a spell of laziness, and the action of the heart was weak and irregular. He said, "I am vexed with myself for having suffered myself to be enticed back to public life. My book seems to me certain to be a failure." The truth is, from the time of the election he never was again the man he used to be. The July of 1853 was a crisis in his life. "He became twenty years older in a week, and a mile was more to him than ten miles a year before."

Although Macaulay had been enticed back to Parliament, he could not be enticed into office. He had been twice a Cabinet Minister, and never made a farthing thereby; "but during the four years he had been out of office he had added ten thousand pounds to his capital." His most cogent argument against place was not, however, a monetary one, but the state of his bodily health. Although not in the Cabinet, he yet rendered invaluable service to his party, and his speeches helped greatly to further the cause of Competitive Examination, then being debated in Parliament. On this subject Macaulay took up a correct and uncompromising position. "It seems to me," he said, "that there never was a fact proved by a larger mass of evidence, or a more unvaried experience than this—that men, who distinguish themselves in their youth above their contemporaries, almost always keep to the end of their lives the start which they have gained. This experience is so vast, that I should as soon expect

to hear any one question it, as to hear it denied, that arsenic is poison, or that brandy is intoxicating. Take down in any library the Cambridge Calendar. There you have the list of honours for a hundred years. Look at the list of wranglers and of junior optimes, and I will venture to say that for one man who has in after life distinguished himself among the junior optimes, you will find twenty among the wranglers. Take the Oxford Calendar, and compare the list of first-class men with an equal number of men in the third class. Is not our history full of instances which prove this fact? Look at the Church or the Bar. Look at Parliament, from the time that Parliamentary Government began in this country—from the days of Montague and St John to those of Canning and Peel. Look to India. The ablest man who ever governed India was Warren Hastings, and was he not in the first rank at Westminster? The ablest civil servant I ever knew in India was Sir Charles Metcalfe, and was he not of the first standing at Eton? The most eminent member of the aristocracy who ever governed India was Lord Wellesley. What was his Eton reputation? what was his Oxford reputation? I must also mention—I cannot refrain from mentioning—another noble and distinguished Governor-General. A few days ago, while the memory of the speech to which I have alluded was still fresh in my mind, I read in the *Musæ Cantabrigienses* a very eloquent and classical ode by a young poet of seventeen, which the University of Cambridge rewarded with a gold medal; and with pleasure, not altogether unmingled with pain, I read at the bottom of that composition the name of the Honourable Edward Law, of St John's College."

From the time of the publication of his speeches in 1853 on to the publication of the third and fourth

volumes, Macaulay devoted himself almost exclusively to his history. Leisure, and letter-writing, and society, and eventually his diary, he all gave up, that nothing by either absorbing his time or distracting his attention might keep him from getting on with his work. On the 21st November 1855 the second instalment was completed; and on a scale perfectly unprecedented in bookselling annals Longman arranged for the publication of this continuation of the "History of England." The first edition he took from the press contained the immense number of 25,000 copies. A latter failure in sale has not belied the first magnificent start. Within five and twenty years after the publication of the "History," 140,000 copies had been printed and sold in the United Kingdom alone. The two second volumes brought their author, from the first edition alone, as much as his four and a half years banishment in India.

On the successful historian honours now began to pour. The Academies of Utrecht, Munich, and Turin made him a member. He was named a Knight of the Order of Merit by the King of Prussia. Guizot proposed him for the Institute of France. The Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh chose him their President. Along with Grote, Disraeli, and Lytton he received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. On that occasion Macaulay said, "I congratulated Grote with special warmth, for, with all his faults of style, he has really done wonders."

In the beginning of 1856 Macaulay, finding himself unable to discharge parliamentary duties according to his sense of how they should be discharged, resigned his seat for Edinburgh, and applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. Up till this time his life had been formed on the plainest scale, but he now made arrangements to pass

what of it might remain to him in a more liberal provision. It touches one to think how while Macaulay had been the idol of society, a member of the British Cabinet, amongst the greatest in the House, and the foremost in the country, he had not even allowed himself, until 1851, the indulgence of a carriage. He had spent fifteen happy years in the Albany, but he now bought the lease of a fine house and garden at Kensington. It gave the historian no pleasure to leave his old quarters and the chambers, clustering associations of carefully-composed essays, elaborated poems, long evenings spent in pleasant company, and long days in hard historical labours. When the books were gone the empty cases looked like a skeleton, and tears came to the historian's eyes as he paced the empty rooms. He felt, we conceive, like a bee wandering about amongst the cells of a dried honeycomb. It was no easy journey from the street up the numerous steps to his chambers, yet he said, "I have been happy at the top of this toilsome stair. Ellis came to dinner—the last of probably four hundred dinners, or more, that we have had in these chambers. Then to bed. Everything that I do is coloured by the thought that it is for the last time. One day there will come a last in good earnest."

Removed to Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, the stream of the historian's life flowed just as quietly and unobtrusively as it had done in the Albany. People, no doubt, said it was a secluded life, but in reality it was not so. His friends were his relations, and his companions were his books. When he read he had his pencil in hand, and he talked with his author on the margin as he heard him speak from his pages. In literature he was a pure conservative, and he was jealous of all new-fangled ways of writing. If the torch was not lighted at some old beacon, he would by no means condescend to be guided by its

light. We don't know, but we have some reason to suppose, that the later developments of Carlyle's style must have been his special aversion. The Greek warriors used to practise the robust exercises of the gymnasium after they had left off active service in the field. And so was it with Macaulay in his retirement at Holly Lodge. Done with the rough work of the open campaign, he still carried on in the portico, the garden, and the study of his house, those intellectual exercises with which, in his earlier years, he had disciplined his mind. In his literary ease it gave him pleasure to renew his acquaintance with Cicero and Plato, to read over again the novels that delighted him in youth, to hate Hook more than ever he had hated Croker, and to keep his memory in action by trying how much of Shakespeare he could get by heart within a specified time. The amusements of his leisure show the bent of his mind. At Holly Lodge we find our author reading, composing, recollecting, committing to memory, but never do we find him meditating or reflecting. When he goes out into his garden amongst his flowers it is to read the defence of Sextius, when he walks in his portico it is to get by heart the "Merchant of Venice," when he enters his study it is to consult authorities for his fifth volume, and when he is being conveyed over to Ireland in a steamer, he sits on deck wrapt in his cloak—to let the dash of billows help his historical cogitation? by no means, but to read from his memory as from a book the first half of Milton's "Paradise Lost." The world of literature rather than that of philosophy was that in which he lived, and moved, and had his intellectual being; and as he strolled, an observant student, amid its glades, his wanderings were often guided as much by mere whim as by solid consideration. Like a child he was as ready to fill his lap with wild flowers as with

solid fruit. He could have told you how often a heroine of Mrs Meek had fainted in the course of her life, with as certain accuracy as he could have run over the names of the Popes in their chronological order. He loved certain books for their badness just as he loved others for their goodness, and to the end of his days he was the sworn friend of Miss Austen. Macaulay lived in good style at Holly Lodge, and, as in his dress, so also in his reading, he had his morning and evening suits. "I read," he says, "'Henderson's Iceland' at breakfast;—a favourite breakfast book with me. Why? How oddly we are made! Some books which I should never dream of opening at dinner please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*."

Macaulay's gains from literature were enormous. In one year (1856) he made £20,000, and the receipt for that large sum the Messrs Longman still preserve as a curiosity. With all his wealth he was far from being close-fisted. We know that all poor poetry got a merciless reception at his hands, but we also know that no poor poet did he ever send empty away. No doubt his generosity was often ill regulated; sham Mary Howitts robbed him of ten-pound notes, and professional impostors, under the garb of broken down Cambridge Fellows, plundered him of hundred-pound cheques; but, on the whole, his giving must have done much good, and been blessed often to the receiver as it always was to the tender heart of the giver. Some will not give at all, for fear they should encourage one impostor. Macaulay gave always, for fear he should pass over one really needy.

Macaulay, as we have seen, was not a Senior Wrangler of his university, but, all the same, he took the highest honours in life; and on August 28, 1857, he was made, by the advice of Palmerston, a Senior Wrangler of the Empire. In that year he received his coronet, and was

constituted a Peer of the realm, under the style and title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. Being, as he acknowledged, a man of humble origin and moderate fortune, he was surprised that such high distinction should have been conferred upon him; but while he duly appreciated his dignity, no one, we are sure, ever wore his ribbon with less parade, as no one, we are certain, ever wore it with less envy.

Macaulay's "History of England" is a torso. When he sat down to his great work, "I propose," he said, "to write the 'History of England' from the accession of King James the Second down to a time within the memory of men still living;" but the pledge he never redeemed, and thus the work so far is fragmentary. Good as were the articles on Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Dr Johnson, and Pitt, he contributed in his later years to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," how gladly would we have wanted them, to have been taken by the fluent and informed cicerone through the reign of Anne, to have lived again in the company of her Court, to have held conversation with Harley and St John, with Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot, and to have talked with Bolingbroke and Steele, with Addison and Defoe. That part of English history which Macaulay was approaching at the end of the fifth volume was the part which of all others he would have done the best, and it is hopeless almost to think any other historical genius will arise who will bring to bear on the events of the period a fluency of style and a power of realistic picturing at all commensurate with his. Of course, what we have lost we cannot tell, but it is in no vague way we feel it to be immense.

The fifth volume he commenced very reluctantly. In former years one work was no sooner done than another

was begun, but after the fourth volume was in the hands of the public it was some months before he again took pen in hand, and when he eventually did get a start made, he said, "God knows whether I shall ever finish this part. I begin it with little heart or hope." By reason of ill-health, a tendency to sleep, and an aversion to work, his progress was slow. "How the days steal away, and nothing done," was a common exclamation of his at this time. Already had he begun to grieve that he would not be spared to finish his work. Further than lessening the amount, however, his growing ailments had no other effect on his literary products; they certainly never damaged the quality of his work. There was nothing he was surer of than that his literary career had been a steady and upward progress; that in every matter of style, form, language, and expression, the works of his mature years were vastly in advance of his more juvenile efforts. What was the historian's own declaration the student will very readily confirm. When he was writing least, his literary sense was at its greatest perfection; and this it was which completely prevented any decline in the substance of his composition, or any falling away from that strength which is so characteristic of all his literary handling.

The last volume of Macaulay's "History of England," the historian was not to see through the press. The truth is, when the beginning of 1859 came, his path was narrowing, and he was already faring onward among the shadows. When Trevelyan left for India, having been appointed Governor of Madras, the historian said "he could hardly expect to see him again. I have thought several times of late that the last scene of the play was approaching. I should wish to act it simply, but with fortitude and gentleness united." His love for his sister

Hannah had always been peculiarly intense, and when some time after her husband had arrived in India she proposed to leave her brother and join her husband there, the idea of a parting—which he felt in his heart must be, so far as this world was concerned, a parting for ever—filled him with the deepest sorrow. A journey to Scotland did not lighten the misery which preyed on his too sensitive heart. On this, as on other occasions, he found in his books his surcease from the troubles that surely assailed him in his hours of reverie or contemplation. The studies of his youth thus became the consolations of his age, and in the pleasures of literature he found an anodyne for his heaviest afflictions. The book which, in this emergency, he used to drive away dull care, was Nichol's "Literary Anecdotes," a great work in nine volumes, and each volume containing well nigh a thousand closely printed pages. He set on it with something like his old ardour. Every blunder in taste and grammar he supplied, every omission he marked, and, as he went on, he commented and enlarged. By doing a volume a week he finished his task in a little over two months. The sad labour was in its object only partially successful. The depression of mind resulted from causes too deep to be removed by a medicine so simple. Do what he might the strange unhappiness came back to him. "I dread," he said, "the next four months more than even the months which will follow the separation. This prolonged parting—this slow sipping of the vinegar and the gall—is terrible."

The parting was to come in a different manner from that which he anticipated. The December of 1859 broke bleak and cold, and before the first fortnight of the month was gone, it had set in hard and enduring frost. Macaulay, surrounded with the warmth of Holly Lodge

though he was, felt the bite of the winter blast. He was not an old man yet, but he felt as if he were dying of old age. "A month," he said, "a month more of such days as I have been passing of late, would make me impatient to get to my little narrow crib, like a weary factory child."

That was what he wrote in his Journal on the 19th December. Four days later he made his last entry, and on the morning of the 28th, the hand that had written so much wrote its last; it was a letter to a poor curate, enclosing five-and-twenty pounds. Late in the afternoon, when the lamps were being lighted in the streets and shop windows of London, the historian, sitting by his library fire, took up the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* and began reading Thackeray's tale of "Lovel the Widower." His nephew joined him for a little in the library, but seeing he was weaker than usual, he went off to get his mother, Mrs Trevelyan, to come and spend the night at the Lodge. The nephew had not been long gone, when Macaulay told his butler he would go to bed earlier that night. The butler solicited the historian to rest for a little on the sofa. Macaulay put away the magazine and made effort as if he would rise. Then he reclined back in his chair and slept, but woke not again. The last had come in good earnest.

Thus it was that Lord Macaulay, having made himself a great and enduring name, and gratified a large and honourable ambition, passed to his rest. To use Mr Gladstone's words, "Full-orbed he was seen above the horizon; and, so full-orbed, after thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendour, he sank beneath it."

In his life, Macaulay had loved to linger in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey; and as he lingered, he was known to cherish the hope, that he might do so bravely

by his countrymen, that when he was gone, they would bury him there. The wish passed into realization, and on the 9th of January 1860, his countrymen laid him to rest amid their illustrious dead. He reposes at the feet of Addison, and near to the tombs of Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Gay. The slab that covers him bears these words :—

His body is buried in peace,
BUT HIS NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE.

JOHN MOTLEY.

JOHN MOTLEY.

Although a man cannot well be killed an hundred years before he is born, nevertheless circumstances may arise at such a date which may render his birth an impossibility. The man regarded by his generation and by the testimony of history as the product of his age, often owes his very being to the mere accident of an accident. When we look on these substantial works, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "The History of the United Netherlands," looking down on us from the shelves of the library, it is curious to think how their existence was imperilled so long ago as the beginning of the last century.

On the morning of the 29th August 1708, there was lamentation and weeping in the little town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. The early chronicles of New England tell how, on that day, the French and the Indians made a fierce attack on the town; they recount how nearly forty persons were slaughtered, and a very considerable number of the inhabitants carried captive into Canada.

Whilst the pillage and slaughter were proceeding, whilst the tomahawk and scalping-knife were doing their merciless work, the minister of Haverhill, the Rev. Benjamin Rolfe was shot by a bullet through the door of his house. The master gone, things might have been

expected to go badly with the other inmates. Hagar, the minister's maidservant, was, however, equal to the occasion. So soon as she heard the whoop of the savages, with the true instinct of a woman, she immediately seized the children, Mary and Elizabeth, who were sleeping at her side, and hid them in the cellar of the house. She had no more than time to secrete herself, when the Indians burst open the door. They ransacked the house, they rummaged the cellar, but fortunately they missed their prey. Had they but turned over two large wash-tubs, sitting in a certain dark corner, most assuredly would there have been lost to us "The Dutch Republic" and "The United Netherlands," and most certainly lost also to the page of American Literary History the great name of John Lothrop Motley.

Owing to the ready wit of the maidservant, both girls, after the storm had swept past, came scatheless from their hiding-places. As the years went by, Elizabeth, the younger, grew up to womanhood. In the course of time she married the Rev. Samuel Checkley of Boston, a gentleman of English extraction. A son of this pair, the Rev. Samuel Checkley, jun., also became a minister in Boston, and he gave one of his daughters in marriage to his assistant and successor, the Rev. John Lothrop. Anna, a daughter of this family again, became the mother of the historian on the 15th of April 1814. Her husband was Thomas Motley, whose great-grandfather went over to America from Belfast. Along with his brother, for the long period of nearly half-a-century, Thomas Motley carried on a large and lucrative business concern in the city of Boston. His family numbered eight, and in the order of birth our historian stood second.

The merchant and his wife were the handsomest couple in all Boston. Thomas Motley was the very type

of the American; shrewd and vivacious, he was a man both of talent and ability. Loving books for their own sake, he had made himself some reputation as an author. Over the education of his children he watched with care, taking particular patience with their reading and declamation. In his wife the enterprising merchant found a suitable companion. She was a lady endowed with the finest gifts of tact and affection. To a rare sweetness of temper there was united in Mrs Motley a certain regal beauty "which made her the type of a perfect motherhood."

It is ever to the offspring of such parents we turn for the perfectest types of the race, ever in them we seek for the finest graces of person and intellect. We cannot speak for the rest of the family, but certainly there was combined in Thomas Lothrop the best mental and physical qualities of his parents. He grew up tall and lithe, and no companion ever came into contact with him without marking the grace of his every movement and gesture. The set of his beautiful head on his shoulders was characterised by peculiar elegance. Lady Byron said he brought her in mind of her husband more than any other man she ever met; but those who saw Motley in the bloom of his youth would never allow that, in the matter of personal appearance, Byron came at all near him. Letting this be as it may, in certain qualities of spirit the famous American bore unmistakable likeness to the more famous Englishman. In the young Motley there was a certain Byronic haughtiness and cynicism, and in the lineaments of his early character there are lines of superciliousness, wilfulness, and impetuosity. We trace the shortcomings of the poet to certain deficiences in maternal training, but the shortcomings of the historian are on that score wholly unaccountable, and are only to be sought for in the original bent of his mind.

The family residence was No. 7 Walnut Street, both garden and garret of which the boy was allowed to appropriate for the purpose of carrying out his schemes of amusement. The lad loved skating and swimming, but, for the most part, he found within the bounds of his home a field wide enough for the prosecution of all his youthful exercises. Little man as he was at eleven, he was still a great reader, and many hours did he while away with the novels of Scott and of Cooper. In the course of his life his novel-reading was not nearly so extensive as Macaulay's, but it was as soon begun, and possibly, as a habit, became as rapidly confirmed. In those immature years the garret was really the boy's study. After the historian had come to eminence, a younger brother used to tell how John used to give him barley-sugar to keep him quiet while he lay wrapped up in a shawl at his feet, figuring the dead Cæsar, and he declaimed the oration of Anthony over the prostrate body. In that garret in Walnut Street there met, every Saturday afternoon, three boys. They clad themselves in doublets and plumed hats; they made themselves kings or robbers, saints or sinners, according to the requirements of their varying moods; and according as the mind of their genius veered, they expressed themselves in the language of tragedy or comedy. These three boys all came to act memorable parts in life: John Lothrop Motley "became the dramatist of a nation's life history;" Thomas Gold Appleton effloresced into an agreeable and popular writer; Wendell Phillips became the Chrysostom of American liberty.

The boy having passed a year at a school in Jamaica Plain, was now sent to Round Hill, Northampton, then under the care of Mr Cogswell and Mr Bancroft. Taking into account the abilities and scholarship of Mr

Bancroft, the pupil must ever be regarded as having been fortunate in his teacher. The meeting of preceptor and scholar is, however, remarkable for other reasons. George Bancroft is the accomplished historian of the United States, and when we add to his name the names of Motley and Prescott, we complete the trinity of American masters in history. There are evidences which go to show that Bancroft took the utmost pains with his pupil; but what would he have thought if he had known when he was teaching him German, then a language but seldom taught, that he was laying the foundation of one of the greatest literary fabrics! and what would have been his feelings had he known that this beautiful Boston youth was yet to become a historian of world-wide reputation, and to be recognised at the shrine of Clio as one of her most worthy worshippers.

Than the power of acquiring languages there is possibly no gift that goes further, or is more highly appreciated, at public seminaries; and this faculty young Motley possessed in a very extraordinary degree. It was his aptitude for languages that had prompted Bancroft to teach the boy German; but, strange to say, his very abilities lay at the root of his weaknesses. Learning readily what other boys learned slowly, he was led into the fatal error of trusting to his genius more than to his powers of application. Finding himself an object of admiration and flattery, certain original tendencies of his constitution to imperiousness and pride were unduly fostered and developed at the expense of the solid qualities of character. In the eyes of his school-fellows, his gifts must have been the spoiling of him, for it is not at all likely that boys would either love or respect any of their companions who gave themselves airs of superiority. At Round Hill the boy, had he been more condescend-

ing, had been more loved; had he been less clever, had been more popular. The real danger of the youth lay in his acquiring those habits of hasty reading which would entirely unfit the man for carrying out any great purpose that required the exercise of continued energy and resolution. This kind of school training was the very worst possible discipline for college life; but if, as a student, he did not entirely redeem himself from the errors of the school-boy, as a man he wholly eradicated them from his character. He soon came to discover, what many have discovered before and since, that work of itself partakes of the nature of genius, and that that ability is next to worthless which is not joined to powers of application. Remembering the clever, careless school-boy, his friends were astonished at the hard-working man; knowing the flippancy of the youth, they opened their eyes in wonder at the resolution of the historian. Those who thought he was only good for the dash of the short race were taken aback "at the long-breathed tenacity of purpose" he manifested in running the countless laps of his after performances. Although possessed of an impulsive and ardent disposition, he seems, on the whole, to have behaved himself at Round Hill with becoming propriety. Apart from his school work, and the desultory reading of which he was so fond, he gave his brain little other exercise. Two chapters of a novel, after the style of Cooper, summed up his juvenile efforts in original composition. The romance began not with one, but with two solitary horsemen riding up to an inn in the valley of the Housatonic. Where the Housatonic was the boy did not know; he was satisfied that the sound of the word fulfilled the requirements of his young imagination.

So soon as a man does anything notable in the world, and particularly in the world of letters, he excites a strong

personal interest; every part of his life is immediately scanned with a care which many parts do not really deserve, and all his actions surrounded with an importance which belong only to few of them. Remembering the great historian, we are apt to forget that even when he entered college he was still the merest child, acting, for the most part, from motives hardly definable, and with the very least forethought. It must ever be a mistake to set anything but the slightest value on those actions of early youth performed before either the responsibilities of life are felt, or its ambitions fired.

When young Motley went up from Round Hill to Harvard he was only thirteen years of age. He took with him a good reputation as a linguist, and altogether commenced his college career under the most favourable auspices. Wendell Holmes says he remembers "the impression which his striking personal beauty produced upon him as he took his seat in the college chapel." During the first year of his course he did his work in a manner commensurate with his abilities, and stood third in his class. Next session, however, he fell away from study so terribly that he was rusticated. In the universities of England rustication is usually the penalty of the gravest offences, but, in the case of Motley, continued negligence is the reason assigned. But whatever was the reason of his being sent to the country, it did him good, and he came back sobered, and with a larger inclination for work. While, however, after being sent down, he did his part as a student with more fidelity, he never afterwards showed the least desire for academical distinction, or put forth the smallest efforts to secure it. Although not manifested in the classes, his ability was recognised by his fellow-students, and in a very marked manner. The members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society consisted

of the first sixteen of every class, but the rules of the association were stretched in the case of Motley, as it was considered his after career would be such as would make it an honour for the society to have his name on their roll of members.

Motley improved and educated himself in lines lying apart from regular college work. There was a certain shallow drawer in a writing table of his rooms which he delighted to fill with character sketches, prose portraits, plays, and poems; and as often as the drawer was filled with the fruits of his industry he delighted in making a little bonfire of the mass. As there must have been amongst these productions pieces of real merit, it is to be regretted that so few of his college effusions have, from this cause, been preserved to us. As yet, his historical instincts were only taking the crudest of shapes. One day a tutor stood aghast before the vast number of novels on the student's table. He remonstrated with Motley, but only to receive the boastful answer, "I am reading historically, and have come to the novels of the nineteenth century. Taken in a lump, they are very hard reading."

The personal traits of his character were few. He left different impressions on different companions. One bears testimony, "He was a manly boy, with no love or leaning to girls' company; no care for dress; not a trace of personal vanity. He was, or at least seemed, wholly unconscious of his rare beauty, and of the fascination of his manner; not a trace of pretence, the simplest and most natural creature in the world." Another says, "He seemed to have a passion for dress. But, as in everything else, so in this, his fancy was a fitful one. At one time he would excite our admiration by the splendour of his outfit, and perhaps the next week he would seem to

take equal pleasure in his slovenly or careless appearance." We cannot read the latter picture without recalling to our recollection its likeness to the portrait of a certain eminent statesman as he appeared, when a youth of nineteen, in the house of the Countess of Blessington. That these portraits of Motley are quite reconcileable, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" very cleverly shows. "Motley so well became everything he wore, that, if he had sprung from his bed, and slipped his clothes on at an alarum fire, his costume would have looked like a prince's undress. His natural presentment, like that of Count D'Orsay, was of the kind which suggests the intentional effects of an elaborate toilet, no matter how little thought or care may have been given to make it effective. I think 'the passion for dress' was really only a seeming, and that he often excited admiration when he had not taken half the pains to adorn himself, that many a youth, less favoured by nature, has wasted upon his unblest exterior only to be laughed at." Writing verses for the "Anti-Masonic Mirror," occasional papers for a magazine then started by Mr Willis, welcoming every appearance of Christopher in *Blackwood* with as great a glee as if he had been a young Scotch Tory, and supping with his friends every week at Fresh Pond and Gallagher's, Motley's student days, such as they were, came to an end. Really the most notable thing in the young man's college life was a letter one of his companions received from Madame Goethe, on the occasion of his sending her an essay on Goethe, which Motley had spoken at one of the college exhibitions. Madame Goethe was so pleased with the performance that she said, "I want to see the first book that young man will write."

It is to be seen at a glance that the college days of Motley were not wholly satisfactory. There was promise

in them; but manifestly that promise was not in the ordinary sphere of university work. Looking back on the trivial efforts made by the future historian during those valuable Harvard years, it consoles one to think on the observation of Barthlémy, that no Grecian youth who won a prize at Olympia as a boy ever won a prize at Olympia as a man;—he noticed that the severity of a too early training destroyed the capabilities of the matured powers. Thinking, again, however, of Motley's discursive studies, we remember a philosophical observation of Boswell in the first chapter of his "Life of Johnson." Says the prince of biographers:—"The flesh of animals who feed excursively is allowed to have a higher flavour than that of those who are cooped up. May there not be the same difference between men who read as their taste prompts, and men who are confined to their cells and colleges to stated tasks?"

As time went past the positive necessity of application became to Motley more and more apparent, and after leaving Harvard for the universities of Berlin and Göttingen, it must be confessed, he worked so hard as to make up in great part, in his two years' residence in Europe, what he had lost at the American college. 1832-1833 were the years the student spent in Germany, and so filled were they with studious labours, that we have of them very little record. What record we have of them, however, shows that Motley was particularly fortunate in the two companionships he formed with two contemporary students. His young friends of Berlin and Göttingen came even to be more famous than those of Walnut Street. The one was Count Alexander Keyserling, the distinguished botanist; and the other Prince Bismarck, the dictator of German politics. Bismarck, writing last year to Professor Holmes, told how he met Motley first

at Göttingen, and how he drew to him on account of his wit, humour, and originality. When they left Göttingen the three students became fellow lodgers in a house in Berlin. They used to discuss Shakespeare, Byron, and Goethe, till the small hours ; but in all their debates the American ever maintained a mild and amiable temper. Prince Bismarck goes on to say :—" The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." In after years the two old students met repeatedly. At Frankfurt, Motley stayed with his old friend, and the last occasion on which they met was at Varzin in 1872, at the celebration of Bismarck's silver wedding.

After Motley's return from Germany in 1834, he appears to have given himself for a time to the study of Law. He found the profession uncongenial, and he never, like Macaulay, entertained the most distant thoughts of devoting his life to its exacting service. Still, without having settled to a definite profession, he married, on the 2d March 1837, Miss Mary Benjamin, then residing with her brother at No. 14 Temple Place. This lady, although not possibly of so high intellectual acquirements as the wife of the historian of Greece, was still even more serviceable to her husband than Mrs Grote to hers. Although Mrs Motley never directly helped her husband with his work, yet without her the work had possibly never been done at all. What success the historian achieved in his life was largely owing to the impetus given to his energies by her gentle and amiable spirit. Those who knew her "found it hard to speak of her in the common terms of praise which they award to the good and the lovely." Her influence gave Motley the

two things he wanted most, concentration and direction. After his marriage he found no difficulty in devoting himself to a particular work, and settling himself to a task to bring it to a successful termination.

In 1839, two years after Motley's marriage, appeared his first literary work, "Morton's Hope," a novel, in two volumes. It was not without its merits, but, lacking everything a novel should have, it proved a complete failure. Showing passion boiling behind a mask of cynicism, it treated the reader to an ill-concealed Byronism. Morton was a mixed Vivian Grey and Pelham, and his hope was pretty much the hope of the former; it was something big and grand, but altogether vague and shadowy. "The novel is a chaos before the creative epoch; the light has not been divided from the darkness; the firmament has not yet divided the waters from the waters." "Morton's Hope" is valuable to a large extent just as "Vivian Grey" is valuable. In it we find both an autobiography and a forecast of the author's future as it seemed in his fancy to lie stretched out before him. "Morton's Hope" gives us the dream of the young historian; "Vivian Grey," again, presents us with the vision of the young politician. We give such passages as the following, partly as specimens of Motley's early style, and partly to supplement our narrative of his life, for with regard to the primary reference of the author there cannot be the least doubt :—

"The ground of my early character was plasticity and fickleness. I was mortified by this exposure of my ignorance, and disgusted with my former course of reading. I now set myself violently to the study of history. With my turn of mind and with the preposterous habits I had been daily acquiring, I could not fail to make as gross mistakes in the pursuit of this as of other branches

of knowledge. I imagined, on setting out, a system of strict and impartial investigation of the sources of history. I was inspired with the absurd ambition, not uncommon to youthful students, of knowing as much as their masters. I imagined it necessary for me, stripling as I was, to study the authorities; and, imbued with the strict necessity of judging for myself, I turned from the limpid pages of the modern historians to the notes and authorities at the bottom of the page. These, of course, sent me back to my monastic acquaintances, and I again found myself in such congenial company to a youthful and ardent mind as Florence of Worcester and Simeon of Durham, the venerable Bede, and Matthew Paris; and so on to Gregory and Fredegarius, down to the more modern and elegant pages of Froissart, Hollinshed, Hooker, and Stowe. Infant as I was, I presumed to grapple with masses of learning almost beyond the strength of the giants of history. A spendthrift of my time and labour, I went out of my way to collect materials and to build for myself, when I should have known that older and abler architects had already appropriated all that was worth preserving; that the edifice was built, the quarry exhausted, and that I was, consequently, only delving amidst rubbish. . . .

"From studying and investigating the sources of history with my own eyes, I went a step further; I refused the guidance of modern writers; and proceeding from one point of presumption to another, I came to the magnanimous conviction that I could not know history as I ought to know it unless I *wrote* it for myself. . . .

"My ambition was boundless; my dreams of glory were not confined to authorship and literature alone; but every sphere in which the intellect of man exerts itself revolved in a blaze of light before me. And there I sat

in my solitude and dreamed such wondrous dreams! Events were thickening around me which were soon to change the world—but they were unmarked by me. The country was changing to a mighty theatre, on whose stage those who were as great as I fancied myself to be, were to enact a stupendous drama in which I had no part. I saw it not; I knew it not; and yet how infinitely beautiful were the imaginations of my solitude! Fancy shook her kaleidoscope each moment as each directed, and lo! what new, fantastic, brilliant, but what unmeaning visions. My ambitious anticipations were as boundless as they were various and conflicting. There was not a path which leads to glory in which I was not destined to gather laurels. As a warrior I would conquer and overrun the world; as a statesman I would reorganize and govern it; as a historian I would consign it to immortality; and in my leisure moments I would be a great poet and man of the world."

The outline is bold enough and filled in with warm enough colours surely. If there is a saving power in hope, then this hero would certainly never perish. How far the ideal was found in the real, how far the dream had its fulfilment, and "how many of the coins the dervise gave the merchant did not turn into leaves next morning," the sequel will show.

Mr Carlyle in one or other of his essays makes the remark, that he who would write heroic poems should make his whole life a heroic poem. A similar observation might be made about our great historians. When we look over the whole range of masters in history, we find that great part of them are also historical personages. Herodotus was not merely the father of history; when he returned to Halicarnassus, after having fled from the fury of Lygdamis, he took a prominent part in expelling the

tyrant from his native city. Thucydides was not only the historian of the demus Halimus; he led an Athenian squadron at Thasus. Xenophon not only wrote the "Anabasis," he was also leader of the ten thousand. Tacitus was not only the author of the "Annales," he was also a consul and in high office at the court of Vespasian. Josephus was a Jewish leader and warrior as well as a Jewish historian. We have seen how the exertion of Grote secured for his countrymen the ballot, and how Macaulay was both a Governor of India and a distinguished Parliamentary debater. We now turn to the first page of Motley's public career.

In 1841 the future historian of the Netherlands was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Russian Mission. This office he held only for a very short period. He feared to expose his wife and two young children to the rigours of a Russian climate, and so far away from those whom he loved most, the heart of the young husband grew home-sick. His position was such that every door in St Petersburg would have readily opened unto him, but his reserve was such that it would have taken him longer time "to have become intimate than to thaw the Baltic." That he had an observant eye for what was going on round about him, and a facile pen to describe it, the following, from a letter to his mother, will show:—"We entered through a small vestibule, with the usual arrangement of treble doors, padded with leather to exclude the cold, and guarded by two 'proud young porters' in severe cocked-hats and formidable batons, into a broad hall—threw off our furred boots and cloaks, ascended a carpeted marble staircase, in every angle of which stood a statuesque footman in gaudy coat and unblemished unmentionables, and reached a broad landing on the top, as usual thronged with servants. Thence we passed

through an ante-chamber into a long, high, brilliantly-lighted, saffron-papered room, in which a dozen card-tables were arranged, and thence into the receiving-room. This was a large room, with splendidly inlaid and polished floor, the walls covered with crimson satin, the cornices heavily encrusted with gold, and the ceiling beautifully painted in arabesque. The massive fauteuils and sofas, as also the drapery, were of crimson satin, with a profusion of gilding. . . . One might almost imagined one's-self in the 'land of the cypress and myrtle' instead of our actual whereabout upon the polar banks of the Neva. Wandering through these mimic groves, or reposing from the fatigues of the dance, was many a fair and graceful form, while the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, filled with hundreds of exquisitely-dressed women (for the Russian ladies, if not pretty, are graceful, and make admirable toilettes), formed a dazzling contrast with the tempered light of the 'Winter Garden.' The conservatory opened into a library, and from the library you reach the ante-chamber, thus completing the 'giro' of one of the prettiest houses in St Petersburg. I waltzed one waltz and quadrilled one quadrille—but it was hard work; and as the sole occupation of these parties is dancing and card-playing—conversation apparently not being customary—they are to me not very attractive." Moving about amongst such scenes as these, the heart of the young diplomatist was still in Boston; and after staying in the Russian capital only a few months, he returned again to America. Although resigning his appointment thus early, there was no unpleasantness occurred. He simply gave up an office which he found did not suit him, and the emoluments of which were inadequate.

Disappointed with his first efforts to serve the Re-

public, he returned to America only to mourn the loss of his first-born, who had died in his absence.

The state of political feeling at the time was not such as could bring any consolation to Motley in the midst of his sorrows and disappointments. The election of a Mr Palk instead of Mr Henry Clay, a gentleman of probity and honour, ruffled his temper dreadfully, and put him almost in despair about the nature of American institutions generally. He thought the election "proved that a man better qualified by an extraordinary combination of advantages to administer the government than any man now living, or any man we can ever produce again, can be beaten by anybody. It has taken forty years to prepare such a man for the Presidency, and the result is that he can be beaten by anybody—Mr Palk is anybody—he is 'Mr Quelconque.'"

Motley had taken some part in local politics, and made various speeches; but after an election, where both experience and intellectual power had gone to the wall, he turned with disgust from a career that could only make the man of character a note-distributor, a fence-viewer, or a hog-reeve. These were the first steps in that statesmanship which, according to "Morton's Hope," "was to reorganize and govern the world."

Turning from the turbid waters of American politics, Motley found solace in the prosecution of his literary studies. In the *North American Review* for 1845 he published a Memoir of the life of Peter the Great. This was a most able production, and his first essay in the historical field. It marked the concentration and development of that diffused power which his friends had noticed in his college career. It had a welcome from the American public somewhat similar to that accorded to Macaulay's "Milton" by the English people. If in

his novel he had given the world a revelation of his personality, in his essay he gave an unmistakable manifestation of his powers as biographer and historian. While the American public admired it for its intrinsic merit, his relations regarded it as the first of a series of more ambitious and elaborate performances. It is of interest to the student as showing "the movement of the hand, the glow of the colour, that were in due time to display on a broader canvas the full-length portraits of William the Silent and of John of Barneveld." The July of 1847 saw the publication of a paper on Balzac, the man "who made twenty assaults upon fame, and had forty books killed under him," before he gained the heights of popular favour. In October 1849 he gave to the world, through the pages of the *Review*, another historical study on the "Polity of the Puritans." The article was written in a thoroughly American spirit, and takes a comprehensive view of American liberalism. There is real insight in such an observation as the following:—"We enjoy an inestimable advantage in America. One can be a republican, a democrat, without being a radical. A *radical*, one who would *uproot*, is a man whose trade is dangerous to society. Here is but little to uproot. The trade cannot flourish. All classes are conservative by necessity, for none can wish to change the structure of our polity."

The year 1849 is memorable as the year of the death of Joseph Lewis Stackpole, Motley's most intimate friend and brother-in-law. This gentleman, although not possessing the parts of the historian, had yet more discretion, common sense, and knowledge of the world, and he was of the utmost service to Motley in restraining his impulsive disposition, and directing his talents to appropriate objects of study. He perished in a railway accident,

and in his death, Holmes says, the historian lost more than he ever knew. The year of Motley's brother-in-law's death was also the year in which he sat as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; but having brought forward a report, when he acted as Chairman of an Education Committee, which received a criticism which he was not able to refute, he retired, "cured of any ambition for political promotion in Massachusetts." This same year also he gave to the world a second novel. It was a vast advance on his primary effort, and the reader found the perfume of "Vivian Grey" lost in the flavour of "Kenilworth." "Merry Mount" was founded on a half historical basis, and, like a vestibule, we pass through it to that part of Motley's life filled with purely historical studies.

So early as 1846 Motley had begun collecting materials for his "Rise of the Dutch Republic." When, however, in 1850, he found himself willing to set seriously to work, he discovered in his way a most unexpected, and, as it appeared at first sight, a wholly insurmountable difficulty. He had hardly sat down in earnest to his desk when he heard that Mr Prescott was occupied with an historical work covering the same field. The information was painful and disappointing, but, like the man of honour he was, Motley resolved to pursue a straightforward and open course. Before throwing down his pen and abandoning what had been to him the cherished dream of years, before throwing aside an undertaking that must have involved the complete renunciation of authorship, he resolved, stranger as he was to the veteran historian, he would seek him out and ascertain from his own lips his views of the matter. "My subject," he says, "had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to

write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination to write any other." Prescott received Motley in the very kindest spirit; he dissuaded him from abandoning the work, assured him that one able book never yet injured another, and ended by offering to place at Motley's disposal any works in his library that he thought would be useful to him in the prosecution of his undertaking. All this was most handsome. The fact was, the older was thoroughly capable of sympathising with the younger man, for Prescott in his earlier days had been placed in a similar predicament when he began his "History of the Conquest of Mexico." Counselling Motley as he did, in reality he was only giving the advice he himself received. Great works depend not merely on accidents of birth, as has already been shown; they depend sometimes on such trivial things as a genial reception and a kindly manner. "Had the result of that interview been different," said Motley,—"had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement,—I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and, no doubt, have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*. And although it seems easy enough for a man of world-wide reputation thus to extend the right hand of fellowship to an unknown and struggling aspirant, yet I fear that the history of literature will show that such instances of disinterested kindness are as rare as they are noble."

To Motley, who wished to do his work systematically and thoroughly, it was highly unsatisfactory to labour at

such a distance from original references and the archives of Europe. He had already, in 1851, done a large part of his task, but the necessity of greater investigation and research so grew upon him that he started with his family for the continent, to begin his labours anew. He spent several years in Europe in unintermitting study and research, and in the course of his investigations he visited the libraries of Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels. We cannot follow the historian through all his wanderings, but the following lucid sentences, taken from a letter to Holmes, give us sufficient insight into his manner of life while pursuing his researches. They also show, while he was doing the laborious work of the history, he could still ply the tripping pen of the novelist:—

"BRUSSELS, 20*th November* 1853. Our daily career is very regular and monotonous. Our life is as stagnant as a Dutch canal. Not that I complain of it; on the contrary, the canal may be richly freighted with merchandise and be a short cut to the ocean of abundant and perpetual knowledge; but, at the same time, few points rise above the level of so regular a life, to be worthy of your notice. You must, therefore, allow me to meander along the meadows of common-place. Don't expect anything of the impetuous or boiling style. We go it weak here. I don't know whether you were ever in Brussels. . . . I haunt this place because it is my scene, my theatre. Here were enacted so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, and even so many farces, which have been familiar to me so long that I have got to imagine myself invested with a kind of property in the place, and look at it as if it were merely the theatre, with the *coulisses*, machinery, drapery, etc., for representing scenes which have long

since vanished, and which no more enter the minds of the men and women who are actually moving across its pavement than if they had occurred in the moon. With the present generation I am not familiar. *En revanche*, the dead men of the place are my intimate friends. I am at home in any cemetery. With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on the most familiar terms. Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlit square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call him by his Christian name at once. My habits here for the present year are very regular. I came here, having, as I thought, finished my work, or rather the first part (something like three or four volumes, 8vo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make, that I am ready to despair. However, there is nothing for it, but to penelopize, pull to pieces, and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labour, nobody can say I have not worked like a brute beast—but I don't care for the result. The labour is in itself its own reward, and all I want. I go day after day to the Archives here (as I went all summer at the Hague) studying the old letters and documents of the fifteenth century. Here I remain among my fellow-worms, feeding on those musty mulberry leaves, out of which we are afterwards to spin our silk. How can you expect anything interesting from such a human cocoon? It is, however, not without its amusement, in a mouldy sort of way, this reading of dead letters. It is something to read the real, *bona-fide* sign manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexander Tarvese, Philip II., Cardinal Granvelle, and the rest of them. It gives a 'realizing sense,' as the Americans have it."

At length the labours of ten years were brought to a

conclusion. Bearing with him his huge manuscript, he now emerged from his continental retirement and repaired to London, to make arrangements for the publishing of the work. To the booksellers of London he was utterly unknown, and not one of them would undertake the publication of the history on their own responsibility. First he called on Mr Murray, who afterwards published the United Netherlands, but it was only to be politely rebuffed. Eventually, the author, through Mr John Chapman, gave the work to the world at his own expense. In a very few weeks after its publication there was gnashing of teeth amongst the booksellers who had declined the manuscript. The "Rise of the Dutch Republic" immediately took the popular taste, and before 1850 had closed no less than 15,000 copies of the work had been sold in England alone. Those who had slumbered and slept over "Morton's Hope," and drowsed over "Merry Mount," now found their sleepiness slip from them like a garment as they perused the glowing pages of the Dutch Republic. The patient research united to the full colouring, the rapidity of movement combined with the reality of portraiture, kept the reading world enthralled as they had never been by history or romance before or since. When Mr Froude read the work, he passed his word in the *Westminster Review*, that it would take its place amongst the finest histories in this or in any language; and so far as gone his prediction still holds. There is no indication that it has before it a waning popularity, and eventually the dusty shelf of a library as its final resting-place. The Dutch Republic possesses a double life: it will live as an accurate record of facts; it will live as a thrilling narrative. The ruddy vivacity of the story, the deep dye of the language and the sumptuousness of the dramatic descriptions, make one

inclined to say of the author what Guido said of Rubens: "The fellow mixes blood with his colours." The Republic marks usually a period in a man's reading. He forgets when he read other works, but he always remembers about it, and calculates before and after it as a chronological event in his intellectual existence. After reading the volumes, Prescott held out to Motley the hand of fellowship, rejoicing most of all in this, that it had been reserved for one of his countrymen to tell the story of the memorable revolution better than it ever had been told. Holmes says:—"The lonely student, who had almost forgotten the look of living men in the solitude of archives haunted by dead memories, found himself suddenly in the full blaze of a great reputation." The following is Motley's description of the siege of Antwerp:—

"At ten o'clock, a moving wood was descried approaching the citadel from the south-west. The whole body of the mutineers from Alost, wearing green branches in their helmets, had arrived under command of their Eletto, Navarrete. Nearly three thousand in number, they rushed into the castle, having accomplished their march of twenty-four miles since three o'clock in the morning. They were received with open arms. Sancho d'Avila ordered food and refreshments to be laid before them, but they refused everything but a draught of wine. They would dine in Paradise, they said, or sup in Antwerp. Finding his allies in such spirit, Don Sancho would not balk their humour. Since early morning his own veterans had been eagerly waiting his signal, 'straining upon the start.' The troops of Romero, Vargas, Valdez, were no less impatient. At about an hour before noon, nearly every living man in the citadel was mustered for the attack, hardly men enough being left behind to guard the gates. Five thousand veteran foot soldiers,

besides six hundred cavalry, armed to the teeth, sallied from the portals of Alva's citadel. In the counterscarp they fell upon their knees, to invoke, according to custom, the blessing of God upon the devil's work, which they were about to commit. The Eletto bore a standard, one side of which was emblazoned with the crucified Saviour, and the other with the Virgin Mary. The image of Him who said, 'Love your enemies,' and the gentle face of the Madonna, were to smile from heaven upon deeds which might cause a shudder in the depths of hell. Their brief orisons concluded, they swept forward to the city. Three thousand Spaniards, under their Eletto, were to enter by the street of Saint Michael; the Germans and the remainder of the Spanish foot, commanded by Romero, through that of Saint George. Champagny saw them coming, and spoke a last word of encouragement to the Walloons. The next moment the compact mass struck the barrier, as the thunderbolt descends from the cloud. The Spaniards clashed through the bulwark, as though it had been a wall of glass. The Eletto was first to mount the rampart; the next instant he was shot dead, while his followers, undismayed, sprang over his body, and poured into the streets. The fatal gaps, due to timidity and carelessness, let in the destructive tide. Champagny, seeing that the enemies had all crossed the barrier, leaped over a garden wall, passed through a house into a narrow lane, and thence to the nearest station of the German troops. Hastily collecting a small force he led them in person to the rescue. The Germans fought well, died well, but they could not reanimate the courage of the Walloons, and all were now in full retreat, pursued by the ferocious Spaniards. In vain Champagny stormed among them; in vain he strove to rally their broken ranks. With his own hand he seized

a banner from a retreating ensign, and called upon the nearest soldiers to make a stand against the foe. It was to bid the flying clouds pause before the tempest. Torn, broken, aimless, the scattered troops whirled about the streets before the pursuing wrath. Champagny, not yet despairing, galloped hither and thither, calling upon the burghers everywhere to rise in defence of their homes, nor did he call in vain. They came forth from every place of rendezvous, from every alley, from every house. They fought as men fight to defend their hearths and altars, but what could individual devotion avail against the compact, disciplined, resistless mass of their foes? The order of defence was broken; there was no system, no concert, no rallying point, no authority. So soon as it was known the Spaniards had crossed the rampart, that its six thousand defenders were in full retreat, it was inevitable that a panic should seize the city.

"Their entrance once effected, the Spanish force had separated, according to previous arrangement, into two divisions, one half charging up the long street of Saint Michael, the other forcing its way through the street of Saint Joris. 'Santiago, Santiago! España, España! á sangre, á carne, á fuego, á sacco!'—Saint James, Spain, blood, flesh, fire, sack!! Such were the hideous cries which rang through every quarter of the city, as the savage horde advanced. Van Ende, with his German troops, had been stationed by the Marquis of Havré to defend the Saint Joris gate, but no sooner did the Spaniards under Vargas present themselves, than he deserted to them instantly with his whole force. United with the Spanish cavalry, these traitorous defenders of Antwerp dashed in pursuit of those who had only been faint-hearted. Thus the burghers saw themselves attacked by many of their friends, deserted by more. Whom wer

they to trust? Nevertheless, Oberstein's Germans were brave and faithful, resisting to the last, and dying every man in his harness. The tide of battle flowed hither and thither, through every street and narrow lane. It poured along the magnificent Place de Meer, where there was an obstinate contest. In front of the famous Exchange, where, in peaceful hours five thousand merchants met daily to arrange the commercial affairs of Christendom, there was a determined rally, a savage slaughter. The citizens and faithful Germans, in this broader space, made a stand against their pursuers. The tesselated, marble pavement, the graceful, cloister-like arcades, ran red with blood. The ill-armed burghers faced their enemies, clad in complete panoply, but they could only die for their homes. The massacre at this point was enormous, the resistance at last overcome.

"Meantime the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side furthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite the New-town, the states dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked. They then turned and fled towards the Red-gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armour, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused host of fugitives

and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse-market, the fugitives fled onward towards the quays. Many fell beneath the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of the horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheldt. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-town, and to fortify the palace of the Hausa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river. The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valour of that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and, oppressed with the weight of his armour, was drowned.

"Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the *Grande Place.* Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous Hôtel de Ville, and the tall, many storied, fantastically-gabled, richly-decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the streets of Saint Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the melée. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set

on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity these means were now employed, and in a brief interval the city-hall, and other edifices on the square, were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them. In the city-hall many were consumed, while others leapt from the windows to renew the combat below. In the street called the *Canal au Sucre*, immediately behind the Town-house, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster, Van der Meere, lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheldt. Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

"Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that, in the course of this and the two follow-

ing days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered. The Spaniards seemed to have cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come hither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood-thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its gold mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. Riot and rape might be deferred; even murder, though congenial to their taste, was only subsidiary to their business. They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mother's arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husband's eyes. Of all deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. It was called the Spanish Fury, by which dread name it has been known for ages."*

Motley spent the winter of 1856-57 amongst his friends in Boston, and they were pleased to observe the serene, subdued, thoughtful manhood which had grown out of the eager, impulsive boyhood. His fame had only added to his modesty, and he wore his accomplishments lightly as a flower. The American people had the pedestal of the idol ready for him, "but he showed no desire to show himself upon it." In 1858 he returned to England,

* "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," Part IV., Chapter V.

and his daughter, who became Lady Harcourt, says he enjoyed during his stay the society of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lady William Russell, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Dean Milman, and many others.

"The Rise of the Dutch Republic" is a complete book in itself, but the design of the historian was to write a great work to be called "The Eighty Years' War for Liberty," of which it was only to form the first epoch. His plan was to take up the historical clue where he had left it in the Republic, and constitute the period from the death of William the Silent till the Twelve Years' Truce into a second epoch; and then going on, from the recognition of Independence to the Peace of Westphalia (1609-1648), to embody the events of those years into a third epoch, with which his labours would conclude, and after which he would "cease to scourge the public." The first part of this vast design was no sooner completed, than Motley immediately set himself to work to collect materials for his second epoch. Industrious as he had been before in the libraries of Europe, he was now more industrious than ever; and by keeping his copyists continually at work, he was able to make more rapid progress than before. He felt his next part of his History must have particular value, as, "by special favour of the Belgian Government, he was allowed to read what no one else had ever been permitted to see."

History is imperious in its demand on its writer. Clio will have no divided worship. Gibbon did nothing else than devote himself heart and soul to the "Decline and Fall." When Grote undertook the "History of Greece" he had to give up his business. Macaulay, when he began the "History of England," had to drop writing articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. And if this volume establishes one thing more than another, it is this, that

our great masters in history have also been the greatest workers of their age. Men of genius as they were, they would have been nameless had they not applied themselves like Titans to their tasks. One hardly knows whether to admire more the persistence and dogged perseverance with which they prosecuted their work, or the ability and scholarship they brought to its execution. In cases of emergency men can do very wonderful things : for a week or a month they may work with surpassing energy ; but the sight that is before us in these lives we have sketched is the sight of men working at the very highest pitch, and putting out for long years on end such intellectual and physical efforts as would leave ordinary men completely exhausted in a few days, or in the course of a few weeks at most. Nor can it be said that this supreme impulse comes in any way from the love of gain. No historian ever kept *that* as an end in view ; no historian ever needed to write for money ; and only one or two have kept it in view even as a secondary consideration. In truth, every great history is a testimony to the love of knowledge and intellectual exercise for their own sakes, and is a witness to that consuming, unselfish ardour which, in a more or less degree, every noble study inspires.

In powers of continued labour, Motley takes rank with those we have already named. So soon as the "Dutch Republic" was through the press, he was started on his second epoch ; and in 1860 he gave to the world two volumes of the "United Netherlands." In the second chapter of that work the author gives us some insight into those delights which thrill the heart of the historian as he pores over the musty records of the past :— "Moreover, as already indicated, the envoys, and those whom they represented, had not the same means of

arriving at a result as are granted to us. Thanks to the liberality of many modern Governments of Europe, the archives where the State secrets of the buried centuries have so long mouldered, are now open to the student of history. To him who has patience and industry many mysteries are thus revealed which no political sagacity or critical acumen could have divined. He leans over the shoulder of Philip the Second at his writing-table, as the king spells patiently out, with cypher key in hand, the most concealed hieroglyphics of Parma, or Guise, or Mendosa. He reads the secrets of 'Fabius'* as that cunctative Roman scrawls his marginal apostilles on each despatch; he pries into all the stratagems of Camillus, Hortensius, Mucius, Julius, Tullius, and the rest of those ancient heroes who lent their names to the diplomatic masqueraders of the sixteenth century; he enters the cabinet of the deeply-pondering Burghley, and takes from the most private drawer the memoranda which record that minister's unutterable doubtings; he pulls from the dressing-gown folds of the stealthy, softly-gliding Walsingham the last secret which he has picked from the Emperor's pigeon-holes or the Pope's pocket; and which, not Hatton, nor Buckhurst, nor Leicester, nor the Lord Treasurer, is to see—nobody but Elizabeth herself; he sits invisible at the most secret council of the Nassaus, and Barneveld, and Buys, or pores with Farnese over coming victories, and vast schemes of universal conquest; he reads the latest bit of scandal, the minutest characteristic of king or minister, chronicled by the gossiping Venetians for the edification of the Forty; and, after all this prying and eavesdropping, having seen the cross-purposes, the bribings, the windings, the fencings in the dark, he is not surprised if those who were syste-

* The name usually assigned to Philip himself.

matically deceived did not always arrive at correct conclusions."

In 1860 Motley took up house at No. 31 Hertford Street, May Fair. But while he sat down to devote himself to the further continuation of his history of the Low Countries, the voice of civil contention coming across the Atlantic from his native land called away his attention from the events of the past to the more engrossing events of the present—from being a calm spectator of the affairs of the sixteenth century, to be an eager partizan in those of the nineteenth. So soon as the mutterings of civil discord were heard, he wrote two elaborate letters to the *Times*, laying bare the weighty issues at stake in the struggle, and in 1861 he returned to America. Aware of the service he had rendered to his country by his efforts in the *Times*, soon after his landing he was appointed by Lincoln, Minister to Austria. He at once repaired to Vienna, and this post he held for the space of six years. While Austrian Ambassador he had many delicate offices to perform; but the most delicate of all was the conducting of certain negotiations connected with the affairs of Mexico. The United States saw fit to take up a strong stand on the subject, and Motley had to convey to Count Mensdorff the American ultimatum. He was in Vienna when Denmark stood alone against the combined powers of Austria and Prussia. When the war was done Bismarck came to arrange terms of peace with the Emperor, and the occasion gave the historian and the politician ample opportunities of renewing the friendship of college days.

During these Vienna years literature was in abeyance. Motley's whole soul was absorbed in the conflict in which his country was involved. Confessing they were

living over again the days of the Dutchmen or the seventeenth-century Englishmen, all else seemed to him "but leather and prunella." "Everything around his inkstand, within a radius of a thousand miles," was to the eager historian, who dipped his pen into it, of the deepest interest. In certain letters to his American friends, he said, the question they had to settle was, "Shall slavery die or the Great Republic?" and it was astounding to him "there could be two opinions in the free States as to the answer." "The great Republic and slavery cannot both survive. We have been defied to mortal combat, and yet we are afraid to strike." It was in vain he sighed, "Dear me! I wish I could get back to the sixteenth and seventeenth century." To his ardent spirit the events of the nineteenth were too engrossing. The struggle was one he could not look on coldly, yet while all his speech and action were the speech and action of the most genuine patriotism, it is strange to think he was not exempt from the shafts of malevolence.

No one doubts there is before the American people a glorious future; but the fact that a man like Motley, a man whose sterling integrity and uprightness were vindicated by his successors in the offices which he filled, was twice humiliated, at the instance of unknown calumniators, by the American government, is not one of those things which will hasten the realization of that future, but will rather retard its coming. That the government of one of the greatest nations on the earth can stoop to the foul charges of anonymity, that they have an ear for the whisper of malice and envy, must ever enter as an element of trouble into our every estimate of American political life and institutions. A government, like an individual, when it speaks no

slander, only does half its duty—the other and equally important half is not to listen to it.

The facts which brought about Motley's resignation as Austrian Ambassador were simply these. Andrew Johnson, the President of the United States, received a letter dated Paris, October 23, 1866, and signed "George W. M'Crackin (!) of New York." This letter, under the cover of a criticism of certain Massachusetts affairs, heaped on Motley the lowest abuse, accused him of speaking "malignantly" and "offensively" of the Andrew Johnson above named, and said that he had called Mr Seward "a thorough flunkey" and some terms of that sort. Had this letter been received by an English official, very probably the next minute after it had been read it would have made a contribution to the ashes of the grate. Or if it had been saved from this fate, equally rapidly would it have found its way into the hands of a detective, and without doubt a letter would have been sent telling the gentleman aspersed that eavesdroppers were about, and "venomous familiars" were crawling about his person, and so he had better be on his guard. Andrew Johnson did not act as it seems to us an English government official would have done. The letter passed into the hands of Mr Seward, the Secretary of State. This gentleman, whether or not by the order of the President does not appear, sent to Motley not asking him to confess or deny the accusations of M'Crackin, but putting to him various questions suggested by the Paris document. Seward's letter was both an accusation and an insult. The accusation Motley answered by denying it, the insult he repudiated by at once sending in his resignation. The historian "blushed that such charges could have been uttered; he was deeply wounded that Mr Seward could have listened o such falsehood."

No man of the name of M'Crackin had Motley ever seen or known. Holmes would give us to understand that he was an "interviewer" of the American Press, who, getting near his person, had taken advantage of his hour of expansion. He says truly, "No man is safe whose unguarded threshold the mischief-making questioner has crossed. The more unsuspecting, the more frank, the more courageous, the more social is the subject of his vivisection, the more easily does he get at his vital secrets, if he has any to be extracted. No man is safe if the hearsay reports of his conversation are to be given to the public without his own careful revision." While one acknowledges the truth of Holmes' words, one still may regard with more complacency such exhibitions of malevolence. The evil-spirited enjoy their hours of triumph over the finer and opener natures, but they are soon found out, and come to be regarded as of all God's creatures the most wretched and the most miserable. They, too, have their reward.

But this is not all. When Mr Seward received Motley's resignation, he sent a letter to him declining to accept it. What became of this letter nobody ever knew, but there is every reason to believe that President Johnson sent a telegraphic order to a despatch agent and arrested it before it came into Motley's hands. Thus, by a course of action singularly base and dishonourable throughout, Motley's long and successful services at the court of Vienna were brought to a close, and he was sent out with the stigma upon him that he had betrayed the secrets and traduced the character of the highest members of the United States Government.

Motley's humiliation was, no doubt, ill enough to bear, and having his ardent nature, it was well for him that he had a work to fall back upon in the prosecution of which

he could forget the unhandsome dealings of his government and the malice of his unseen and secret enemies. In 1868 he was able to publish the two concluding volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands." These latter volumes, if they were less interesting than the former, were not composed with less masterly care, nor were they the product of less diligent search. If they contain nothing to equal the nineteenth chapter of the second volume, that is because they had to chronicle nothing to compare with the building, sailing, and destruction of the Spanish Armada. If we find their pages colder it is not that the pictures are less real, but because we have not the same interest in the men and women whose portraits he draws and whose deeds he narrates. In the second instalment of the "United Netherlands" there are no sieges like those of Leyden, Antwerp and Maestricht, no names so dear to our hearts or come so readily to our lips as these—William the Silent, Egmont, Elizabeth, Sir Philip Sidney, Leicester, and Amy Robsart.

To the faults of Motley's style we have not alluded, nor do they require other than the very briefest notice. To the popular reader it may be said to be a style wholly without faults. Everything being plain and simple, but lucid and glowing, ordinary minds are pleased, they are carried so rapidly along; and with new sensations coming to them with the turning of every leaf, they care not to pause to examine the narrative with a critical eye. Those, however, who stop now and again to examine the historian's workmanship are bound to notice the occasional manifestation of, as it were, an animal glee, where the historian in his impatience seems to break loose from the trammels of his subject. There are lights and shades made lighter and darker than need be, evidently with the view of presenting a striking contrast. There are also

scintillating images and twinkling epithets that seem more to answer the requirements of literary effect than historical verity. There are paragraphs and expressions that put one in mind of Harvard and "Morton's Hope." On the whole, however, it must be said his exercises in the novel stood him in the very best stead. Intrigue and plot he managed not the worse, but the better, because of his early efforts in romance. No historian makes his men and women do their part with less jostling than Motley, as no historian has been able to give the appearance of greater unity and of culminating interest to the body of his work.

There is nothing easier than to trace in Motley's work the hand of the novelist, but that it was a help and not a hindrance such passages as these can well testify: "It was a pompous spectacle, that midsummer night on those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation—would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvoes of anticipated triumph, and filling the air with strains of insolent music, would they not, by daybreak, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

"As the twilight deepened, the moon became totally obscured, dark cloud-masses spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of an approaching tempest became distinctly audible. Such indications of a westerly gale were not encouraging to those cumbrous vessels, with the treacherous quick-sands of Flanders under their lee.

"An hour past midnight it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practised eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint drip of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. A few moments afterwards the sea became suddenly luminous, and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them, before the wind and tide." *

Here again is a paragraph,—a complete paragraph; can we read it without thinking of "Merry Mount," or that within some book with yellow boards we have met it before:—"Winter, standing side by side with the Lord-Admiral on the deck of the little *Ark Royal*, gazed for the first time on those enormous galleons and galleys with which his companion was already sufficiently familiar." †

Immediately on the publication of his history, Motley once more crossed the Atlantic, and established himself in Boston. The people were on the eve of making a Presidential Election. Motley, on the invitation of the Parker Fraternity, gave a great electioneering speech. He spoke in warm eulogy of Grant, and of a government with which he was soon to be at as great enmity as he had been with the government of Johnson.

Like the *Times* letters, the speech was not without its effect. Soon after the election of General Grant, Motley was appointed American Ambassador to England. It was the highest diplomatic appointment the government had to bestow. Whether or not certain presentiments, the taint left by the Vienna resignation, still hung about him, we cannot tell, but his appointment brought no gladness to his heart, and he even accepted it with mis-

* "United Netherlands," vol. ii., pp. 485, 491.

† "United Netherlands," vol. ii., p. 486."

giving of spirit. We find him writing to a dear friend—a friend now acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic as the first of American essayists :—"I feel anything but exultation at present, rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and, at the same time, that I am taking greater responsibilites than ever were assumed by me before. *You* will be indulgent to my mistakes and shortcomings—and who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel, and times are threatening. I shall do my best—but the best may be poor enough—and keep 'a heart for every fate.'"

The history of Motley's English diplomatic appointment is another painful page in American political life. The facts concerning his recall are few and simple.

When Reverdy Johnson was minister at the Court of St James, he drew out an Alabama Treaty, which was rejected by the Senate, and which also made the Senate think proper to recall their ambassador. Mr Motley had the friendship of Sumner; he was nominated without opposition, and his appointment was ratified by the American Senate. When the new minister arrived in Liverpool he was very cordially welcomed by the English people. In London his worth and abilites were known, and he was regarded with sentiments of deference and respect. Settled in the capital, he soon had an interview with Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary of State. The conversation with the English minister the American ambassador reported in full to his own government. The conversation was generally approved of. Some words were thought to be *stronger* than necessary, and *one* point was thought to be not absolutely in accordance with the President's views. The government suggested these things to Motley in the friendliest way, after receiving his report of his meeting with Lord Clarendon, and they

concluded their despatch by repeating again their approval of their ambassador's exertions. Here ends the first complaint.

The second complaint was to the effect that the minister had shown minutes of this conversation to Lord Clarendon, to obtain his confirmation of their correctness, and he had not mentioned this circumstance to his government till some weeks after it had taken place.

So soon as communication was made to Motley by Mr Fish, then Secretary of State, that part of the conversation he had with Lord Clarendon was not approved of, he immediately sent a written communication to his lordship explaining the exact position of his government, and using *Fish's identical language.*

This was all. No one could have conceived there was anything to find fault with. All that had taken place amounted just to nothing. A mistake had been made and corrected, and the conduct of the ambassador generally approved. There is nothing in Motley's conduct but might have been soon forgotten, and, indeed, it was like to be forgotten. A year and more rolled past, the ambassador worked hard and conscientiously, and there was nothing heard about that first interview.

Only one thing had occurred in the twelve months worthy of note. The position of Motley the government had objected to as somewhat strong, they themselves ordered Motley to take up. The expressions Motley used to Lord Clarendon, which they had found fault with at first, they now authorized him to use. If he had made a mistake at first, the government now came forward and endorsed his mistake. There was not, therefore, the remotest shadow of difference between Motley and his government. They were one. If ever man seemed secure in the position he occupied, it

was Motley in his position as American minister in England.

When all was going quietly, when the political atmosphere was apparently without a cloud, when Motley felt himself as he said, thoroughly established in the confidence of his government and the friendship of the best people in England, in the July of 1870 he got a letter from Fish asking him to resign. Perhaps he thought he had been hasty in resigning at Vienna, perhaps he thought President Grant would write a letter that would not be intercepted this time. The letter never came. In November he was recalled.

When Motley got the letter asking him to resign, he was completely taken aback. It fell on him like a thunderbolt. The historian was also the more surprised that the secretary of the American Republic should have couched it in terms of gross and undignified insult. The whole matter was unaccountable and mysterious in the highest degree to the English minister. Had there been any outstanding reason, had he ever acted an underhand part, had he ever made any palpable blunder, had he ever bartered the interests of his government for the ends of private ambition, Motley would have been the first of men to have acknowledged his weakness, and acquiesced in his recall; but as no such reasons could be assigned, the scholar felt his humiliation deeply, and the blow fell heavily on the "newly-healed wound of malice."

The reasons given for certain actions often, instead of palliating, aggravate the offence. The reason of Motley's recall makes the injustice that was done him doubly black. Mr Sumner was a power in the American Senate, and to his influence the historian largely owed his place at the English court. On an important San Domingo question, a treaty had been drawn up which the Senate

rejected. President Grant's vanity was wounded, and Sumner and he came to an open rupture. The treaty was rejected on the 30th day of June, the quarrel took place on the same day, and the very next day the note demanding Motley's resignation was issued. Sumner was a power which Grant could not injure; the only way he could stab him was by humiliating his friend. Grant said bitterly, "Sumner promised me he would vote for the treaty. But when it was before the Senate, he did all he could to beat it." It was a rough, soldier-like way to pay off his score against Sumner by recalling the English minister.

It was all too apparent. The President and Fish had to vindicate themselves in some way, and they went away and sought a reason for their action in the long forgotten Motley-Clarendon conversation, calling their minister bad names over again for a course of conduct which they themselves had ratified. Drowning men catch at straws, but the straws, all the same, do not save their lives. Motley did not care to have the matter debated in his life. He bent to the blow, although he knew he would never recover from its effects. After the historian was gone, the whole question was brought up and put definitely before the American people. Grant of course repudiated acting a malicious part; but acquitted by his lips, we can hardly fail to mark from his words he was condemned by his conscience. "Is it proper to say of me," said Grant, "that I killed Motley, or that I made war upon Sumner, for not supporting the annexation of San Domingo? But if I dare to answer that I removed Motley from the highest considerations of duty as an executive; and if I presume to say that he made a mistake in his office which made him no longer useful to the country; if Fish has the temerity to hint that

Sumner's temper was so unfortunate that business relations with him became impossible,—we are slandering the dead."

Altogether, it is a sad, disheartening story. The author of "Morton's Hope" dreamt of "a statesmanship that was to reorganise and govern the world," but the dream faded, and the old diplomatist found that the gold coins which the dervise had given him in youth, had turned at last into withered leaves in his hands.

As English minister, the part which Motley had to perform was of the most difficult kind. The negotiations he had to conduct required far more than ordinary delicacy. The Alabama claims were repudiated by the mass of the English people. Every mention of them gave rise to exasperation. But never once did the popular feeling—a feeling on such occasions not usually marked by the utmost discrimination—lay anything to the charge of the United States' diplomatist; and when he was recalled, the *Daily News* spoke of him in the following terms:—"We are violating no confidence in saying that all the hopes of Mr Motley's official residence in England have been amply fulfilled, and that the announcement of his unexpected and unexplained recall was received with extreme astonishment and unfeigned regret. The vacancy he leaves cannot possibly be filled by a minister more sensitive to the honour of his government, more attentive to the interests of his country, and more capable of uniting the most vigorous performance of his public duties with the high-bred courtesy and conciliatory tact and temper that make those duties easy and successful. Mr Motley's successor will find his mission wonderfully facilitated by the firmness and discretion that have presided over the conduct of American affairs in this country

during too brief a term, too suddenly and unaccountably concluded."

Motley's recall from the English mission—a mission in which he had taken both pride and pleasure—inflicted a wound on his sensitive nature from which he never completely recovered. It says, however, much for his resolution and literary devotedness that, immediately his connection with his government had been severed, he wasted not a moment in useless repining, but at once set to work again. The conception and general outline of his "third epoch" now rose before him, quickening all his endeavours, and calling forth all his energies. From London he repaired to the Hague, and began his researches in earnest. The "Dutch Republic" had already been translated into the languages of the Netherlands and been read with the keenest interest. Vast masses of information had been gathered by laborious German scholars, but here they saw the facts embodied in a manner they had never seen before; they marked in the history something of the enthusiasm that had fired the hearts of their forefathers, and the whole people were sensible they owed a deep debt of gratitude to the American writer. When, therefore, Motley repaired to the Hague, the Queen of the Netherlands but gave expression to the feeling of the country, by the personal courtesy she showed to the historian: she made ready a house for him, providing him with a large library, and was solicitous about his every comfort. He also enjoyed the patronage of the king, and the respect of all Dutch scholars. M. Groen van Prinsterer, although a man of colossal erudition, looked upon the American with feelings of the utmost deference and respect. Although Prinsterer was a man of unbounded application, it is said that Motley's powers of work surprised even him. The historian used the facilities placed at his command

to collect a vast mass of materials for a work which he proposed to publish as an introduction to his third epoch. At the Hague all his severely studious habits came back to him, and he worked at his "Life and Death of John of Barneveld" with as much energy as he had done at the "Dutch Republic" and "The United Netherlands." His daughter, Lady Harcourt, gives us a very interesting account of his habits of study:—"He generally rose early, the hour varying somewhat at different parts of his life, according to his work and health. Sometimes when much absorbed by literary labour he would rise before seven, often lighting his own fire, and with a cup of tea or coffee writing until the family breakfast hour, after which his work was immediately resumed, and he usually sat over his writing-table until late in the afternoon, when he would take a short walk. His dinner hour was late, and he rarely worked at night. During the early years of his literary studies he led a life of great retirement. Later, after the publication of the "Dutch Republic" and during the years of official place, he was much in society in England, Austria, and Holland. He enjoyed social life, and particularly driving out, keenly, but was very moderate and simple in all his personal habits, and for many years before his death had entirely given up smoking. His work, when not in his own library, was in the Archives of the Netherlands, Brussels, Paris, the English State Paper Office, and the British Museum, where he made his own researches; patiently and laboriously consulting original manuscripts, and reading masses of correspondence, from which he afterwards caused copies to be made, and where he worked for many consecutive hours a-day. After his material had been thus painfully and toilfully amassed, the writing of his own story was always done at home, and his mind, having digested the

necessary matter, always poured itself forth in writing so copiously that his revision was chiefly devoted to reducing the over-abundance. He never shrank from any of the drudgery of preparation, but I think his own part of the work was sheer pleasure to him."

From the Hague, in 1872, Motley returned to London. The health of his wife, and particularly his own, imperatively required a change. In the autumn of that year they arrived at Bournemouth, and on the very day of their arrival a very serious illness overtook the historian from the rupture of one of the vessels on the lungs. In some weeks he recovered sufficiently to revise his Hague manuscript, but he was not long at his desk when he was struck down by the first of a number of attacks of the head, "which robbed him of all power of work, although his intellect remained untouched."

In 1874, notwithstanding much illness, he was able to give to the world his work on Barneveld. In the third and fourth volume of the "United Netherlands" there had been a falling away in the spirit of the narrative, but in Barneveld he took up the quill with which he had written the "Dutch Republic;" his primary historical enthusiasm came back to him; his old spirit possessed him; and he filled in his outline of the face of Barneveld with as bold yet accurate a brush as he had painted his famous portrait of William the Silent. Many may not think so, but *he* thought the two heroes like each other. In the first chapter the historian says:—"There can be no doubt that if William the Silent was the founder of the independence of the United Provinces, Barneveld was the founder of the Commonwealth itself. Had that country, of which he was so long the first citizen, maintained until our day the same proportional position among the empires of Christendom as it held in the seventeenth

century, the name of John of Barneveld would have perhaps been as familiar to all men as it is at this moment to nearly every inhabitant of the Netherlands."

The "Life of Barneveld" threw Motley open anew to the charge of importing into historical writing an American spirit. *Blackwood* charged him with being a member of the "fast" school, after the publication of the "Dutch Republic." This charge, however, it has to be said, was made more in good humour than in any bitterness of spirit. The complaint that the historian was a devotee of the rollicking, rattling style might have, with some show of reason, been preferred anew from the pages of "Barneveld;" but in reality it was hardly named. The critics were lost in admiration of "that subtle alchemy of the brain which had enabled him to produce out of dull, crabbed, and often illegible state papers, the vivid, graphic, and sparkling narrative which he has given to the world."

A question purely theological, if it has no bearing on church government, seldom causes amongst the people much interest in this country; but when we turn to the pages of Motley we see how terribly the whole Dutch population was excited over certain speculations in divinity. "In burghers' mansions, peasants' cottages, mechanics' back-parlours; on board herring-smacks, canal-boats, and East Indiamen; in shops, counting-rooms, farm-yards, guard-rooms, ale-houses; on the exchange, in the tennis-court, on the wall; at banquets, at burials, christenings, or bridals; wherever and whenever human creatures met each other,—there was ever to be found the fierce wrangle of Remonstrant and Contra-Remonstrant, the hissing of red-hot theological rhetoric, the pelting of hostile texts. The blacksmith's iron cooled on the anvil, the tinker dropped a kettle half mended, the broker left a bargain unclenched, the

Scheveningen fisherman, in his wooden shoes, forgot the cracks in his pinkie, while each paused to hold high converse with friend or foe on fate, free-will, or absolute foreknowledge; losing himself in wandering mazes whence there was no issue. Province against province, city against city, family against family—it was one vast scene of bickering, denunciation, heart-burnings, mutual excommunication and hatred."

It is curious to notice how, in writing the biography of another, the biographer often also writes his own. Every biography is to some extent an autobiography, the individual feelings and experiences of a writer creep into his narrative before he is aware. While he thinks he is looking with the eyes of the man of whom he is writing, he is in reality looking with his own; while he thinks he is gazing on the heart of another individual, he is but looking into his own breast. The motives he seeks to analyse are frequently but the motions of his own mind —the powers that have set, not another, but himself a working. The author and his hero are the two lives that mingle together, more or less, in every biography. By an *acromatic* process light is uninfluenced by the medium through which it passes, but every life takes more or less of its form and colour from the mind of the individual that undertakes to estimate it. The life of Johnson is to a large extent the life of Boswell; and in "John of Barneveld," we find much which seems to us to speak in no vague way of the English minister of the United States, and the treatment he received at the hands of his government. When Motley wrote the following he was no doubt writing biography, but it appears to us he was also making a contribution to autobiography:—"Nor was the Envoy at first desirious of remaining. Nevertheless he yielded reluctantly to Barneveld's request, that he

should, for the time at least, remain at his post. Later on, as the intrigues against him began to unfold themselves, and his faithful services were made use of at home to blacken his character and procure his removal, he refused to resign, as to do so would be to play into the hands of his enemies, and by interference, at least, accuse himself of infidelity to his trust. It is no wonder that the Ambassador was galled to the quick by the outrage which those concerned in the government were seeking to put upon him. How could an honest man fail to be overwhelmed with rage and anguish at being dishonoured before the world by his masters for scrupulously doing his duty, and for maintaining the rights and dignity of his own country? He knew that the charges were but pretexts, that the motives of his enemies were as base as the intrigues themselves, but he also knew that the world sides with the government against the individual, and that a man's reputation is rarely strong enough to maintain itself unsullied in a foreign land when his own government stretches forth its hand not to shield, but to stab him. 'I know,' said Aerssens, 'that this plot has been woven partly in Holland and partly here by good correspondence, in order to drive me from my post with disreputation. But as I have discovered this accurately, I have resolved to offer my masters the continuation of my humble service for such time and under such conditions as they may think good to prescribe. I prefer forcing my natural and private inclinations to giving an opportunity for the ministers of this kingdom to discredit us, and to my enemies to succeed in injuring me, and by fraud and malice to force me from my post. My enemies have misrepresented my actions, and my language as passionate, exaggerated, mischievous, but I have no passion except for the service of my superiors.'"

The following passage is also of interest:—"All history shows that the brilliant soldier is apt to have the advantage, in a struggle for popular affection and applause, over the statesman, however consummate. The great battles and sieges of the Prince had been on a world's theatre, and on their issue had frequently depended, or seemed to depend, the very existence of the nation. The labours of the statesman, on the contrary, had been comparatively secret. His noble orations and arguments had been spoken with closed doors to assemblies of colleagues—rather envoys than senators— . . . while his vast labours in directing both the internal administration, and especially the foreign affairs of the com monwealth, had been, by their very nature, as secret as they were perpetual and enormous."

The year that saw the publication of the "Life and Death of Barneveld" closed darkly for the historian. On the last day of the year his wife was taken from him. The blow was one which would have been sufficient to have prostrated him at any time, but he was ill fitted to stand it now. Its effects he never recovered. Lady Harcourt observes:—"From that day it seems to me that his life may be summed up in two words—patient waiting. Never for one hour did her spirit leave him, and he strove to follow its leading for the short and evil days left, and the hope of the life beyond. I think I have never watched quietly and reverently the traces of one personal character remaining so strongly impressed on another nature."

Motley's active life was now done. The pen he could ply so deftly for hours together, he could hardly now use to scrawl the briefest of notes. The brain would not work as it used to do, and paralysis had deprived his hand of its cunning. The great third epoch was now

an unattainable ambition. Not having finished his task, yet is he wholly without blame. Rather is it to his credit that he did so much. He was a man who had before him every inducement to spend a life of easy gaiety. There was that in him which would have made him eagerly welcomed in every drawing-room. Every evening could he have spent in Boston society, and the small hours of every morning with jovial boon-companions. He might have been a man of consideration in his locality, the leader of a polite clique, the hero of a coterie. His position was a temptation to him to forego large designs, to shrink from laborious undertakings; to be content with the society of the clubs, and the reputation of a billiard player. To the thousands of clever young men, born with the appliances of refinement and indulgence in their hands, and who run the risk of losing every manly ambition in a solid content with trivial dissipations, the life of Motley offers a stimulating example. He had a heart above gilded frippery and dressed-up uselessness, and he valued his works not as they flattered his vanity, but as they tended to the lifting up of human life, and the progress of the race.

Motley's life was not wholly successful; no life is. In a contest with malice and envy, he got the worst of it by far; but, if walking on a public way, he was wounded by bullets shot from behind the hedges of power or anonymity, he cannot be blamed for failure in a journey which jealousy would not allow him to perform. He was not the kind of man to succeed as an American politician, but this does not say the less for the man. His was a mind that lived "remote from the trading world of caucus managers." His dispirited retirement from his diplomatic career will not damage him in the eyes of the coming generations of American citizens; for when the names

of those that buzzed about his path, and stung when they could, are forgotten, these generations will continue to prize the name of Motley as one of the greatest ornaments of their literary history.

After the death of his wife, he once again visited America, and he spent the autumn of 1875 at Nahant, a watering-place in the neighbourhood of Boston. Those who met him there tell how his thoughts used to wander back to her who had been the loved companion of his life; they tell also how the formerly springy step had grown heavy, and the tall, straight form sadly drooped. In 1876 he was back again in England. Sir William Gull was his medical adviser, and in him he put the utmost confidence. Sir William writes concerning a visit he paid him on one occasion:—"It was plain how much his point of view of the whole course and relation of things had changed. His mind was the last to dogmatize on any subject. There was a candid and child-like desire to know, with an equal confession of the incapacity of the human intellect. I wish I could recall the absolute expressions he used, but the sense was that which has been so well stated by Hooker in concluding an exhortation against the pride of the human intellect, where he remarks: 'Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His Name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him, not indeed as He is, neither can know Him: and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, when we confess without confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few!'"

At the close of his life, particularly during those years

of "patient waiting," Motley's thoughts turned to Him who directs the processes which history records, and is surely, though mysteriously, bringing all the purposes of the ages—purposes that seem to our poor human vision so tangled and interlaced—to blessed issues. All his life he had been dealing with the facts of history, but he now busied his mind by trying to spell out its philosophy. He made rapid progress in his new exercise, coming soon to perceive that those puzzling ramifications of faction and intrigue, over the unravelling of which he had spent so much thought, were clear as the day to Him in whom is no darkness at all.

Motley had been long looking for his departure. On the 29th of May, 1877, as if death had been the conveyance of a friend he heard approaching, the historian said: "It has come, it has come;" then his spirit passed, leaving "his face beautiful and calm, without a trace of suffering or illness."

Motley was buried beside his wife in Kensal Green Cemetery. It was his wish that, besides the dates of his birth and death, only this text, which he had chosen, should be carved on his tombstone:—

"*In God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.*"

So soon as the historian was gone, both countries—the country of his birth, and the country in which he had found a grave—were eager in bearing testimony to their appreciation of his work and worth. Dean Stanley, in the course of his funeral sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, said:—"We sometimes ask what room or place is left in the crowded temple of Europe's fame for one of the Western world to occupy. But a sufficient answer is given in the work which was reserved to be accomplished by him who has just departed. So long

as the tale of the greatness of the house of Orange, of the siege of Leyden, of the tragedy of Barneveld, interests mankind, so long will Holland be indissolubly connected with the name of Motley, in that union of the ancient culture of Europe with the aspirations of America, which was so remarkable in the ardent, laborious, soaring soul that has passed away."

In the land of his birth, Bryant sang of him as follows, —but alas! death has now dulled the murmur of the Poet's lip as perfectly as that of the Historian's.

Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be.
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea.
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow delays
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak of thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
The silence that—ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
Hushed the primeval languages of men,
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then.

THE END.

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